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CONTENTS.

Frontispiece—Pont-Avon.—From a Painting by A. J. Daplyn.—Engraved by George Collingridge.

"Diana of the Crossways"	*By W. Basil Worsfold*	1
Domestic Architecture in Australia	*" Howard Joseland*	5
The Stage Irishman—A Protest	*" Michael Phelan*	12
At High Tide	*" Austin South*	17
Adelaide—A Sonnet	*" G. Klewitz Soward*	23
On a Dumpling	*" W. O. Hodgkinson*	24
Silent Parliaments	*" Frederick G. Adrian*	28
Exile in India	*" Rachel Gilbert*	31
For Humanity—A Squatter's Reply	*" J. Lothian Robson*	39
In Suffering and Sorrow	*" Henry Parkes*	43
Nevermore	*" Rolf Boldrewood*	44
Caning	*" James Singleton Spalding*	52
Sir George Bowen	*" G. B. Barton*	55
"To Chloe in Australia"	*" Edwin J. Brady*	62
Heroism: its Transmitted Effects	*" M. L. Manning*	63
Kitty	*" Mrs. A. Forsyth*	66
Back Block Pictures—The Bush Hotel	*" J. Charles Fitzpatrick*	72
After the Storm	*" J. Walker Johnston*	76
A Social Study—Caring for Nobody	*" Ernest Martyn*	77

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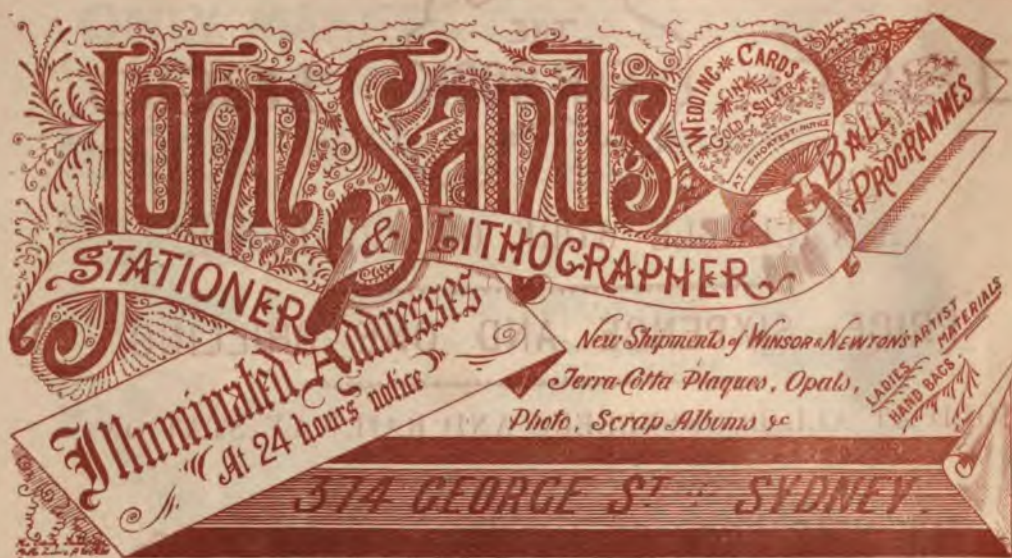

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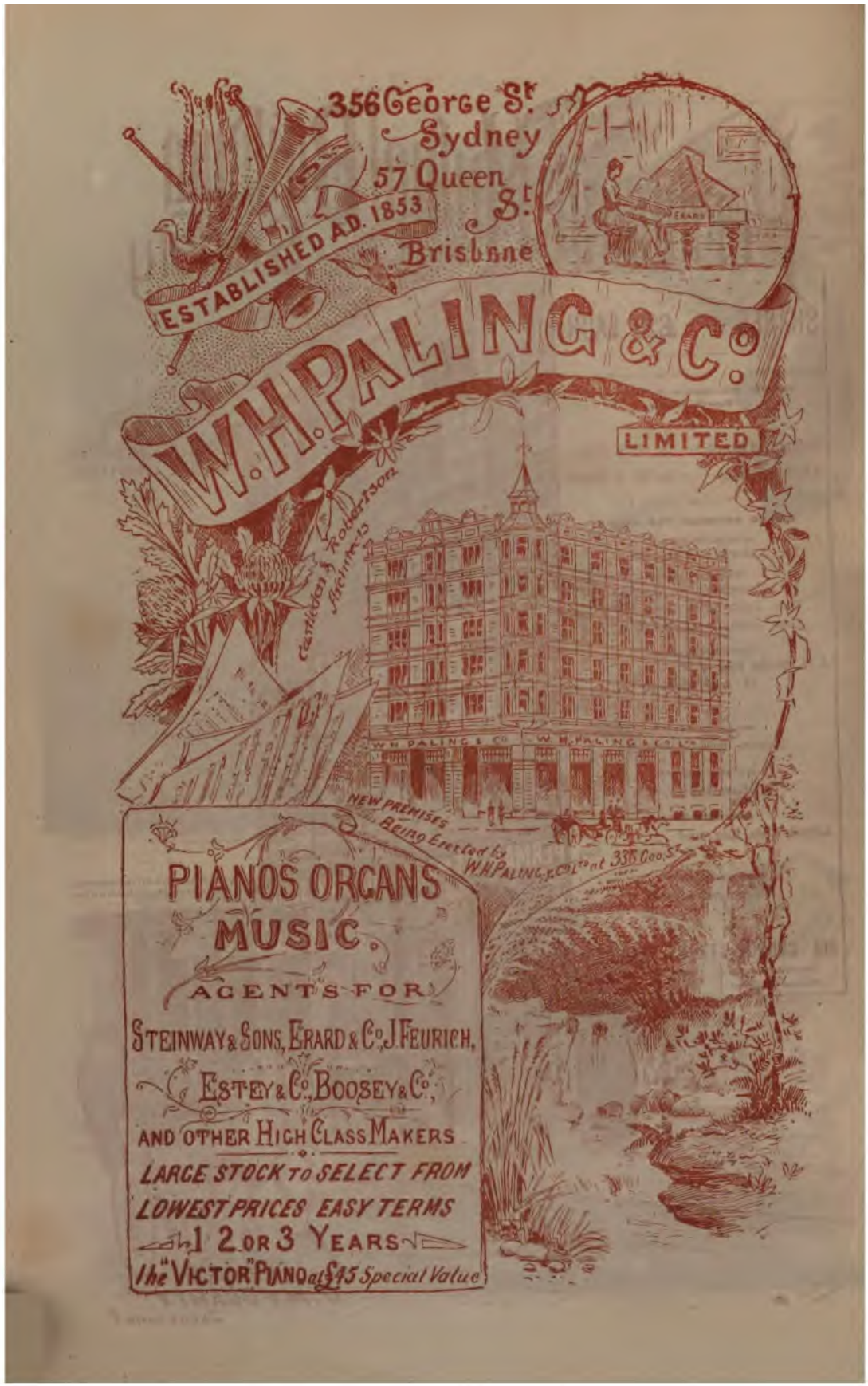
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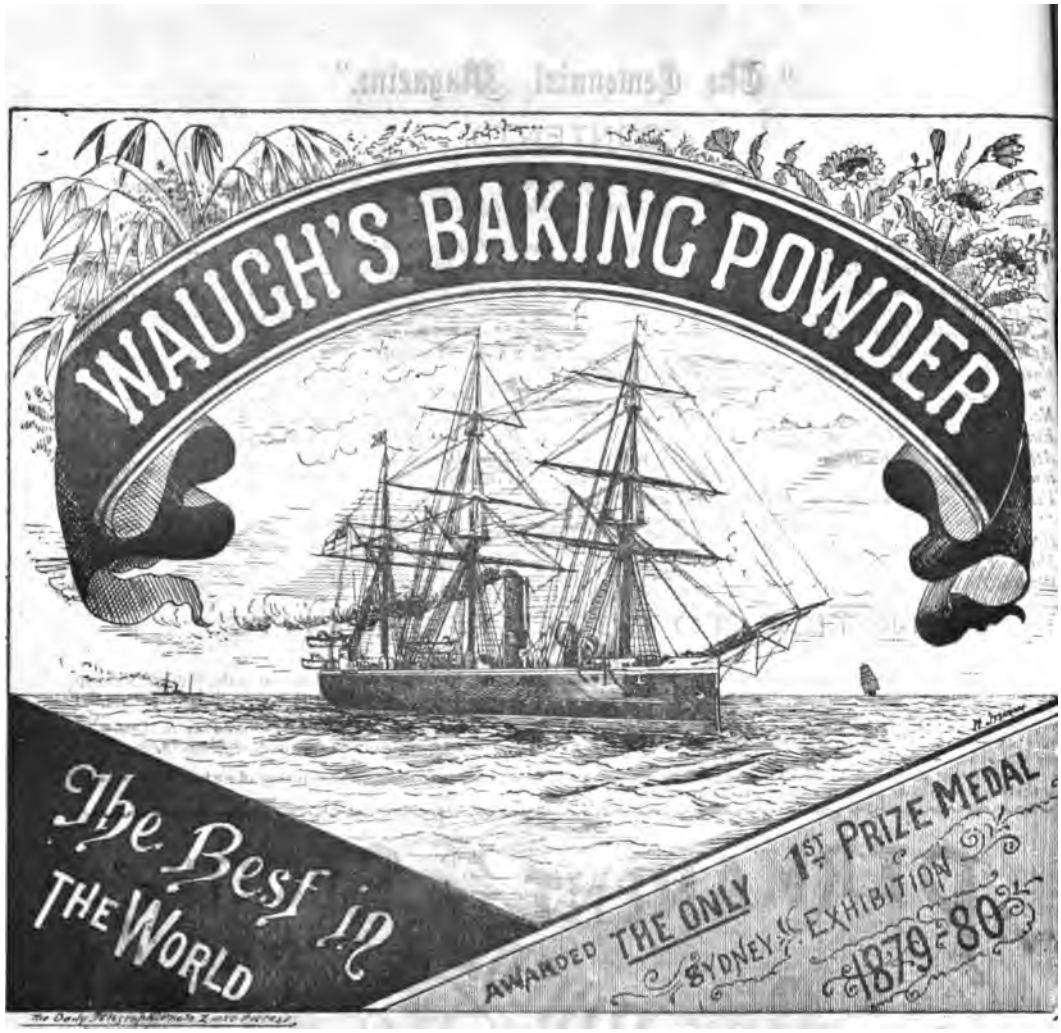
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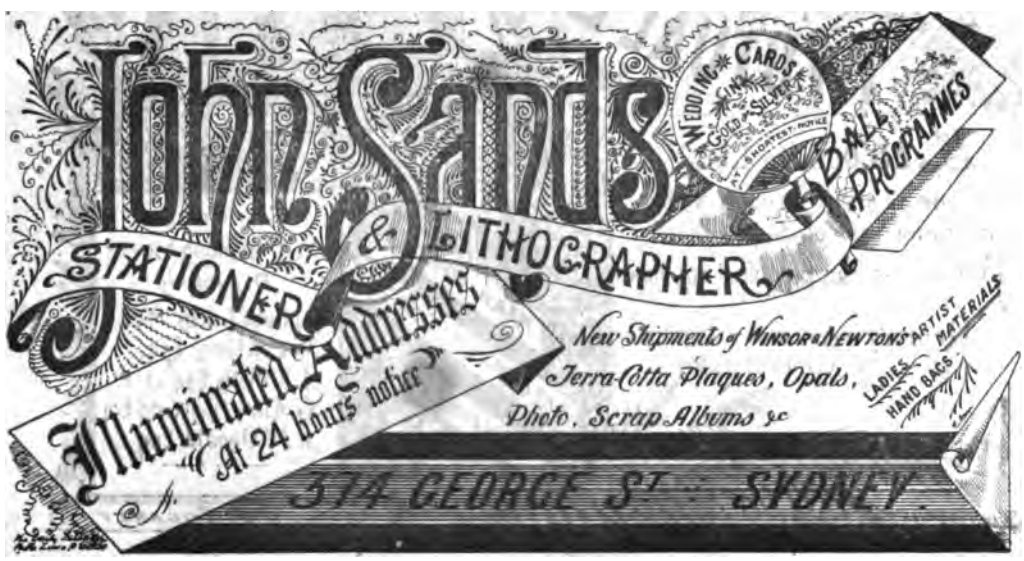
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THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. 3. AUGUST. No. 1.

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."

BY W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

IN that very difficult first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways"—a chapter which has made many a reader turn back in dismay, and so fail to make acquaintance with a very charming person—Mr. Geo. Meredith gives us his views on the subject of modern fiction. It is, as now named by our "graver seniors," the "pasture of idiots"—a method of "idiotising the entire population that has taken to reading, and which soon discovers that it can write likewise that sort of stuff at least." For the redemption of fiction two things are necessary—*Brainstuff* and *Philosophy*. In the case of fiction this brainstuff is defined to be "internal history," to suppose which dull is the "profoundest of errors," and the source from which the novelist derives it is the diary. Philosophy is that which "bids us see that we are not so pretty as rose pink, not so repulsive as dirty drab; and that instead of everlastingly shifting those barren aspects the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, fructifying—finally a delight." In "Diana" we have an instance of a character so formed, based upon the facts as revealed by "internal history," and interpreted by philosophy or psychological analysis; and it is interesting to compare the ideal of the novelist with the original as revealed in the letters of Abraham Heyward, the Q.C. and critic of the *Quarterly*, recently published on his death. But before doing so it will be necessary to get a little assistance from Mr. Meredith himself as to the manner in which this "transcribing" from the real to the ideal is to be accomplished. In the novel itself we read that when Diana, the authoress, has drawn Percy Dacier, the statesman, as the chief character of *her* novel, her friend Emma is assured by conversation with her that "her perusal of the model of the young Minister of State was an artist's—free, open and not discolored by the personal tincture." And such we may presume is the style in which Mr. Meredith has made his sketch of the late Hon. Mrs. George Norton, the grand-daughter of the famous wit of the Regency, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the sister of the Duchess of Somerset and Lady Dufferin. *

The "Wayward Diana," as created by Mr. Meredith, is a beautiful and clever woman, the daughter of Dan Merion, the famous Irish wit. She is left parentless, with a slight income derived from the rent of her sole patrimony, a house called "The Crossways," from which she takes her suggestive title. She is possessed of a faithful and charming friend in Emma Dunstane, the wife of a soldier and landowner, Sir Lukin Dunstane; to her alone the heroine is "Tony," Diana to the rest of the world. Mixing in the upper currents of society, with this slight support she is constrained to marry a "gentlemanly official," the tenant of her house, but in other respects described as an estimable person. "He rode superbly; he knew law; he is prepared for any position," she wrote of him. The marriage is one of convenience; there is no thought of love. She has decided that it is "the best thing for a waif to do," so she writes to her friend. Originally proud of his wife's social success Warwick subsequently became uneasy, and complained that she rendered him ridiculous by her over-brilliancy, and had caught the trick of "using men's phrases" Then, through undeserved suspicions of his wife's friendship with an eminent statesman—Lord Dainsborough—of whom she herself writes to her friend "that he is near what her

* Mrs. Norton was separated from her husband, the Hon George Norton She inherited her father's wit, which, in combination with her own beauty, made her occupy an important position in the society of that period. She was also the author of several novels.

father's age would have been, and next to her dead father and her 'Emmy' her dearest friend," he drove her from his house. In these straits Diana at first determined "to leave the case and him to the world," and commit a guiltless kind of suicide by burying herself abroad. She has actually put this decision into practice where she is found by a trusty friend—Tom Redworth, directed by Emmy's unerring instinct—at her home, "The Crossways," and induced to turn back. Then, indeed, "a woman's brutallest tussle with the world was upon her." Her friends give her loyal aid and she conquers the upper circles of society by her spirit and beauty. Triumphantly acquitted in the court of law, she refuses the maintenance her husband offers her, and sets to work to supplement her scanty income by her pen. Here again her friends prove useful. Powerful critics urge the claims of her works, and she is able to support a handsome establishment by her literary earnings, and to enjoy the best literary and political society. Here it is that the more intellectual side of her, in a period of eager development and fierce mental excitation, masters for the moment her truer and more womanly instincts, and she all but falls into the direst plight through admiration for a young Minister of State, Percy Dacier, the nephew of Lord Dainsborough. Saved by a miracle, through mere thoughtlessness she commits a fault (unpardonable in the eyes of her admirer), and thus finally loses his love just at the moment when the death of her husband made it possible for her honorably to entertain his suit. This cruel blow thrusts her down almost to the earth. From death's very door she is recalled by the devotion of her friend Emmy, who a third time proves her salvation. After a period of intense despondency she recovers and finds a worthy husband in the true friend who had loved her ever since the day he first saw her in the Dublin ball, with which the story opens, but who was prevented from making known his love by honorable scruples. Here in the warmth of his affection she recovers all her womanliness, and developed and spiritualised by her sufferings learns the truth of the whisper that comes from the sick-bed of her Emmy: "*There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.*"

Always remembering the principles indicated by our author himself for the treatment of real persons as *artists' models*, it will be interesting to note what account Mrs. Norton gives of herself in the volumes of the "Heyward Letters" under somewhat similar circumstances to those which drove "Diana" to that "brutallest tussle with the world."

In 1838 Heyward, writing to his sisters, says: "You have seen, I suppose, Norton's advertisement that his wife is not to be trusted—a useless insult, as he would not be liable if he made her a proper allowance." Previously he had written: "I had a long chat with Mrs. Norton last week. She looked very pale and thin, and is now at Frampton." "Tranquil Frampton," she herself calls it, the seat of her brother, Brinsley Sheridan, and the "Copsley" of the story. It was a few days after this "useless insult" had been inflicted on her that Mrs. Norton rallied, and we hear of her giving proof of that wonderful spirit which won society to her side.

"On Monday," writes Heyward, "I dined with the Brinsley Sheridans. We had the sisters three (*i.e.* Mrs. Norton, the Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Dufferin) and Lady Graham, Lord Powerscourt, Lord Melbourne, Bentinck, Landseer, Fonblangue, and the male Sheridans. It was very pleasant. . . Yesterday I had my long intended party (Heyward was at this time occupying rooms in the Temple, where he entertained: of these parties Georgiana, Lady Chatterton, wrote, 'Each time we meet different people, and the last party seems always to be pleasanter than the one before it') and a very choice one it was, Lord Lyndhurst, Theodore Hook, James Smith, the Brinsley Sheridans, Mrs. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ellis, Lady Vincent, and Mr. (Sydney) Herbert to dinner; Charles Kean, the Codogans, and four or five men came in afterwards. Some capital things were struck out, but wit is too evanescent for repitition. Sheridan was saying that he had been told that it was impossible to get a dinner at the Temple. 'What!' said Lord Lyndhurst, 'not at the chambers of the gastronomer of the *Quarterly*?'" (This was an allusion to an article of Heyward's, of which he writes to his sister: "It encounters me everywhere, I would not eat half the things mentioned in it if they paid me for it. What, for instance, do I know practically of salads?" In another letter he says he got the subject up as "a speech from a brief.") "Who," added Hook, "has just given us a practical commentary on the article, illustrated by *plates* and accompanied by *cuts*." They were laughing at me as having assisted Lady Stepney in her novels (which I never did). "At least," said Mrs. Norton, "you will not deny that you taught her the 'New Road to Ruin,' (the name of Lady Stepney's first book). Lord Lyndhurst, who had to go to the Duke of Sussex's, came with gold laced

trousers, his dress coat being left in the carriage. Hook gravely proposed that to appear with all his glories he should reverse his position in his chair."

The following lines, written twenty years afterwards, are an interesting comment on the flight to the "Crossways." She writes to Heyward from Edinboro', where she had a bad cold. "As it is my chin is obliged to rest on the edge of a warm gruel bowl, where with disconsolate snufflings I consider whether a hundred years hence (when it can do me no good) people will be reading 'Heyward's biography of that remarkable woman,' and going to look at the turnpike gate on the road from Guildford to Halford, on the scene of inspiration for the story of 'Rosalie.'" In the December (1888) number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* there is a description of the old house near Guildford which has given Mr. Meredith his inspiration for the story, not of "Rosalie," but of "Diana." These lines are equally interesting as a comment on the relations between Diana and Lord Dainsborough. They are written by Mrs. Norton to Heyward long after (in 1872) the intimacy with Lord Melbourne to which allusion is made She is criticising some lines of Scott's in the "Bridal of Triermain." How pretty is the trying on by one girl on her glossy little head of the helmet of that large warrior,

> Then screamed twixt laughter and surprise
> To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.

It was read to me first in the unforgotten days which idiots and sensualists think could only be filled with commonplace flatteries and fooleries, but which held for me the best intellectual tutorship any young eager mind ever received! . . Like the old Brighton landlady who said, "you live in the house, you know, but everything else is an extra,' I have always set the other sort of love down 'as an extra,' an extra too which may be bought too dear, as all extras are."

A few days before Lord Melbourne's death she wrote the following little note to Heyward, which serves not only to illustrate this period of her life, but also as a specimen of her letter writing, in which art she was greatly admired. In it she calls Heyward "Dear *Av cat*," a name which she had given him, and signs herself "Car (oline) Client."

Dear AVOCAT.—Lord Melbourne in his letter of this morning begs me to persuade you to come to Brocket. I am sure if you have leisure you will need no persuading, and having now become *au fait* as to his odd ways, will simply write him a note saying that I *had immediately given* you his message, and that you will come down for a few days on such a day if he likes, and will come if you hear nothing to the contrary. I feel very dreary and disheartened, what with Fletcher's illness and one thing and another. I can't abide to be talked utilitarianism to (on that account). Adieu, good Avocat! We are off on Thursday at latest for tranquil Frampton. Ever yours, CAR. CLIENT.

On the literary period of Diana's life, the following extracts are useful lights. In May, 1839, Heyward writes:—"Last night, about eleven, I started off to Mrs. Norton's, where there was a splendid collection of wit and beauties, lords and ladies. This was the time when her expenditure on her London establishment caused 'Diana' to examine her accounts. 'The debit and credit sides presented much of the appearance of male and female in our jog-trot civilisation.' They matched middling well, with rather too marked a tendency to strain the leash and run frolic on the part of friend debit." For Diana's fanciful comparison of debit and credit to man and wife in ill-assorted union, as conceived by Mr. Meredith, we may remember. Mrs. Norton's "Letter to the Queen," on Lord Cranbrook's Divorce Bill, about which Lord Brougham writes to Heyward (in 1855) "Mrs. Norton's letter is as clever a thing as ever was written, and it has produced great good. I feel almost certain that the law of divorce will be much amended, and she has greatly contributed to it." This prophecy was verified; for a year afterwards the Ecclesiastical Courts were abolished, and a Civil Court for divorce and matrimonial causes was established.

As an example of the clever things which were said in the society which Mrs. Norton frequented, and of which she and her family were ornaments, the following *mot* of her brother Charles (but which had been attributed to some one else), is worth recording. Writing to Heyward to correct this error, she says that her brother Charlie made the jest, under the following circumstances: A person of rank used to mark high honors with his hail in dealing, and had been detected and disgraced. In allusion to his name, a bystander said with a stupid sneer, "I'd be afraid even to leave my card on him for fear he'd mark it!" Upon which Sheridan rejoined: "That would depend on whether he thought it a *high honor*;" but Mrs. Norton adds that it was said in "reproof of the fling at a man who was down, as Lord R. then was."

Of Mrs. Norton's first poem, Mrs. Shelley (the poet's second wife) writes:—"I should like to see the *Quarterly*, and am impatient

to see Mrs. Norton's poem. Give my love to her. I like her letters and herself dearly; as the children say, Adieu." These letters were deservedly popular. The Duke of Newcastle writes:—"I heard from Mrs. Norton to-day. Her letter is full of its usual brilliancy, but it is not difficult to see through it spirits broken and a heart ill at ease." Previously, Heyward, Mrs. Norton's trusted adviser, had written to her:—"No one can be Mrs. Norton's adviser, for she never follows advice," and ended in telling her, in Lady Seymour's presence, that she ought to be interdicted the use of pen, ink, and pages.

There is one side of Diana's character which is especially pleasant. Mr. Meredith credits her with a ready comprehension of, and sympathy for, the humblest people with whom she is brought into connection, as shown by her conversations with her maid Danvers and others of the same class. In 1841 Mrs. Norton writes to Heyward, from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight: "I was sorry not to see you yesterday, having (at the risk of my reputation) desired the boatman to row me to the steamers each time they came in, and each time frankly replying to his question 'Is it a gentleman friend as you expects, Marm?' 'Yes, Clarke.' Indeed, but for my boatman, I should find Cowes dull, but he is a treasure. The mixture of wheedling and frankness, of shrewdness and simplicity, of great and real kindness to those they believe poor, with a very great approximation to swindling, by monstrous overcharge to those they think rich, forms the groundwork of the character of your true boatman. He is sixty, and very weather-beaten. Give me the benefit of whatever doubt may arise in your mind! I don't wish to prejudice my jury, but I must say he showed great sympathy in the non-arrival of 'my gentleman friend,' and took me (by way of comfort) to see a little deserted schooner that had been towed into port. . . . It was a common sight for him, but he knew it would be a little treat for me, and did the honors with a Devonshire House urbanity, of its broken sides, torn sails, and disordered rigging."

Such are the chief features of the original—the skeleton anatomy Mr. Meredith calls it—on which is based one of the finest and most intricate studies of female character to be found in modern fiction. These features he has enlarged upon and completed by psychological analysis and dramatic presentations, and the figure, by aid of philosophy, has become "humanly shapely." Then, in "Diana of the Crossways," we have the story of a beautiful, ambitious, but essentially noble woman, exposed by that very talent and beauty, and the many-sided brightness of her character, to dangers beyond the ordinary; and who, being indeed but human, having committed errors, is engaged in a bitter struggle with a censorious world. Supported by the devotion of her friends, she successfully emerges from the contest, and the account of her struggle with the pitiless world of London society, under adverse circumstances, occupies the larger portion of the work. The scene is laid among the brilliant literary and political circles of the English capital, and the book as a whole is an illustration of Mr. Meredith's theory of "brain-stuff" and "philosophy." In his own words, "he has followed the diarist—transcribed from knowledge . . . and infused blood into the hero . . . blood and brains into the heroine."

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY HOWARD JOSELAND.

ARCHITECTURE has secured its most recent triumphs where we can best appreciate them — in our homes. For the last twenty years it has been busier than ever in the work of selecting and adapting from the designs of the past. Four centuries of bricks and mortar are wise and hoary teachers, and poor scholars we should certainly be if from their silent lessons we could not borrow something of use to our day and generation. The Tudor with its battlements, buttresses, and mullioned windows; the Elizabethan with its quaint gables and trim terraces; the Queen Anne with its brick cornices, square windows, and white painted wood-work; the Dutch with its homely interiors. Each have contributed its share to the Englishman's (and why not the Australian's?) castle. But modern buildings often necessarily possess new features which really entitle them to be called "Nineteenth Century," or "Queen Victorian," and as such they will doubtless be distinguished in the future.

The Americans, in consequence of their proximity to the centre of art in Europe have, in their Domestic Architecture, copied and adapted largely from European countries, England and Italy in particular; and being an inventive people, have developed certain features, so that many of the modern houses compare very favorably with those of the older countries, from which, however, by reason of their special characteristics, they are easily distinguishable.

To anyone taking an interest in the matter, and being in a position to form comparisons, it must appear remarkable that English people in this part of the world, living under social and climatic conditions—so different from those of the old country—should not, here this, have devoloped some more marked characteristic in their dwellings, whereas, as a matter of fact, they have actually fallen behind in the matter of house building. The "station" house or "homestead" with its barracks may, perhaps, be instanced as nearest approaching a distinctive type; but it is generally so extremely simple, and erected *with so little regard* to architectural effectiveness, that it can hardly be taken into account. Its most characteristic feature, the verandah and balcony, seldom form any part of the general design. They are usually mere adjuncts attached without regard to appearance or requirements, and if removed would leave the house as nothing more than a commonplace example of residence, which would be as much at home in a cold northern climate as any of the buildings with which it would find itself surrounded. Till recently Australia was at least thirty years behind the age in the art of building, and it is only within the last few years that there have been signs of advancement. This, no doubt, to a great extent is due, as a similar revival was in America, to greater facilities afforded by improved communication for observing the state and progress of architecture in other countries; and, perhaps, even more to the influence of Architects trained in the modern English and American schools of design having taken up their abode among us. For it must be remembered that the recent revival of everything pertaining to art in building has been brought about in the first place by the efforts of the more educated and thoughtful members of the profession. The Architecture of Australia, as indeed of England and other countries, has been too often entrusted to men of small capacity and indifferent education. For evidences of the poverty of conception in the arrangement of the average colonial residence one has not far to seek. It confronts us whichever way we turn.

Among the humbler middle-class dwellings can one denounce too strongly those set up as detached or semi-detached villas, which look as though they had been sliced off with the site at so much per foot frontage? The outline formed by the two ends, the gable walls and the strong connecting horizontal lines of the front, has no pretensions to beauty, and as if to atone for that, though really to make matters worse, they are decked up with badly designed window and door dressings, coarse plaster and cast iron enrichments, and finally daubed over by unskilled "decorators." Or take the better class of houses. You see the same restless, striving after-effect with cheap misapplied ornament and displays of ignorant "originality."

There is often, too, an incongruous mixture of styles. Many houses, although seen equally well from two or three sides, have all the ornamentation expended upon the front. Others show an utter want of adaptation to their site. It is not unusual for a small house to assert itself over its neighbors by the addition of an ill-proportioned and ungracefully situated tower, which in the majority of cases is never used. Sometimes, too, a flagstaff, at no time an object of beauty, is added to the tower or planted in the centre of the lawn. It has seldom any official excuse and invariably suggests the vicinity of a tea garden or a country pub.

THE RESULT OF A LAND BOOM.

One turns with some relief even from the architectural chaos from which we are emerging to some of the older residences of Australia. Before the introduction of cheap ornaments, in the form of plaster castings, cast ironwork, and sawmill patterns, architects had to depend upon simpler and more legitimate means of gaining effect. In fact, it is generally the absence of any striving after-grandeur, and the utter modesty and eminent suitability of the house for a dwelling that produces that effect. In the simple square hipped roof, or deeply overhanging gable and eaves, stout and well-proportioned verandah posts, and plain walls and openings, we have evidence of an honest attempt to provide a comfortable dwelling, and not, as seems to have been the case later on, to make a display of vulgar ingenuity and untutored ideas.

Among the earlier buildings, too, we sometimes find picturesque stone houses, with mullioned windows, stalwart buttresses, and high pitched shingle roofs, with attic windows in gables and gablets. The brown stone of which they are built harmonises with the surrounding gardens and shrubs, and the eye finds it a pleasure to rest on them after the glare of painted walls that predominate elsewhere. They are, however, so thoroughly English, and so evidently adapted to a cold climate only, that it is no wonder the style was abandoned. The oldest suburbs of our cities, therefore, possess the most artistic of our earlier buildings. Contrast with them the newer suburbs of mushroom growth, the spawn of speculative builders in times of land boom extravagance. Take, for instance, the railway suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne. What a dreary monotony of unshapely and uninteresting houses! No relief from the everlasting white and drab of their coloring. Few houses indeed above the rank of commonplace, and fewer still that excite any feelings of pleasure in those who look upon them. If you inspect their internal arrangements you are no better satisfied. They are, as a rule, defective throughout. This is especially true of the smaller houses. The larger ones—upon which an architect has been employed—are frequently better planned, though even they seldom indicate anything beyond the most ordinary ideas of arrangement. The entrance halls are usually mean and badly proportioned. The stairs lead upwards in long trying flights, immediately in front of the entrance door. There is a staircase window of embossed glass, with a flaring red, blue, and yellow border, discordant in itself, and utterly hopeless as an aid to good decoration. The rooms are ill-proportioned, and the best of them decorated with coarsely-moulded cornices and centre flower—the latter, whether required to mark the gas pendant or not, whilst a sham is perpetrated in the woodwork, which is grained in imitation of a more costly material, and is probably out of keeping with the colors in the room.

Fortunately, for the prospect of Domestic Architecture in Australia, there are signs of a movement in the right direction. Many of

the newer houses in our better class suburbs represent a desire on the part of our architects to abandon what is meaningless and stereotyped. The exterior of these houses suggests that more attention has been paid to their internal arrangement. Unimportant detail has been made subservient to good grouping, with outline. The paint brush has been thrown on one side, and variety and harmony of color produced by the judicious selection and use of materials. In the neighborhood of Double Bay and Darling Point, Neutral Bay and North Shore, as well as in the western suburbs of Sydney; in Toorak, the vicinity of Brighton line, and other suburbs of Melbourne; in some of the suburbs of Adelaide and Brisbane, these evidences of advancement may be seen. Among the first of this class of houses erected in Sydney was Mr. Fairfax's at Rose Bay, and "Penshurst," Neutral Bay.

SUGGESTION FOR A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

The former is perhaps the best example of modern English "Queen Anne" to be found in Australia. But it was designed in England, by an English architect, who knew nothing of our climate, and has consequently given us an almost essentially English residence. Indeed, this singular mistake is only too palpable in *many of the* earlier departures from the common type of colonial dwelling. Subsequent efforts on the part of resident architects, however, have been more successful, and at length we are, figuratively at all events, on the threshold of dwellings that must be artistic because they will be in accord with surrounding conditions. Another factor in the progress of our architecture is the improved materials that have been lately brought more extensively into use. Brickmakers have been encouraged to turn out bricks of a better quality and color, and red roofing tiles have largely taken the place of slates. Hollow walls, and the application of colorless waterproof compounds, have left the builder free to expose the natural shade of his bricks where before he was compelled to disfigure the outside of a house with paint. This is all good, and means less scope for the use of plaster "ornaments" and flabby carvings, and more attention to the essentials of building. Much might also be said with regard to the selection of sites. But this hardly comes within the scope of my article.

So much for the general tendency of our Domestic Architecture. Now for a few practical suggestions about house construction. And in the first place what must guide us in the development of an Australian type?

Climate has always had a great, perhaps the greatest, influence on the life and art of a people. To begin with our semi-tropical heat and rains, and the general absence of snow necessitate a different form of roof from that adopted in the countries from which we borrowed our principal styles. In this respect we are handicapped in the race with England and America, where so much of the charm of building is due to the picturesque outline of roofs from which dormer windows often peer out of night-caps of snow. An attic floor would, of course, be unendurable here, and, therefore, gablets and dormers are, as a rule, inadmissible, and a flatter pitch of roof is evolved. The verandah and balcony, on the other hand, are a *sine qua non*. We have them in common with America, where, however, the architects have treated them more successfully. Our social conditions and habits of life, leading us often into the open air, call for special provisions in our homes. Excepting on the high lands we know nothing of cold winter evenings and the want of snug rooms, cosy corners and ingle nooks. Lofty rooms with ample ventilation are absolutely necessary. Then, too, in a country where domestic servants are difficult to obtain we must look to our architects to do their share in minimising household labor; and considering the high rate of workmen's wages and the cost and limited variety of good building materials they must simplify the ornamental features of our dwellings. The conditions imposed upon us are, therefore, restricting, and it must be well within them that we consider the requirements of a typical Australian house.

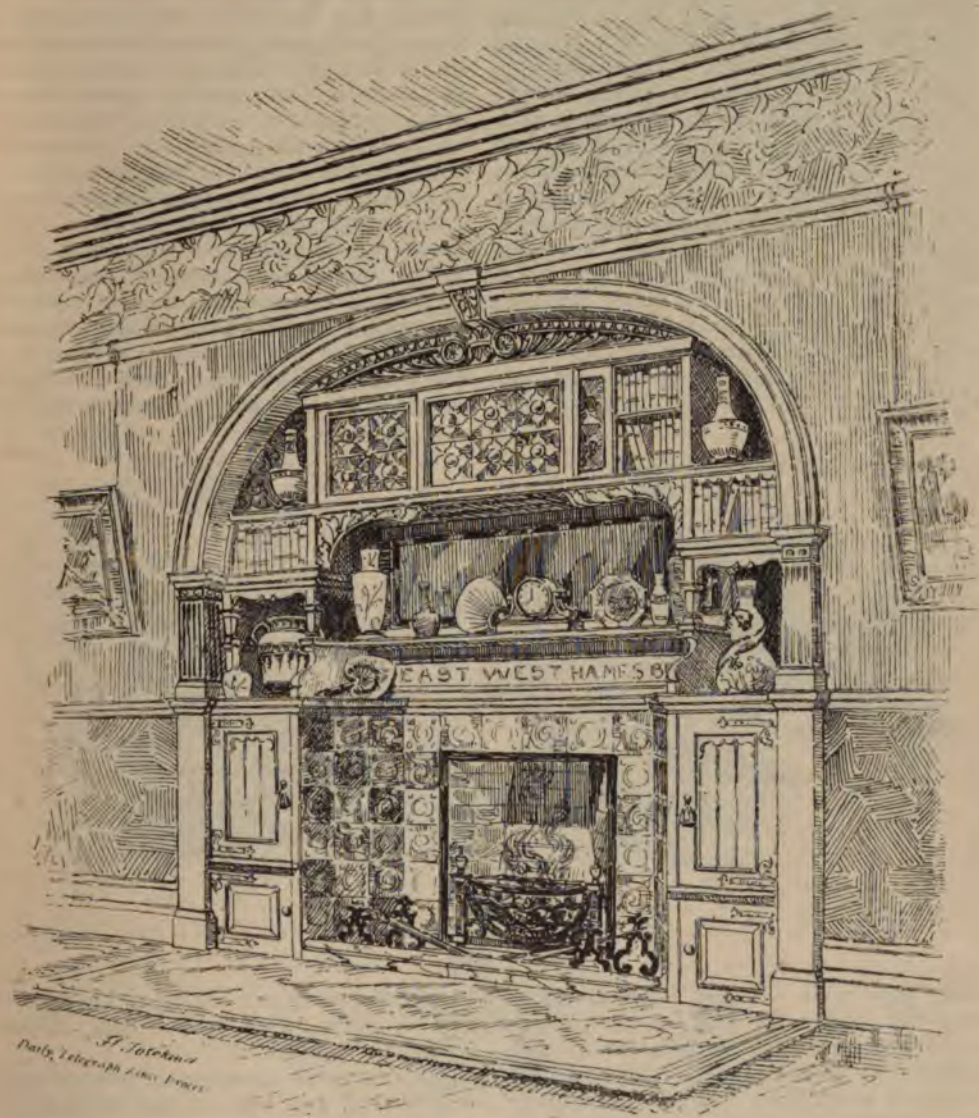
The exterior would naturally express an Australian type more than the interior, as the roof and verandah and balcony form its most pronounced features. One of the chief faults of the generality of houses in this climate is the meanness of their eaves, which generally look as if they had been trimmed with a pair of shears. The roof should project very much more than it usually does. Two or three feet, or even more, is not too much to aid in protecting the wall from the sun's rays or the heavy rains; besides, nothing adds more to the appearance of a building than a good shadow. Marseilles tiles, specially made for tropical climates, form an excellent roof at a slightly higher pitch than slates, whilst they are about the same cost, and are many degrees cooler under a hot sun. They are far more cheerful, too, in appearance than slates or iron. Hollow walls, *i.e.*, walls with *two-inch cavity between the* outer and inner brickwork, are eminently suitable for the climate of Australia as they are cool and waterproof if properly built, and though they cost a little more than the ordinary brick and cemented wall at the outset, as the natural surface is exposed, no periodical coats of paint are necessary. If brick and tiles are used for the main walls and roof the lower storey may be of dark brown or red, and the upper storey built of brick and cemented with rough cast plaster and painted or lime-whitened, with a sufficient proportion of tallow or smooth-faced plaster, relieved, like many an old Essex building, with stamped diapers or trowel marks. Either treatment is more artistic than the ordinary method of imitating stonework by rubbing out joints—a custom altogether at variance with the true principles of art, which insist that a material should not be made to represent what it is not.

There are many Australian forms in animal and vegetable life which might, with advantage and interest, be introduced into ornamental features of our architecture if artistically conventionalised.

Details such as these, however, are insignificant compared with the importance of studying the general outlines and impressiveness of our buildings, for it is on these we must depend chiefly for any marked expression of our national characteristic in architecture.

The site should be fixed with a due regard to the neighboring dwellings, both existing and prospective. We must note the point from which the best view is obtained, and if possible seize upon it as the outlook for our best apartments. The disposition of the different rooms and offices must be arranged to suit aspects, for it is most desirable from a hygenic point of view. When arranging the rooms we must remember how desirable it is that if possible the house should be placed so that the sun may play on all the walls during some part of the day.

The front entrance should lead either through a vestibule or direct into a hall of such proportions that it may be furnished in a free and inviting manner, more as a sitting-room, for which purpose indeed it may be sometimes conveniently used. If a two-storey house the staircase should not be too obstrusive, though its position should be at once apparent and the stairs should in all cases be easy and relieved with one or two landings. The drawing-room, reached by a door near the front entrance, is not the worse for being of an irregular shape, and an angle bay or an acute angle fireplace so far



A DININGROOM FIREPLACE.

from being eyesores will often form most attractive features.

The dining-room, if moderately large, should have two doors, one opening from the hall and the other placed conveniently as a serving door for the servants. A recess for a sideboard or dinner waggon may with advantage be placed near the latter. In a medium sized house it would be well to recess the fireplace instead of projecting it into the room as is usually done. A corner fireplace, *however, is much less likely* to be in the way.

A fairly wide verandah should extend past the most exposed sides of the house, and outside the drawing-room it should widen out into a "piazza," commanding the best portion of the garden and surroundings. It should be so arranged, if possible, that two or three sides are protected by the walls of the house, and should certainly be fitted with blinds so that without much difficulty we may convert it into an outside or verandah room. A convenient approach from the kitchen is also an advantage to this portion of

the verandah, for it is often agreeable to take our meals there. One or two of the best bedrooms should have their own separate balconies of good width, and an admirable feature may be introduced in the design, where there is reason for it, by carrying up a balcony turret at an angle. A good deal might be done, too, towards making the house more convenient and artistic by paying a little more attention to the fittings of different apartments. The windows of the bedrooms, and indeed all the principal rooms, should be so arranged that the sun's direct rays may enter at some hour of the day. There is no reason why the hall stand for hats and coats should not be a fixture across a corner or in a recess with cupboards and drawers in the lower part of it. A flat wood moulding, fixed four or five feet from the floor, should run round the walls, marking the division between the lower and more durable decoration such as a painted "dado," "Lincrusta," or "Japanese leather paper," and the upper paper or coloring. The square heads of the doors should be relieved by a quaint-shaped pediment, which might take the form of shelves for china or metal plaques; or if it is wished to hang pictures on the wall a picture rail may be substituted for the dado moulding, carried round at the top of the architrave or pediment, breaking out here and there with narrow shelves for ornaments. It is needless to say that all the woodwork of the hall and staircase should be of harmonious design. The angle bay and the fireplace in the drawing-room are, if we did but know it, valuable opportunities for bestowing a decorative character upon the room. In the former a fixed wooden seat is often very useful and pretty. It need not necessarily extend all round the bay, supposing, for instance, on one side a "French casement" window for access to the piazza or garden, but it should be made in the form of a box with a seat to lift up and hinge back. A structure of this kind is obviously useful as a receptacle for odds and ends, periodicals and the like, usually found tossed about the room. The chimney piece and overmantel are as a rule best of wood. They can either be polished or painted to accord with the decoration of the rooms. The old stock pattern of marble or enamelled slate is as a rule coarse in design and seldom lends itself to a good scheme of decoration. The grate should be devoid of pretentious casting and may be of iron or brass, with a wide border of tiles around and beneath it.

A BEDROOM CORNER.

The overmantel should not be frittered away with shelves and brackets, but rather broad and graceful in its general lines. It may be made of white enamelled wood with brass mountings for a drawing-room; but whatever be its color it should be the same as the rest of the woodwork in the room. A wooden picture moulding, grooved on top for picture hooks should be fixed either at the height of the door-head, or not less than fifteen inches below the cornice. If at the former height a pretty effect may be insured by the use of two contrasting colors of the same patterned paper, hung below and above the rail. The drawing-room is more conveniently illuminated by wall lights only. and, therefore, a centre flower in the ceiling is quite superfluous.

The illustration of a recessed dining-room fireplace will best show how this usually commonplace feature may be made to serve several useful purposes, as well as be in itself an artistic feature. The metal work of the grate is there reduced to a minimum, and surrounded on the sides and top with a wide border of glazed tiles. Tiles also cover the sides of the fuel cupboard and grate as well as the hearth, and form a semi-enclosure, which being easily cleaned is a great saving of labor to servants. On each side of fireplace are useful cupboards, the lower part of which is fitted with metal fuelboxes, made to draw out on castors, and above fitted with shelves for the many odds and ends that usually have no handy location. The superstructure which takes the place of the ordinary overmantel is treated rather more fancifully, and consists of shelves and a small book case, which may be, if thought desirable, enclosed in glass. A painting or etching may occupy the centre instead of the ordinary mirror. It will be seen that the whole structure is fitted into a recess during the building of the house. So exact an arrangement would, therefore, be rarely possible in any existing house. The sideboard even more than the fireplace is better placed in a recess, either arched or coved, and as a fitment is capable of very handsome treatment. In a good many modern English houses the bedrooms are well furnished with fixtures. The washstand and dressing table, wardrobe and drawers, being where it is desirable built in the various recesses. There is no reason why the washstand should not be fixed with "tip-up basin" and waste pipe. A simple overmantel in the form of a cabinet for scent or medicine bottles is very useful. It is unnecessary to describe the other rooms in detail. Library, billiard-room, ball-room, each has its special use, and will be more or less improved by an application of the principles to which I have alluded. The small additional expense involved in building such a house as this would be almost recovered by a reduction in the articles of furniture required for it, whilst we may be sure it would be the more readily disposed of for the trouble we have bestowed upon it.

with herioc nobility to bid the fiery waves of passion be still. By these the nobler and finer powers of the race are brought out and strengthened, all the grosser elements of selfishness, disunion, and blind impulsiveness are lost, while the whole is glorified by a deep coloring of the chivalrous that was never wanting to a Celtic movement.

By these four successive, yet combined movements, the scourging of crime and establishment of moral law and order by O'Connell, young Ireland's awakening a thirst for knowledge, Father Mathew's exorcism of the demon of drunkenness, and the Home Rule crusade of to-day, a new nation has been so completely created, that the Irishman of fifty years ago has completely disappeared; yet side by side with these rapid social revolutions the Stage Irishman remains unchanged. During the past three generations he has scarcely moved an inch, or attempted to improve his brogue or his breeches. His hat is just as tattered, and his look is just as loutish as when Lever left us a literary heritage in "Micky Free," and Lover flattered us with "Handy Andy." It would be almost as rational to look on this fossil of fifty years ago as representative of Irish life to-day as to make the dusky inhabitants of Sydney of the same epoch represent the present social life of that flourishing capital. The whirr of the boomerang has indeed given place to the railway whistle; but with no less certainty has an enlightened and sobered generation replaced one whose noble sufferings all must admire, but whose shortcomings have happily disappeared and ceased to be factors of national life.

Whoever saw a Stage Irishman without a knee-breeches? Yet among the stalwart peasants flocking to our shores to enrich this young nation with the wealth of their strong arms and clear heads, whoever saw even one so attired? To that style of dress as such none can object. It is smart and graceful; it is still retained at the Courts of Europe; it clothes the grandee of Spain; it displayed the lusty development of muscle our forefathers were proud to exhibit, while the modern trousers seem invented to hide the shrunken calves of their posterity. But I do protest against it because it is unreal, and because it is intended to degrade.

The public are accustomed to see not one but thousands of Irishmen off the stage enjoying themselves as soberly as the representatives of any other nationality, yet how seldom are they seen on the boards except staggering! *Monster Irish gatherings on the 17th of March have, in late years,* become an institution. With the national festival memories old and cherished come surging through the brain. Recollections that may have lain dormant through the rest of the year come welling from the deepest fountains of the heart, and through the lights and shades of bygone days old and loved faces again are smiling on us. There, too, is the relaxation from accustomed toil, the meeting of old friends, the excitement of present Home politics, the stimulus of fiery oratory, in fine everything that can unbalance and inflame minds of an imaginative race. Yet can we not appeal to the open and undisputed fact of the general decorum and absence of intoxication on such occasions? Is it not standing type with journals by no means friendly that "sobriety and good conduct marked the proceedings of the day?"

How different the reality of the day from the so-called pictures presented on the stage at night! Theatre managers make it a point to have an Irish play for these occasions; they are generally thronged by the wearers of the green, and here the gravamen of this protest comes. A scornful sense of indignant shame should fill any Irishman possessing a particle of self-respect when forced to witness such a travesty on truth, such a clumsy burlesque on himself and his countrymen But how a naturally proud and high-spirited people can not only tolerate but patronise and applaud their own degradation is a solecism and a riddle.

A few counties alone speak the brogue properly, so-called. The accent of the entire north is more Scotch than Irish. The Midland or "Pale" counties have scarcely an idiom or peculiarity. Even where it is spoken, as might be expected, the peasant, the storekeeper, and the professional man have it in various degrees or not at all. Not only is the same language put in the mouth of all classes on the stage, but the matter is beautifully simplified by reducing all grades to one unchangable *semper eadem*, and that by no means flattering. The same dialect has to do duty for the thirty-two counties, and the one coat and one tongue is given to the smart Dublin man, the Connemarra peasant and the Munster farmer.

Here, again, it is not to the use, but the abuse, we take exception. So far from objecting to the true brogue, when used in moderation, we believe it is not only an ornament, but a powerful auxiliary to language, let prejudice say what it will. Where there is just coloring enough of this *patois* to enrich the tone it gives a quaint freshness and tender simplicity that instantly captivates the

ear. The round and liquid vowel sounds the strong articulation of the consonants, especially the fullness of the "th," and the kettle-drum roll of the "r" adds a rich softness and masculine resonance admirably suited to pathos and reasoning. A characteristic of Tennyson that adds much to the beauty of his verse is the onomatopoetic gift he has of harmonising the sound till it becomes the echo of the sense, till the subtle cadences and melodious rhythm of his lines breathe and ring the ideas contained. Those who have heard educated Irish speakers using their flexible, native *patois* in denunciation, or particularly in appeal, can appreciate its value as an accessory to language. When used in moderation and with judgment it gives a peculiarity to the sound that almost translates each sentence and furnishes wings of fire to every idea. The muffled roll arising like the sound of distant thunder in denunciation and carrying awe upon its breath, the tender plaintiveness melting and subduing, the withering tone of scorn, surpass and defy analysis.

*A writer describes its effect so beautifully that the passage can bear quotation :—

"The greatest charm, however, the most effective weapon in all his well-burnished armory, was his Irish brogue—broad, rich, and resonant, lending itself to every mood; now rising loud in a passionate storm of denunciation, now sinking low as a whisper, yet distinct and clear as a silver bell. No tongue, nor dialect, voice nor accent has the power of an Irish brogue in persuasion or exhortation. At first the variety of tones, the grotesque cadences and inflections, strike strangely upon an unaccustomed ear; but by degrees the earnest manner and language, the consummate skill with which the subject is presented appeal to draw away the attention, the novelty becomes dulled or forgotten, the sympathies are awakened and excited, and the all-embracing enthusiastic sweep of eloquence leads the mind captive."

Let us, however, be strictly just. Few are more sensible than the writer of the deep debt Irish character owes to Dion Boucicault. The dramatisation of Griffin's only novel, the production of one "Shaughraun," notwithstanding the wake scene, which is a hideous carbuncle upon a fair face, should earn for the author lasting gratitude. There are passages in these plays that might be quoted from the pulpit; there are single lines that compress within themselves whole passions.

Yes, Boucicault has done a hero's work, but the fossilised calumny was too old to be displaced by the efforts of a single individual, no matter how great his genius.

No other people offer such a scope for dramatic genius, for Irish life is anything but "all of a piece." The humblest household is full of dramatic interest. Who has not seen the genial current of humor, rich and mellow as autumn sunshine, humor in which the smile and sigh are blended, and laughter trembles on the borderland of tears. Who has not heard of the reckless bravery that would crack a joke in a cavalry charge or whistle a jig in the face of death, the unique attachment to the isle of sorrow and its own eventful history, alas, more inviting to the tragic than the comic muse. Surely here is a tropical wealth of material, as great as heart can desire, a soil almost virgin, a treasure of rich and varied ore. Scenes constructed from such elements would not only give true pictures and do tardy justice, but would form a welcome change from the drunken rags and loutish ignorance that passes for the stage Irishman of any period. In the hand of genius they would turn on the stage a startling current of life so powerful and so fresh as to form a veritable creation.

When a great dramatist does arise he must be Irish "from the skin out and the coat in." His inspiration must be imbibed from the cradle, his mind steeped in the national spirit, for before the pen can venture to pourtray Irish life, the passions and aspirations of the people must have breathed over every chord of the heart, the soul pulsed and throbbed in the fire of sympathy. An idiom that implies far more than it expresses, that has become a channel into which the liquid drops of thought run as naturally as the body falls into its accustomed gait, must be wielded by an Irish pen alone. The peculiar cast of mind with a thousand and one accessories that give it native raciness, the finer chords of feeling as well as the fuller diapason of passion, hope, love, and anger, the inspired finger of native genius alone can reach.

Not only does national life teem with material, but the love evinced by all classes for striking contrasts and rapid transitions seems to make appreciation of the force dramatic a national birthright. That Irishmen entertain a just sense of its value may be seen by the apt simile and pithy metaphor, the curving line of scorn that Celtic lips can so readily assume, the droll twinkle in the corner of the eye, while their marvellously quick perception of the ludicrous and gro-

* Miss Laffan in "Hogan, M.P." The description here given is supposed to apply to the late Father Tom Burke.

tesque justifies the writer who calls them a "nation of actors." Nor are these qualities confined to the professional platformed display, where an orator can use them with such telling force upon an auditory. Exquisitely sensitive to the master touch, they blend into and relieve the commonest details of life. You cannot watch a few urchins playing on the street for half an hour without witnessing a series of striking tableaux, in which each unconsciously assumes and acts his part.

While the troubador is a person of history in almost every other country, because epic is the kernel of the ballad, the singer is as popular to-day in Ireland as he was forty years ago. The love of the marvellous, the fascination of the heroic or tragic is still all-powerful. Many a spell-bound peasant, standing beside his cattle on a "fair" day, forgets the northern blast as he listens to the heroic daring of some "patriot bold," or drops a tear of sympathy at the fate of some parted lovers.

And now I must be prepared for the question: "With such material, and such a field for its display, where are Ireland's dramatic productions?" Compared with other countries Ireland has no literature, dramatic or otherwise. How could she? A nation whose history is one long tale of sorrow and suffering can have no literature. For the development of letters, peace and patronage are essential.

While the genius of Shakespeare and Spenser was bursting like an inspiration upon England, while, in the words of the old historians, the land was becoming "a nest of singing birds," whose warblings, thrilling through "the ever echoing avenues of song," have shed a glory on the "spacious times," the muffled wail of a trampled nation came sounding like a death bell from the sister isle. While Clement VIII. was encircling the brow of Tasso with the laurel of Petrarch, when all Italy were shouting pæans to him who breathed the inspirations in their sweet native Tuscan that he had rescued from the markets and the hovel, while republics and princes vied with each other in heaping honors on the high priests of a native dialect beyond the Alps, to Ireland the liquid sound of her own Celtic tongue was proscribed by law. A language rich and expressive, endowed with nervous and idiomatic vigor, a language that might have given expression to the thoughts of a Shakespeare or a Milton, a language that had become the treasure-house of the poetry, philosophy and history of more than a decade of centuries, was declared a felony and a crime. A century later, when genius was breathing around the throne of *Le Grand Monarque*, when the tragic muses of Corneille and Racine were rivalling Shakespeare, when the comedies of Moliere were entrancing a refined and brilliant Court, when a galaxy of talent was giving a literature to France and shedding more glory on the reign of Louis than even the victories of Condé and Turenne, the genius and life-blood of Ireland, instead of infusing a literature and a nation, were pouring, in sorrowful profusion, into the armies of Austria, France, and Spain.

In modern times, the cause of sterility is not far to seek. The day a people are deprived of their senate that day the heart of nationhood is plucked out, and the current of life, through all its limbs, literary, commercial, and social, has practically ceased to pulse. The men who should find a field for their talents within their own shores are forced to turn their faces to more favored lands. Evidences of this abound. It is beside the scope of my paper to describe the Irish talent now enriching other lands. Only when we see an O'Donovan or McGahan flashing living pictures from the world's battle-fields, McCarthys and O'Donnells adorning the columns of the great daily journals, a Barry Sullivan holding us willing captives by the magic of his graceful art, a Sir Charles Russell winning forensic triumphs that almost recall the palmy days of Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke, only then does the reflection force itself upon us: That if so many have forged their way to the front in other lands what an array of Irish talent must be toiling in the rank and file at home.

Not the least blessing destined to accrue from a restored Irish Parliament is that it would not only form a goal for the hopes of her sons, but that it would also retain within the limits of their own land the genius and industry that now spends itself abroad.

Meanwhile, an obligation rests on my countrymen to purge the stage of a living libel.

AT HIGH TIDE.

BY AUSTIN SOUTH.

IT is afternoon, a sunny Australian summer afternoon. The day has been very hot, they say, but here in my cool shadowy room I have not felt it so, or have not heeded it. Outside, I suppose, the sun is blazing down on garden, field and sea; but lying here, all I know of the brightness of the outer world comes to me in the light, that slanting through the curtain of grape vines on the verandah just outside my door, lays its quivering delicate fingers on my coverlet. Beautiful indeed they are, these ever-changing traceries of tremulous brightness, beautiful the tender green shapes that sway and rustle in the soft breeze; beautiful too must be the sheen of the great sea, sleeping so quietly in the dreamy peace of this summer afternoon. The tide is coming in. Could I lift yonder leafy veil, I should see the waves in murmuring advance over the long sand flats, rippling over the shallows, splashing over the shingle, creeping onward silently, yet so pitilessly, to the foot of the low tree-topped cliff. But I cannot stir from my couch, that vine screen, though but a few feet distant, is for ever beyond the reach of my hand, and I know that not in this life shall I look upon that sea and shore again. Yet what matter? Shut off from bodily view, though they may be, I have but to close my eyes and all comes clearly before me, every stone, every rock, every tree, are engraved for ever on my memory. In yonder deep pool, hidden from the view from where I am now by a shoulder of the cliff, and sheltered on every side by tall brown rocks, how often have I bathed in the early summer mornings, when the sun was just glancing up out of the eastern waves; just round that little point with its solitary tree, is the place where I made my first sketch here, years ago. There is the cliff path where I have often strolled at sunset, and in the tiny cove below my boat is gently rocking on the rippling wavelets—I shall never row again! And there, close at hand, where a long red scar crosses the brown face of the rock, where the precipice is higher and steeper, and the trees on the top more stunted, and where just above highwater mark stretches a long craggy ledge, is the place of a great sin, and the place of its expiation. There, strong in my own manhood, I sinned against the life of a fellow man, and thence, but a few hours later, they carried me here, shattered and dying; a just, yet merciful judgment upon my sin. And now the fiat has gone forth: "Thou shalt die, and not live," and I lie here, waiting for the kiss of the messenger-angel of death, which shall set the seal of my pardon. For by this shall I know that the Judge has accepted the sacrifice, and that my own life has atoned for that which I wronged.

Death has for me no terrors—unversed in the conflicting creeds of the day, I hold still the simple faith of my fathers, and strong in that, look fearlessly into the unknown; I am but as one standing outside a closed door, already I hear a hand on the latch within, a little while and the door will be opened and I shall know the meaning of life, and the deeper meaning of forgiveness. But for the sake of those around me, I feel that I must leave behind me some record of these last few days, of my temptation and my fall. It is well that it should be known, strange stories find their way about, and already I hear that vague rumors are on foot; in the interest of truth then, if for no other reason, my tale should be brought to the light.

So I have written it all down here, written it slowly and at long intervals, through the pain and the weariness of the week that has just gone. And if there be those who after reading my confession would condemn me, I shall then be beyond the reach of their censure. And for that one against whom and yet for whom I did the wrong, I have no fear as to her judgment. For love I sinned, and she, of her love, will understand and will forgive, and in Heaven I shall know and be content.

I have lived, for the most part, a very quiet life. Here and there perchance, among those who love to talk and think of pictures and of art (and there are many such, even here in Australia), the name of Leonard Dallas may be spoken, but as a rule, I have shunned the busier haunts of men, and dwelt apart in obscure places, artist and student, a lover of Nature in all her varied forms and scenes. A lonely life yet a happy one, though to a great extent apart from my fellows, I have

never, as the saying is, lost touch with them, and there are those who will miss me, and perchance keep a tender memory of me a while, when my place is empty.

It is hardly necessary I think to dwell upon my earlier days. A delicate, somewhat shy, lad, I made but few boyish companions, and it was not until, at the age of nineteen, I went to Oxford, that I really mixed to any degree with the outer world. Even there my acquaintances were not many, and of those there was but one that I could call *friend*, but that sufficed for all others. For even as it is written of the love of the sons of Saul and of Jesse, that "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul," so was the love which was between Hereward Lancefield and the shy lad, six years his junior, in those dear dead days so long ago. My passion for art was just then awakening, he had long been a worshipper at her shrine, yet it was not that alone, nor yet the beautiful face, nor powerful frame, that drew me to him, it was rather the pure lovely soul that looked out of the great deep eyes, the perfect nobility of heart, together with an almost womanly tenderness, that endeared him to all around him. Once when I was ill at college, he nursed me with almost a mother's care and affection; once too, when boyish heedlessness had led me into debts and troubles, his was the hand that lifted me out of the slough of despond, and set me right, and his voice that gave the needed counsel and advice for future steps. Ah, dear old friend, how much I owed you, then, and on through the after years, and how have I repaid that debt!

After leaving Oxford, Hereward and I saw but little of each other. Our homes were in different parts of England, yet though we met but seldom, our friendship remained as warm, and I, at least, never ceased to look forward to a time when our companionship might be renewed. It was with a pang then, that I heard of his marriage, a keen sense of loss, almost of bitterness, as I realised that we could never be the same to each other again. And after that we drifted apart. At first a few letters passed, now and then, but after a little while even they ceased, and when we met again it was at Hereward Lancefield's deathbed.

He had caught a cold, somehow, out fishing, I fancy, and had not been able to shake it off. For all his strength and agility, he had never had a very strong constitution, the cold grew worse, and finally passed into rapid consumption, and within a few months of the beginning of his illness, his pure noble spirit departed into the shadow-land.

A few days before the end he sent for me. He was alone now, his young wife had gone four years before, when their little boy was born, and his heart craved for some friendly voice and face. I saw the child several times during those few sad days; Hereward seemed to like to have him with him as often as possible. He was a pretty little lad, like his young mother, so those who had known her said, but he had his father's great true violet eyes, with their delicately pencilled brows and long lashes; and even then there was in them something of the grave sweetness that had given my dear friend's face such a charm. When I meet Hereward Lancefield in Heaven, I am certain that, however he may have changed, I shall know him again by that look in his eyes!

I soon found that my old companion had had other reasons for sending for me beyond the longing for a friendly face; he wished me to become the boy's guardian. But this I could not do. I was in delicate health myself at the time, besides, a dreamy unpractical man such as I was would be hardly the fit person to take charge of a child. There were relatives, wealthy men, who would fill such an office far better than I. Even Hereward himself saw this at length. "I wish you could have managed it" he said wistfully, one day, a little before the last, "but after all, I suppose it's better as it is. But, old fellow, you'll look after the boy a little sometimes for my sake? I should like to think that someone I loved on earth was taking an interest in my little lad." One languid hand clasped mine, the other strayed caressingly over the child's golden curls. The little fellow was sitting on the bed close by his father's pillow, the grave sweet eyes turning from one to the other in childish perplexity as we talked. "Poor little man!' Hereward went on, half sadly, half lightly, "I'm afraid he'll soon forget his father. If you can, Dallas, try and help him to remember; when he gets a little older, write to him now and then, won't you? and tell him about me. Promise, old man, for my sake."

It is twenty years now since those dying words sounded in my ears, twenty years since Hereward Lancefield said goodnight for the last time to the world, ere he woke in the dawning of eternity. Twenty years! It was well, indeed, that I had not taken upon myself the responsibility that love and trust would have given me; well indeed, for during all those years I never

once saw the little lad with the great eyes so like his father's; indeed after a few years I ceased to have any knowledge of him at all. It was not my fault, his guardians, jealous perhaps of his dead father's love for me, a stranger, received my advances but coldly, and I soon saw that any interest in the child on my part would be resented as an interference; so that in spite of my desire to follow poor Hereward's wishes, I had no choice but to stand aside. Then came a long and severe illness, a latent lung trouble developed itself, and the doctors told me plainly, that did I wish to escape consumption, I must seek a warmer climate. So I came to Australia, and what little influence I might have had over Hereward Lancefield's son passed away for ever. And here have I lived ever since, quiet, secluded, happy, devoted to my art, surrounded by friends, finding ever new delights in studying the works of Nature, and sharing their joys with others. Yet pleasant and bright though such a life may be, it is but as the brightness of a cloudy day, when the haze hangs its soft veil over sky and sea, mountain and forest, and there is light in the air, on the earth, but no sun, no centre from whence we may see that the light comes. Such was my life as the years gathered and rolled above my head, bringing but little *change, till one came* and lifted the dim curtain and let the sunshine into the world.

Margaret darling! I can see you now as I saw you for the first time, that evening as I strolled up the cliff path, idly curious to know what manner of people they were who had come to live in the white verandah cottage on the hill by the bend of the creek that had stood empty so long! I can see you in your white dress, with your yellow hair flying in the sea-breeze, as you gazed half amused, half annoyed at your little straw hat left by the mischievous wind on a bush just over the edge of the cliff, just beyond your reach.

"I can see you in your white dress, with your yellow hair flying in the sea-breeze, as you gazed half amused, half annoyed, at your little straw hat left by the mischievous wind on a bush just over the edge of the cliff."

How shyly you thanked me as I hooked it with my stick and brought it back to you, poor dainty little thing, its soft ribbons all torn and soiled, but you said it didn't matter, and then we both laughed, why, neither of us knew. But the laugh was against me the next moment, for another little gust suddenly swept down upon us and lifted my own head-gear away clear out to sea, beyond hope of rescue! And then, Margaret, nothing would serve you but that I must come home with you and your father would lend me something to wear back to the township, for you said I could not go bare-headed. And I was nothing loth, and as we walked you told me how your father and you had lived alone together since your mother died, twelve years

ago; how he was a professor of some wonderful science, and had come to this quiet place to finish a great book that was to make his name famous. Then, when we went in, and you introduced me to the dear old man, with his white hair and dreamy absent ways, how we got talking on one thing and another, and never noticed how the red and the gold were fading out of the sky and the cold grey shadows creeping over the face of the great sea until it seemed that it was quite impossible that I could go home, but must stay and have tea with you. And after tea, we sat on the verandah and talked again, while the breeze rustled the grape vines softly, and the moon made a long track of glory across the water, and it was quite late when I got home that night. That was our first meeting, and how often did we meet again? How many times have I sat on that vine-shadowed verandah, enjoying the dear old professor's clever interesting talk, for dreamy and unpractical though he was he had lived many years, and seen and known much both of men and things. And, Margaret, you would listen in silence, sitting in your favorite position in a low chair by your father's side, while his hand softly stroked your golden hair, and your great eyes gazing away out to sea, where the moonlight slept peacefully, or the phosphorence flashed its lines of living fire from wave to wave, or broke in cataracts of molten silver on the sands. Sometimes, too, I would meet you in the township, and would walk homewards with you, lingering along the cliff path until the paling light, and the purple flush on the western hills warned us that it was time to part; now and then, too, you and your father would come down to my little studio, and talk over my pictures and my work. And once, I remember, you came upon a tiny sketch of a girl's face, with yellow hair, and sunny blue eyes, and you laughed and blushed, and I was confused, and hastily showed you something else, and managed to slip the picture away unobserved. And all the while, when I walked with you by the sea, when I sat on the verandah in the moonlight, or talked of pictures in the studio, I knew, clearly, and without shadow or doubt, that you, and you alone, held my fate in your hands—I knew that I loved you. But I never spoke, darling! The weeks lengthened into months and passed away; down by the creek the yellow wattle-blossoms bloomed, faded and fell; summer glided into autumn, autumn into winter, and winter into spring, and still I was silent, even when I knew that you had learned to watch for my coming, and to take pleasure in my being near. What sealed my lips? Did I fear a refusal, or did I shrink from mating my middle age with your sweet fresh youth? And yet, for all my eight and forty years, my form was unbent, my step firm, my hair untinged with grey, and there have been those who have called Leonard Dallas handsome. Wealth, too, was mine, and learning, all of earthly things that can give happiness were in my hands, and yet I dared not cast the die! Not even when business called me away to a distant part of the country did I break the silence. When I held my darling's hand for a moment as I said good-bye, I was tempted to speak, the words trembled on my lips, but something held me dumb, and the words remained unsaid—for ever unsaid!

(I am very weary, a dull pain has me in its grasp, the breeze has fallen, the air is very still, one can hear a long way—there is a voice now. No, I am dreaming, I must rouse myself and finish my work).

Nearly a year passed before I returned. My business matters had not gone well, unforseen delays had occurred one after the other, so that fully eleven months had slipped away when I set my face once more towards home—and Margaret! Absence had but strengthened my love, and as every hour brought me nearer to her, so grew my resolve to have no more delay, to speak and know my fate. It was afternoon when I reached the township, and towards evening I strolled once again along the well-known path to the cottage on the hill. And as I went I pictured it all in my mind, how we would stand together, in the moonlight, in sight of the great calm sea, how I would take her little hands in mine, and looking into her clear deep eyes tell her all my story. And her answer? Ah, that —!

I stopped short. I had by this time reached the garden gate, and had my hand on the latch, when I was attracted by the sound of voices. Close to me, hidden by the shrubs, two persons were talking, low and earnestly, yet not so low but that as I stood there, hesitating whether to draw back or to go in, I could hear every word that was spoken.

"I want to ask you—" It was a man's voice, one I had never heard before—and yet—what was it that made it seem so strangely familiar? "I want to ask you—" and there was a long pause.

"Well?" A girl's voice this time, low and sweet, one that brought a sudden flush to my face and a quick throb to my heart—how often during that last year had I listened

in spirit to that voice! "Well?" and there was a strange ring, half anxious, half tender in the tone.

Must I go on? Must I recall how with a heart that seemed as if turned to ice, and limbs that shivered even in the warm summer breeze, I stood leaning for support against the low fence, while close beside me, quite close, were being said the words that should cut me off for ever from light and love? I had come too late, my Margaret, ay, mine!—I still called her mine—was the promised bride of another, and I still stood outside the gate!

I turned away. I could not go in. I must be alone, away somewhere, with no eye but Heaven's upon me must I meet this enemy.

Out on the lonely cliff, in the hush of the gathering darkness, I might find some place to hide my grief from the eyes of men, some rest, some calm, from the surging torrent that was taking the place of the icy stillness of a minute ago, might be found in the kindly peace of the night. To-morrow I must go again into the world and face life with a smile, as if it still held hopes; to-night, to-night only have I to learn to bear my sorrow to probe it down to its depths, to know it all, to face it, in all its blackness and despair—"Oh, God, have mercy upon me!"

* * * * *

It must have been nearly midnight, when utterly worn out, with aching head and limbs, I turned homewards. A veil of heavy clouds had come up across the sky, the wind was moaning ominously. I had gone perhaps about half way, when I fancied I heard a shout, a cry close at hand. I listened, it came again, and again, and then I knew that someone was on the beach below, cut off by the tide.

It was a dangerous place this. The cliff was high and steep, and totally inaccessible from below, while the highwater mark showed far above the most elevated part of the beach, which indeed was here nothing more than a mere sandy spit, only approached by one path, which was covered deeply long before the tide was full. Who ever he might be below, he was in the greatest danger!

Cautiously I approached the edge of the cliff and looked over. Just below me on a scanty strip of sand scarce half-a-dozen yards in extent, a man was standing, a young man, tall and slight. His hat had fallen off, and just as I caught sight of him a transient gleam of moonlight fell across his face; I knew him, it was he whom I had seen in the garden that afternoon, the man who had robbed me of all *that was best in life*!

Let me think. It is over now, the sin and the suffering, and pardon is near at hand There is no need now for excuse, for palliation, the deed is done, and cannot be undone. And yet I think that those who know me best, who have known me these last years of my life, will say, that had I been myself at that moment, I had not fallen, and even I myself had anyone told me, only that morning, what should befall, had not my being cried out, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

For even with that cry for help ringing in my ears, with the fair sweet young face that my love upturned before me, I turned away and strode homewards. Yes, I, Leonard Dallas, the christian, the scholar, the man who throughout life had ever shrunk from setting foot on the meanest insect, deliberately left a fellow man to perish, to die alone in the cold chill embrace of the pitiless sea, in the black veil of the night!

I reached my home. A light was burning in my room. I threw myself into an armchair; I could not go to bed, my brain was in a whirl, one thought alone possessed me. Margaret would be free! would be mine again! Not yet. A year, more perhaps must pass, till she should get over this grief, but then to whom would she be most likely to turn to but the old friend, the old companion of so many bright days? Yes, the bright days would come again, come again, again we would linger along the cliff path, again stand together in the moonlight, and you would be mine, all mine! Margaret! Margaret!

* * * * *

The clock struck two. I had been dozing, but at the sound I raised myself with a start. A slight rain was falling without, the sea was sobbing mournfully. Two o'clock! It would be high tide a little after three, the waves must be creeping up, up,—I was sinking into a dreamy state again—the little beach at the foot of the cliff must be quite covered now. *Oh, my God!*

I was broad awake now, the whole horror of the thing had burst upon me like a rush of scorching, blinding flame. What had I done? A thousand voices round me seemed to be shouting, "Murderer! murderer!" My brain reeled, my knees trembled, great drops stood out on my forehead. Murderer! Not yet! not yet! something might yet be done, there might yet be time—another moment and I was out of the house, and rushing through the rain towards the cliff. I did not go altogether without some plan. Like many Australians, I wore round my waist a broad,

bright-colored silken sash, several yards in length, and an idea had flashed across me how this might be made of use. A few feet above highwater mark was a long broad ledge of rock, inaccessible from below, but reached, though with difficulty, from the top. If I could gain that ledge it would be a comparatively easy task to help the unfortunate man up by means of the scarf.

Reaching the edge, I called anxiously, but there was no reply. I leaned over the cliff, and shouted, again and again, and tried to pierce the thick darkness, but in vain, all was silence and gloom.

"And as I turned there came a sudden gust of wind and rain, I staggered, my foot slipped, and the next moment I lay crushed and motionless on the rocky ledge below."

Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, the moon shone down in all her splendor, lighting up sea and cliff with a flood of silver rays. And I, from where I stood, could see that all possible foothold below had long since vanished, all was covered by the calm treacherous waves. And far away out to sea, in the track of the moonlight, a straw hat was floating.

All was over! With a wild cry of horror and despair I turned to fly, whither I knew not, anywhere, away from that accursed spot. And as I turned there came a sudden gust of wind and rain, I staggered, my foot slipped, and the next moment I lay crushed and motionless on the rocky ledge below.

* * * * *

And there they found me next morning, and brought me here, here to that house which holds all that is dearest to me. It was the nearest, they said, in fact the only one very near. Some one, I do not know who, ran on before to warn the inmates of our coming, and as we passed through the garden gate, through the sick faintness that had taken hold of me when I had been lifted from the ledge, I could hear footsteps coming down the path to meet us. Some words were spoken, I know not what, but the sound made me start, and for a moment shake off my stupor. I looked up. Coming towards us was a figure, tall and slight—could it be? Ah, God was very merciful, it was he, he whom I had left to perish on the sands last night.

I learned later that (it must have been but a few minutes after I left him) the doctor, coming from a visit to a patient, had heard him shout, and had got a rope and helped him to safety. So God, in his infinite mercy, frustrated my evil design, and saved my

darling from the bitter sorrow that my mad jealousy and passion would have brought upon her. Ah, Margaret, Margaret, against you too have I sinned, and from you too must I ask forgiveness ere I go hence!

The young man came close up to my side and said a few words in a low tone to one of my bearers. What was it in that voice that awoke old memories, old thoughts again? I turned feebly to look at him again, his face was towards me—a strong, fair Saxon face. I marked the sunny hair and sweet, serious smile. I gazed into the depths of the great, clear violet eyes.

Ah, Hereward, Hereward, dear old friend! The mists and shadows of twenty years have rolled away; again I am back in the past; again I hear your voice pleading "Look after the boy for my sake!" And in sharp, terrible contrast rises before me a vision of a blue-eyed, sunny-haired boy on a lonely sand, with the waves washing round him, and close beside him one who has but to stretch out a hand to save him from a cruel death, and yet leaves him there—to die! Ah, dear, dead friend of long ago, how bitterly have I failed in that sacred trust, and how shall I dare to ask for pardon?

Not here. My crime is too deep for earthly forgiveness, it is beyond its reach. But I have almost done with earthly things, and when I meet Hereward Lancefield before that Throne whose name is Mercy, there, and not in vain, will I ask his pardon, in the name of him who said "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

* * * * *

I can write no more, my story is told. The sun is going down; the lances of light have a rosier tinge; the shadows are gathering fast in the room. I am very tired now, the pain has gone, and I think I could sleep. Was that someone speaking—no, only the noise of the sea—the tide must be nearly full I think, now. Forgive us our trespasses,—Did you speak, Margaret, or was it Hereward—no—Margaret—Hereward.

ADELAIDE.

(A SONNET.)

O SOUTHERN city, nestling like a child
Within the hug of thy embracing hills,
Vine-clad, and cleft with valleys, whence the rills
Run trickling towards the town thro' rift and wild,
And so across the plain, with homesteads piled,
To meet the sapphire circled sea which fills
The air with western winds, and Boreas kills,
Of Naples' bay thy panorama speaks,
In vast magnificence of blue-bound view;
In one small corner tall with towers, that gleam
As mounts the sunlit morn behind thy peaks,
Of Dante's Florence, Athen's heav'nly hue
As landward looks espy thy crest-crown'd dream.

G. KLEWITZ SOWARD.

ON A DUMPLING.

BY W. O. HODGKINSON.

I CANNOT now recall when or where I read them, but I have a lively recollection of a series of "Looking Backwards," written long prior to Bellamy's ingenious speculations on the twentieth century. The looking backwards to which I allude purported to give the experience of sundry people who had at a critical episode of their existence been called upon for an involuntary review of their past career. Some had been hanged to a condition of passive insensibility; others had been drowned until nearing the verge of abyssmal void; but all had recovered to give the wondering world copious accounts of their sensations.

This recovery discounts any unnecessary sympathy; in fact, the living heroes of such experiences are objects of envy, inasmuch as if not bringing back, like Joshua's spies, first-fruits of that unknown land to which mankind is bound, they supply, if credit may be attached to their story, a strange unison of evidence. One and all who have thus looked death in the face assure us that their memories presented a vivid and instantaneous photograph of their past lives, recalling every thought, word and deed from infancy upwards to the hour of their peril. It is sad to think that beyond this wide assertion none of these favored salvages of humanity have ventured. One may logically conclude that the memory which could check and fail to detect any hitch in the continuity of an average life up to the moment of *quasi* hanging or drowning might have preserved sufficient force to record the details of a life so miraculously preserved for general advantage. What a convincing proof of the fidelity of such "Looking Backwards" a work of this nature would prove! What an auto-biography! An auto-biography the world never has yet seen and never will see until a new Rousseau falls under the conditions set forth. Now I would not idly impugn the credit of the men who have enjoyed this singular phase of retrospection, but I would point out that no woman has yet swollen their ranks, or at any rate acknowledged having done so, and at the same time confessed to perfect familiarity with the *oughts, words and deeds of her* charmingly inconsistent and sexual attractiveness. It seems to me also—and in the case of mortals so favored there is nothing far-fetched in the idea—that these *raconteurs* must have been gifted with abnormal coolness and presence of mind. My reason for saying this is that though jealous Fortune may deny to many deserving men the privilege of being partially or properly hanged, there are few boys of any spirit, or bushmen of any experience, that have not on more occasions than one perilously approached drowning or looked imminent death squarely in the face. The boys may be eliminated; their total loss would be a matter of indifference, while the trouble of bringing them from a state of unconsciousness to the delights of compulsory education and catapults would be ill repaid by their confession of larcenies in the matter of marbles or devotion to the insipid prematureness of calf love. But with the bushmen the affair assumes another complexion, and in default of acquaintance with other bushmen's sensations in moments of extreme hazard I shall venture on an experience of my own, not for self-glorification by any means, but simply as a contrast to the instances of equanimity and accurate recollection referred to in the initiatory sentences of this article.

It befell, then, that I once lived in a town lying on the banks of a huge tidal river, and that it was my daily practice to bathe in certain baths built for sanitary purposes and healthful recreation by a wise corporation. These baths were formed of a huge quadrangular enclosure, with four sides of strong planks and a bottom of wire netting to keep out the sharks, with which the river was infested. Alligators also lent a pleasing variation of excitement to open air bathing. From the effects of salt water action, age, and impact with drift matter, this wire netting had become weak; and when heedlessly diving one day my head, one arm and its corresponding shoulder, burst through the netting, and I swung in the strong tide, half above and half below the meshed bottom, suspended like a hapless fish in a seine net. My first impulse, after voilent struggling, was that of anger against my fellow bathers that they did not perceive something was wrong

and dive to my assistance. My first resolution was to enlarge the hole so that I could get through and regain the bank, which I did in a state of partial unconsciousness to find myself in due course being hauled about by a policeman, and threatened with the lockup on a charge peculiarly obnoxious to my innate delicacy of feeling. My first only and engrossing thought was whether he would carry out his threat, and with a view of obviating that calamity I managed to gasp incoherent references to a hypothetical half-sovereign, contingent upon his fetching my clothes from the dressing room and letting me depart in half-drowned peace. Perhaps I was not sufficiently drowned, perhaps I lacked the requisite coolness, but I solemnly pledge myself that I never "Looked Backwards" on my past life, but concentrated my faculties on its selfish preservation without undergoing the disreputable ordeal of a lockup. This incident is, it is true, solitary, and may prove the proverbially exceptional case. But the subject courts investigation. Nature abhors a vacuum, yet in this point vacuity, to use a bull, makes a void. If one does at such a crisis recall every bygone thought, word and deed, the process should be a utility, yet in what way? You can't expunge from the recording angel's balance sheet that minor lie by which you saved Brown, minimus, from a flogging—nor would you if you could; you can't tell Perdita, put under the turf long ago, how sorry you are you jilted her for Miss Kilmansegg; nor explain to Jones, since insolvent, why that scrip you let him have as a favor still remains in the hands of the Trustee in his Estate.

But I'll tell you what you or any man can do, if curiosity impels you to examine this question of "Looking Backwards" yourself. Rest assured I am not going to propose any dramatic rehearsal of drowning to the point of unconsciousness, with a boat placed for convenient rescue, and hot bottles with warm blankets and steaming toddy for immediate administration. No; hundreds of men whose looks backward would be but of poignant regret at the limited capacity of the human stomach for alcoholic stimulant would jump at permanent performances of this kind, while their besotted reminiscences would plunge their confidant into imbecility. Still less is it desirable to give any house a bad name, and the neighbors a nasty turn, by an approach to suicide through the medium of a clothes line. If you are legally entitled to the distinction of being hanged by all means *gravitate to that end through the* time-honored course prescribed by law, but to gratify what may after all be but a morbid curiosity, no stronger means need be employed than a dumpling. Eat a dumpling, or if digestion be unusually active, eat two or more dumplings. Dumplings hold hallowed associations. They are entwined with the poetry and the practice of the nursery. They form the food and the bane of the greedy and capricious giants and ogres of early romance. They designate and dignify existing sections of the Saxon Heptarchy. They pass into English literature as proverbial illustrations. "She is a coquette, cold as a dumpling." "His heart's like a cold dumpling;" or used in a complimentary sense, "firm as a dumpling; sweet as a dumpling; round as a dumpling." For, as you see, there are dumplings and dumplings, and to test the experiment of "Looking Backwards" not only has the dumpling to be selected, but also the "Hour and the Man" If you would prejudge the test and make the experiment a foregone conclusion, the dumpling employed will be the agricultural dumpling, cold as a stone, heavy as lead, unsympathetic as a mother-in-law with a married man's shameful pride in his first baby. Such a dumpling, "*procumbit bos humi*," will stifle all reflection and produce but one sensation, that of premature interment. No! the dumpling for use must not be sparrow dumpling, as sacred to Lesbia as doves to Venus, but must be a dumpling of light paste closely embracing a gigantic apple, laid upon the table piping hot, and served with the smile of a loved wife, whose early years of conjugal endearment have been replaced by wise experience and chastened passion. No servile hand must have touched the dumpling, and it should, if possible, make its appearance without premonition as a rare and agreeable surprise. Judges *are* wise men, speaking collectively. That wisdom impels them more frequently than any other class to marry their cooks. Many reasons may be adduced for this. A judge rarely marries early; he escapes therefore to a great extent that lust of the eye which contents itself with the gratification of but one, and that one the most deceptive and least constant of the senses. There comes a time to all men when the stomach is lord of the heart and rules with autocratic might, and in the dearth of reliable servants, accidents of temper, marriage and mortality, a good cook is a treasure not to be bartered for the specious glitter of sparkling eyes and a fine figure. Moreover, these latter fade away and perish, whereas the charms of the cook, like the bouquet of good wine, increase with age and

form a dowry capable of transmission at death.

Judges, being of more intellectual capacity than the average of their fellow creatures, are the first to perceive this, and being by training men of decision, to act upon that perception. There is, moreover, a deep moral and logical basis for a judge marrying his cook. We are all creatures of our digestive organs, and if due enquiry were made it would be found, in a majority of cases, that judges stigmatised as being discourteous, forgetful, severe, and partisan, were in reality the victims of chronic dyspepsia, caused by unwholesome food, improperly prepared and administered at wrong and irregular times. There are strong historical grounds for believing that Socrates was condemned through the courteous insistence of the Spartan envoys that his judges should lunch with them. The mess of black broth comprising the menu so disgusted the delicate sensibilities of the Athenian Bench that its members returned to court in a sombre state of mind, and, with a cruel sense of humor, adjudged the philosopher to a like nauseous experience. There is not the slightest proof that these men, ordinarily just and humane, contemplated terminating the existence of such an ornament to their city. Their usually clear minds were clouded by anger, and on the impulse they could think of nothing sufficiently nauseous to rival the Spartan songs but hemlock, and thus, because his judges supped foully, Socrates perished. So, too, is it a well-known fact that the "Bloody assize" of Jefferies in the west of England, after Monmouth's rebellion, was in great part caused by inflammatory indigestion produced by the coarse rural dishes served up for his Honor's dinner. It will never be known for how many lives the black puddings injudiciously administered to his ravenous appetite are responsible, nor to what degree the sour cider of the district is chargeable for his cruelty. Byng lost Minorca and his life through a scurvy biscuit. North's obstinacy with regard to the Boston harbor tea squabble was aggravated by a corked bottle of port wine, while a surfeit of stone fruit determined the fate of the Third Empire. Thus, the food of a judge is of as much importance as his fitness in other respects.

Some of our judges are too young, their judicial and digestive functions are impaired by social calls. No judge should be disturbed from an equal and impartial distribution of his time between the vital and co-equal urgencies of the cerebral and digestive organs of assimilation. How many rude remarks, snubbings of junior counsel, harsh sentences, and singularities verging on insanity, may be attributed to interference with these holy duties. All honor, therefore, to the man who, contemptuous of the garish charms of contemporary lady duduism, rivets his cook with the matrimonial link, and sits in Court with a clear head and an artistically lined stomach.

The importance of diet and the nature of the dumpling having been described, what the Greeks call the unities of the coming drama must be preserved by an equally careful selection of the "Hour and the Man." Briefly then, the hour must be late for the charm to operate, and precede as little as possible the usual bed-time. The man should be middle-aged, if not on the wane of maturity, active in mind, still vigorous in body. If too young his recollections will be worthless. His wife being, in such a contingency, young also, will, as a dumpling-maker, be worthless, and, perhaps, dire fatality! possess ephemeral personal attractions which might serve to allure him from implicit devotion to his dumpling. Not that there should be any lack of love—properly modulated love, not the calf love of a hobbledehoy or the rash impulsive instinct of early married years, but a species of glowing "Indian summer" of marital content, filled with chastened memories of past delights and a strong appreciation of conjugal attention to the somewhat diversified pleasures of matured existence. There must be no noise, no shrill infantile cries, or trying squeaks of budding manhood, or angular protrusions of girlish development. No! the dumplings—the wife with the sweet smile of harmless vanity, drawn by appreciative praise, of which merit your hearty enjoyment must be the seal, for women, like children, are acute to detect shams—and mayhap, a solitary pipe, and thence to sacred sleep. . . . .

An abrupt consciousness of a dual existence, a wild chaotic struggle in which all natural laws are set at nought without exciting surprise! It is the birth of mind untrammelled, disorganised, and acutely suffering from a preliminary struggle between the dumpling and the gastric juices. For some duration of Time—it might be eternity for any power of definition—there is a cognisance of some symbolic truism, irrefutably palpable yet combining such a discordant chaos of horrid impossibilities that it shocks common sense. You see a dead body; you are arraigned for murder, irresistible evidence is patent to yourself and others that you are the criminal, yet the dead

body assumes the Protean form of half-a-dozen dead bodies killed in half-a-dozen different ways, for any one of which a fatal mesh of testimony enwraps you. Wrestling with these absurdities, conscious of being the man you are, innocent, and also the man you are not, guilty, you at length elude all surrounding difficulties and pass with the ultimate conquest of the gastric juice to a Nirvana of spectacular and almost indifferent review of your past life in one long, sharp-etched panorama. It would be foreign to the philosophy of this essay to recapitulate the autobiographical display. It might also weary the reader to peruse the birth of thought and growth of intelligence and passion, almost coeval with the days when you blinked upon admiring strangers with the calm solemn gaze of babyhood. An illustration of a later era will serve: there slowly unrolls to the mind's eye of peaceful sleep, a well remembered scene, where the rounded outlines of flanking hills border a wide plain trending northward to a vast river. It is a spot cherished by the memories of joyous youth. There is the little creek creeping from the protecting shelter of the range and losing itself in the blue bush swamp which sucks up its feeble stream. There stand the grim charred posts of the "Skeleton Hut," to which a black legend of murder closely clings. There is the yellow waterhole in which your faithful dog brought the old man kangaroo to bay. There is the weird gum, shattered by lightning and groaning with each breath of wind. There is the track along which you, ——, and Dumpling toiled with infinite pride to drag the trophy to the head station. There are the bordering groves of mallee stretching countless miles on either side, and covering in their stunted frondage the timid lowan, fierce wild cattle, sneaking dingo and deadly snake. But Dumpling, who is she? A winsome fay for whom you cherished a blind calf love, your playmate, promised wife, and docile slave.

Years roll on. Hot work in other climes where cold snow and ever present death have well nigh swept away all recollection of those pleasant days until the whirligig of time brings you to a big city and a Ball. Old friends crowd round and make much of you. Honor is your guerdon, and the form it takes an introduction to the belle of the occasion. There, surrounded by a circle of admiring gilded youths, she stands, tall, graceful, exceeding fair to view. A perfect picture painted by a master hand. Breathing, living, sculptured beauty, warm from Nature's mould, and yet the chords of life have not been tuned. No master hand has drawn responsive notes from that untouched heart.

And yet long years ago you plighted troth when that stately maid was but a child. A dim recollection rises, a something, as you walk up to pay your homage, an instinctive recognition—psha—'tis too absurd—when with a merry laugh that in a moment earns you the envious hate of clustering dudes, a clear ringing voice, musical as a marriage peal, recalls the past. What! do you forget Dumpling? Yes! it is Dumpling; Dumpling her very self, but no longer rotund of form, no more driven slave, but fair tyrant of a hundred proud adoring minions of her bidding. And so, step by step, the sparkling, deep-lidded, long-fringed eyes, the rose-tipped pouting mouth and clinging quaintnesses of manner, all recur, and with them the long dead hound, the kangaroo he killed, the yellow clayey waterhole, the weird old gum, the blue bush swamp with the broad wide plain, which in days of sweltering heat faded into fairyland as you, sitting hand in hand with the Dumpling of that day, saw in the flickering mirage cloud capped domes and lakes glistening in silvery sheen, and lordly halls, and deep browned woods, and all the charms of sylvan joys.

What more would you? Hasten to the dance. Seize occasion by the forelock and chase the merry hours onwards Is she the Dumpling of your present life? Has she inspired this dream and roused you from sleep's hallowed pictures of the past?

SILENT PARLIAMENTS.

BY FREDERICK G. ADRIAN.

BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilisation," has clearly defined the functions of politicians when he observes that "their best measures are but temporary expedients which it will be the business of a later and riper age to efface;" that those loquacious and superficial politicians "who, raised to temporary power, think themselves bound to guarantee certain institutions and uphold certain opinions," are clearly wrong. They should learn that, "in the present state of knowledge, politics, so far as from being science, is one of the most backward of all the arts; and that the only safe course for the legislator is to look upon his craft as consisting in the adaptation of temporary contrivances to temporary emergencies. His business is to follow the age and not at all to lead it." . . . In "those large and fundamental measures which bear upon the destiny of a people, such anticipation is worse than useless—it is highly injurious." . . He should be satisfied with observing what is passing around him, and should modify his schemes to the actual exigencies of his own times. . . . For he may rely upon it, that the movements of society have now become so rapid that the wants of one generation are no measure of the wants of another."

Buckle's definition, supported as it is by a mass of irrefutable evidence, no doubt correctly defines a politician's functions, and clearly indicates that so far from statesmen making history they are but the finger-posts that mark it. They are the creatures of the age whom the happy accidents of their time have made conspicuous, and who have received a great deal more attention from historians than they have ever deserved.

Assuming Buckle's definition to be correct, there is no duty more important, and none which a statesman should be more capable of performing, than the adjustment of the machinery of government to the wants and requirements of his time. We might reasonably expect statesmen to understand the changed relations of the Parliament, the Press, and the people; and if representative *institutions are to be maintained*, we might expect politicians to take some steps towards effecting those reforms in the machinery of government that the exigencies of the times so urgently demand. Yet how little regard do politicians pay to this most important of their functions.

The machinery of party government, in every country in the world where representative government on party lines exists, is becoming more ineffectual each year; and when the machinery of representative government is weak, the usefulness of representative institutions will be questioned, and freedom of speech and liberty will be in danger. Freedom of speech in Parliament is already looked upon as a nuisance, even by men of the most radical tendencies; while the non-progressive section of the community find in this defective machinery an excuse for condemning representative institutions, and an opportunity to suggest remedies, such as the limitation of the franchise, or the imposition of the cloture.

So far, experience has shown that the most stringent rules to limit debate have been not only ineffectual but also injurious, for while such rules have occasionally stopped discussion they have also, on the one hand, frequently suppressed honest inquiry, and on the other enabled blatant demagogues to pose as political martyrs—surrounding impudence with a halo of glory that intelligence alone should lay claim to.

In every country of the world where representative and party government is in existence, there is a desire for a remedy which, while preserving liberty and securing the fullest freedom of speech, will at the same time guarantee the effectiveness of our Executive and expedite the work of legislation. In our hands we have such a remedy, a remedy which, without materially altering our system of government, without reducing the number even of our legislators, while allowing the fullest criticism on all public questions, will at the same time secure the most expeditious transaction of business, and reduce the duration of each session to a week at the utmost.

This remedy, paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, is silent sessions, in other words, a remedy which will leave discussion to the press and the general public but absolutely

prohibit it within the walls of Parliament: a remedy that recognises that the relative position of Parliament to the country has changed, and that measures are now dealt with as freely out of doors as within the walls of our legislative chambers, and which will provide for the maximum of what we may call "out of doors" discussion on prospective legislation, and for the minimum of Parliamentary debate thereon.

Parliamentary discussion is everywhere admitted to have outlived its usefulness both here and in the old world. It was the glory of a period when the power and effectiveness of newspaper criticism was less, and the facilities for free discussion more limited. With the increasing power of the Press, and the improved education of our people, we are apt to form our opinions more from newspaper correspondence and editorials than from the speeches of our legislators. So much is this the case that statesmen throughout the world have recognised its importance, and have frequently selected some representative gathering of citizens, often in some remote portion of the country, in order to make most important announcements. The right of both the public and the Press to freely criticise prospective legislation has long since been admitted, and, as a matter of fact, most of our important enactments have been by their means virtually decided before they have even been considered in our Legislative Assemblies. We shall only require to adjust our machinery of government to our altered circumstances, and more distinctly acknowledge conditions that have been in existence for years.

We will presume that the system which secures a silent Parliament has received public approval, and glance at the manner of its operation. At present it is usual for the Ministry to announce at the commencement of each session the titles of the measures they intend to introduce. In future, under the proposed system, it will be necessary to submit measures in their entirety, say three months before the opening of each session. As these sessions will naturally only occupy a very few days they will be held at shorter intervals, and the number of measures each time will be limited. Thus, we have a proposed measure printed and made public before it is dealt with. Amendments thereto must be lodged say six weeks before the session in the same manner as pleas are now filed in our courts of justice. These amendments will naturally be the outcome of the previous six weeks' consideration of the measure, which has been submitted to the fullest criticism of the Press, and open to the most public discussion throughout the length and breadth of the land. In these discussions our legislators have not been silent. On the contrary, our most experienced veterans have selected the audience most congenial to their taste and delivered their opinions, and have been reported by the Press just as fully as heretofore. Most of the electors have their member among them discussing the measures under consideration, and decentralisation of the best kind is thus effectually secured. In these discussions we miss the element of personality, for, as there is no such thing as Parliamentary privilege to shield members, more care is exercised in expressing opinions, and reckless statement is unknown. At stated periods Parliament will assemble. In order to secure the attendance of every member, and to prevent abuse, voting by proxy will not be allowed. During the session the voice of the Speaker or Chairman will alone be heard submitting the various motions and amendments, which will be put and decided without discussion; for, in the sacred precincts of Parliament, "silence," the twin brother of "dignity," will in future reign supreme.

Two months before the end of each year the Colonial Treasurer will publish his Estimates and Financial Statement, which with amendments will be submitted and considered on the first day of the January session. As the prolongation of a session will be an impossibility, monthly supply bills will be unknown.

Notices of motions of censure must be given a month before each session, and will, with the reasons briefly stated, be duly printed. These motions will be discussed throughout the country by the public, assisted by our legislators, with apathy or interest, according to the gravity of the censure or the extent of the abuse complained of. In order to facilitate business and save time, motions of censure will not be dealt with until all other work of the session has been disposed of. Should such motion be carried the Ministry will forthwith resign, and the new Ministry, as soon as they are formed, will at once take office without seeking re-election, and arrange the public business for the succeeding session.

Let us briefly glance at a few of the benefits of such a system. It will not interfere with existing rights, nor alter the present mode of election. We need not, unless we desire, reduce the number of our legislators. In the fact that measures will be subjected to severe criticism we shall have a guarantee that they will h-

increased care. We shall possess in the amendments thereto the accumulated wisdom of the community. We shall avoid the expense and do away with the necessity of publishing a Hansard. We shall secure for ministers the whole of their time for official duties. We shall see the last of disorderly scenes, which will disappear with Parliamentary discussion; and finally, by reducing the length of each session to a few days, we save our legislators the necessity of sacrificing domestic comfort and business engagements to attend long Parliamentary sessions. Sentimental objections to silent sessions will be plentiful. Tradition has surrounded Parliamentary debate with sentimental glory. It will be hard to convince men that it is a system that has grown unsuitable to the utilitarian age in which we live. There are so many budding Burke's, so many Pitts ready to declaim again of the "heinous offence of being a young man;" so many who are as confident they can emulate Disraeli in his success as they are pretty certain to do in his first failure. And while there are so many anxious to imitate these great men on a narrower platform and to a more limited audience, it will be hard to convince the public that such Parliamentary victories and individual triumphs are unsuitable to our age, and the actual exigencies of our times.

It is true we shall ever cherish the memory, and feel proud of the victories won in Parliament by the great statesmen of the past, just as we do of the victories won by our ancestors at Cressy and Agincourt; but there is no more necessity, nor sense, in attempting to imitate them than there would be in buckling on the armour of the fourteenth century to go forth to battle in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

There are other objections, apart from sentiment, that will probably be raised, notably the evil effects resulting in the United States from the increasing practice of curtailing debate by referring prospective legislation to grand committees. This arises, however, from the fact that government, by party, does not exist in America in the same sense as it does in England and the Colonies. In the United States Congress there is no constitutional opposition. Executive authority is not gained by public discussion on particular measures. The Presidential election carries with it executive power for a term of years. In that big struggle party feeling is exhausted, and in the intervals there is no incentive to criticism. There is, therefore, no more incentive to debate outside Congress than in it; and the so-called "hole and corner" legislation and wholesale "log rolling," from which America suffers, arises in reality, not from any rules made by Congress to regulate its business, but from a very serious constitutional defect.

The British and Colonial system of allowing executive power to go with party victory prevents any of the serious consequences that have at times disgraced American politics. When executive power is secured by party victory caustic criticism on each particular measure is ensured.

The above brief outline of a proposed reform, and possible objections thereto, have been sketched with as light a hand as possible, not for the purpose of attracting the superficial, but to secure the attention of the thoughtful. It does not pretend to be a solution of those difficulties that are hampering and making almost unworkable our political machinery. But it certainly does claim to shadow forth a reform that, in some shape or other, must be adopted if representative government on party lines is to continue. Decadence in the character of Parliamentary discussion is probably the effect of the increased facilities possessed at the present time by the public and the Press to criticise prospective legislation; and this decadence so far from being deplored, should be taken as an indication that Parliamentary discussion is becoming unnecessary and unsuitable to our wants, and that it is time we more clearly acknowledged the power of the Press and outside criticism by "modifying the machinery of government to the actual exigencies of our times." We require a change in the manner of discussing contemplated legislation. A change which will allow the fullest publicity and freedom of speech in quarters where waste of time is immaterial, and limit discussion where, for the sake of legislation, time should be valuable. In other words we are called upon to acknowledge that the tendency of the age is for the circumstances to indicate, the Executive to formulate, the public to deliberate, and the Parliament to legislate.

EXILE IN INDIA.

BY RACHEL GILBERT.

F course we Anglo-Indians *are* exiles, and when the hot wind blows, or the rupee falls still a fraction lower, we like, in Rungapur, to sit on the tennis court at n the dusk and expatiate with some upon the fact; but I notice that if ider" refuses to believe in our comontent, exile notwithstanding, and timental over our separation from ntry, kith and kin, we are immedignant, and hasten to point out so riations of our state that, in brief, we e all the world know we are not ll. And as perhaps the conditions ntry life in India are not so well Australia as at home, I propose to idea I can of them and to leave decide for yourselves how far our l disadvantages in respect to climate isolation are compensated by the uries we have at our command.

ur is a small up-country station in of the Deccan, some five hundred of Bombay, and rejoices accordie Deccan climate, which, as we are us to point out to the passing who finds it hot in March) is the in climate in India. Its two chief stics are, a perfectly dry heat, and re even temperature all the year n is to be found in the plains anyth of us. In Southern India the re is still less variable than with us, heat there, speaking generally, is it is in Bombay, in all seaside places ughout Bengal during the rainy In the Deccan a moist heat is quite tion: even our rains are what are lry" rains, and a few muggy days lly in the course of them and a muggy September, (the most unnonth of the year all over India) all the experience we have of that atmosphere which the world regards as typical of heat in the

ghts during the hot season are quite o the Deccan, and are due to its ele- a thousand feet above the sea. As to eather days, they are often long and but *what is known* in India as a tatty makes them generally cool and pleasant. A tatty, I should explain, is a screen of bamboo lattice work covered with the roots of the kuskus grass, which, when freed from earth and dried have a very sweet scent. A tatty fitted to a doorway facing west and kept well watered, and another which can be moved to a north or south door, according to the direction of the hot wind (which ranges between north and south-west during the hot months) suffice, if judiciously managed, to keep a whole bungalow cool, with a temperature of about eighty-two to eighty-four degrees in the rooms nearest to the tatty. This will not perhaps sound very cool, but with a verandah temperature of one hundred and five degrees, which we commonly have during April and May, anything below eighty-four degrees within is actually too cold to be pleasant; and if the room is at eighty degrees, or just below, one is generally glad to move into some corner rather away from the draught of the tatty, for a draught has to be arranged by leaving one door in the house on the east side and as far as possible from the tatty, open. People keep their tatties constantly wet in various ways, of which the simplest is to hire two coolies (on about six shillings a month each) to sit in the verandah all day throwing water on them. The more ingenious spirits, however. will hang a reservoir above the doorway and a triangular trough immediately over the tatty arranged to upset itself when filled by the water trickling from above, and so weighted as to return to its first position when its contents have been emptied over the tatty. The coolies' services are then only required to fill the reservoir at stated intervals, and the advantages of an evenly and constantly wetted tatty are secured without the annoyances of loud talking in the verandah and water now and then thrown quite through the tatty on to the floor of the room, which are apt to attend the hand-watering system.

The bungalows in Rungapur are, with very few exceptions, built of one storey only and thatched, with a wide verandah, raised on one, two or three steps, running round the whole front of the house and also across the back. The most general arrangement of the rooms within is a long centre room, divided by an

archway into drawing and dining rooms, while on either side of the dining-room bedrooms open out, with bath and dressing rooms attached. The back verandah runs across the end of the dining-room, and has a small room opening from it on either side, one serving as a pantry, and the other as a store-room. The kitchen and servants' houses, as well as stables and store-rooms for grain, &c., are always in separate blocks of building at varying distances from the house. The thick thatch and the deep verandah running round at least one side of all the chief rooms are great protections from the heat; the verandah, too, serves as an extra room for the greater part of the year, where the morning tea will be taken, and friends sufficiently intimate to call at that hour will be received. Sometimes afternoon tea will be brought there also, and the more ceremonious evening visits paid without making use of the rooms within at all. In the rains, too, it is customary to sit there after dinner, unless the evening should be very damp and cold. This arrangement and number of rooms are almost universal for small bungalows, but, of course, they will hardly serve for people with children, or for those whose position demands extensive hospitality; and even in Rungapur, secluded little station as it is, we have several houses differing from the more ordinary type, and with more accommodation than it affords.

Each bungalow stands back from the road in a large piece of ground called its "compound," but this is just waste land, covered, if at all, with stunted thorny babool bushes and here and there a small mango or gold mohur tree. If the hopeful new comer, full of unexhausted energy, expects to convert this into a garden with shady walks, flower-beds, and turf lawns, he will be disappointed indeed. The virgin soil in the cantonments of Rungapur consists of murrum, a sort of shaly rock which affords no nourishment, except for the rough, broken grass and low bushes you may see growing on it. Immediately round the house you certainly will find nothing else, for though black soil (which is extremely rich and will grow anything) is found in plentiful patches all about the station, it is neither healthy nor suitable for house building, and is, therefore, avoided. The first thing to be done then when you find your bungalow, as we found ours, standing lone and ugly in a bare compound, is to buy, beg, borrow or steal shrubs and plants in pots and tubs, to as great a number as you can can, and arrange them in a sort of bank along the outside of the front verandah. The bright-tinted coleus and acalypha against the variegated foliage of the crotons and the vivid green panaxes behind have a very pretty effect, at once soft and bright, and will make one side of the house at least a little furnished and cosy-looking.

And in the end what have we for our Indian home? Well, there is the low, thatched house, surrounded with pretty plants, and on two sides with the rustic, latticed verandah overgrown with creepers, some of which are always in bloom (always excepting our three hot weather ugly months); outside are our little garden beds and plots, with gravelled walks between, where roses, pinks, balsams, petunias, phloxes, verbenas, and the bright, hardy little nasturtiums, with many other old home flowers, flourish; here and there are shady trees, most grateful to eyes tired with the glare of Indian sunshine, and best of all we have two or three groups of bamboo, under the shelter of one of which we can sit, if it so pleases us, for *chota hazri* in the fresh early morning air, from June to March; the whole is surrounded with a trim green hedge, which also follows the lines of the drive; more bamboos stand sentinel on either side of the entrance gate-posts; and again more clumps of them and other trees are seen here and there at the back of the house and near the stables and servants' quarters, which are themselves, with their thatched or red-tiled roofs, picturesque details in a scene which, even to English eyes, is a pretty one, at least during the rainy season, and while the general greenness it produces lasts.

And for those who are fortunate in possessing bungalows built some years ago, and who enter into the fruit of labors not their own, far prettier gardens than this are attainable; the drives are shaded by well-grown trees, the rose garden would not be despised in any country or climate, the bamboos are in the perfection of their fifteen or twenty years' growth.

But at the best you must not look for a garden in the English sense. The long, shaded walks, the broad, old-fashioned flower borders, the stately trees of fifty years' undisturbed growth, the trim kitchen garden, the picturesque old orchard, above all the close-cut turf lawns—these you will look for in vain. The expense of making such, in the first place, and of keeping all well watered, in the second, would be far beyond any but the best-filled of purses; and it is not the rich who come to pass their lives in exile, either at Rungapur or anywhere else in India.

And now I wish to say something about our

A CLUMP OF BAMBOOS.

mode of life, and particularly how we keep up, what you would perhaps consider rather extensive establishments on comparatively small incomes. Our own house is the most unpretending and the smallest of those maintained by married people in Rungapur, and perhaps on this very account it will be best to describe it first, and then point out the additions which would be required in a small station such as this to transform it into a household worthy of that greatest of *burra sahibs* in these parts, the Commissioner himself.

We keep then fifteen servants, outdoor and indoor, three ponies (one a child's tat of eleven hands), a bullock cart and pair of bullocks, and a small pack of dogs. Our indoor servants are the two table boys, the cook, the *ayah*, and the sweeper; the outdoor ones are two *syces* or grooms, two grass cutters, a *malli* or gardener, a *bhistie* or water carrier, a *dhobie* or washerman, a bullock driver, a dog boy, and a *chaprassie*.

The two table boys do the work of house and parlor-maids, as well as perform some of the functions of the valet and butler in larger English households. They dust the drawing, dining, and work or writing rooms when they come to the bungalow from their quarters in the early morning; lay the table for all meals taken during the day, at which they wait, and after which they wash up what has been used. They keep plate, furniture, and lamps clean, and the head boy dusts his

master's room each morning, and brushes and folds the clothes left about from the previous evening. They go in turn for a short time in the course of the morning to their quarters, and have, like all the servants, two and a half hours at midday for food and rest, besides a short interval in the evening. About half-past nine p.m., when dinner has been served and cleared away, they put tidy and shut up the pantry, and betake themselves to their own quarters for the night.

The cook's duties are much the same as in other countries, but he has in addition to buy the meat, eggs, fowls, rice, and potatoes needed for daily consumption; and the fact that a little money passes through his hands invests him with a position and dignity of his own among the servants. When meat is twopence or threepence per pound, the price of other things in proportion, and the number of items bought in the bazaar so limited, it may easily be understood that his opportunities of making profits are not great; but we may be sure also, that such as they are, he makes the most of them, and that many an anna here and there, where he thinks the keen eye of the mistress will not perceive it, has been pocketed by judicious additions to the price of one item or another in the daily account which he brings in the morning before attending in the storeroom. Most cooks demand an assistant in the kitchen to clean the cooking pots, wash the kitchen floor, and undertake the more menial work in general; and in engaging a cook special enquiry has to be made as to whether the pay demanded shall include the allowance to the cook's matey or not As it happens, our man prefers to do all the work and keep all the pay himself, and as an almost daily inspection of the cook room has failed to reveal any great lapses from due cleanliness, he has been allowed to take his own way in the matter.

The *ayah* is chiefly employed in the care of the child, and her attendance on her mistress is limited to dusting the dressing-room daily, preparing the bath, and laying out clean linen. She attends at the house from early morning till eight o'clock, from half-past nine a.m. till one p.m., and from half-past three p.m. till eight p.m., and returns to sleep in the bungalow (the only servant there at night) at ten or eleven p.m. The sweeper is the first of all to put in an appearance in the morning, at the house, where she has matted floors to sweep in the rooms and verandahs then unoccupied; and later on she sweeps in the bedrooms, bath, and dressing-rooms, brushes cobwebs from doors, windows, and wall corners, washes out jugs and basins, and sees that clean water is poured into them; it is also her duty to carry all the night soil away to trenches at a safe distance from the house, where it is deposited and covered with earth; an arrangement rendered necessary by the complete absence of drains. In the evening, when the family are out, she sweeps dining and drawing rooms afresh; and at intervals during the day attends to her other work. Her caste, if indeed she can be said to have any, is of the lowest, and it is seldom, at least in these parts, that she is what can be called a respectable woman. If she does her work and causes no disturbance in the compound, it is as much as can be expected of her.

The *syces* have each one pony as their especial charge, and do the ordinary work of grooms at home, taking it in turns, a month about, to see to the child's pony, and to attend the boy when he goes out upon it. Should their master's rides take him to a friend's house, to office or public courts, they follow thither by short cuts across country, as fast as possible, and remain to hold the horse till the *sahib* is ready to remount. They also give some assistance in housework, breaking up firewood for the cook, and pulling the punkah at meals, which is almost the only time we use it, though punkahs hang in all the rooms, in case of need.

The two grass-cutters cut green grass daily, in the jungles, and bring it back each evening for the ponies. During the hot weather, this employment fails them, as dry grass, bought and kept stacked for the purpose, has then to be used, both for fodder and bedding; but during these two or three months they remain in service as punkah-wallahs, and tatty-coolies, and are thus employed all the year round.

The *malli* is generally a gardener only by courtesy: he belongs to the *malli* caste, and therefore applies for that description of work, but his knowledge, even of Indian trees, flowers, and ferns, is nil, and naturally he cannot be expected to understand the management of imported plants of any kind. However, there is always abundance of work for one man in watering the garden; for the rest, he quickly learns to carry out directions for the simpler gardening operations, and in nine Indian households out of ten, all planning and arrangement, as well as much of the actual care of the garden, is safely left to whichever of the heads of the house has a decided taste that way.

The *bhistie*, or water-carrier, with his bullock, brings all the water needed for the

baths, cooking, drinking, and washing-up, for the gardens, for the horses, and for cows, where these are kept. His post is no sinecure when wells furnish the water supply, and he has to trudge all day long backwards and forwards between the house and the nearest well, perhaps half a mile distant; but in Rungapur we have water laid on in each compound from a tank or small lake a mile and a-half off, and the *bhistie* has but to fill his water-skins at the tap, by the kitchen, and distribute the water from thence. The *dhobie's* duties need no elucidation, but his manner of performing them is more original than satisfactory. He sits, or rather squats, on a flat stone in the midst of a stream, and, after ironed should be scorched, and those last ironed remain creased, he regards the circumstance as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, folds scorch and crease placidly inside, and trusts that they will not be discovered till he has delivered his tale of clothes correctly at the house, taken the soiled linen, and got safely away to his own home again. Nevertheless, he has many good points. He will bring everything back to the day, with no single item missing, however long the list; he will produce shirts, ladies' muslin or cotton dresses, embroidered petticoats, and other things of the kind, as well got-up as they could be by the most civilised of laundresses; and he contracts to take any number of

"BHISTIE," OR WATER-CARRIER.

dipping and soaping them, bangs one's finest dress shirt, or the best double damask table napkins upon another stone, with praiseworthy energy, till the dirt has been well beaten out of them, and, occasionally, a hole or two well-beaten in. If he possesses a rope, and has fortunately remembered to bring it, he will hang the things on it to dry; if not, the nearest bush serves, and the thornier the better, in his opinion, especially for cambric handkerchiefs. Finally, he makes up the things, "rough-dried," into a huge bundle, and brings them back from the river on the bullock or knock-kneed pony he keeps for the purpose, to be ironed with a box-iron of immense size, in which he places a liberal allowance of *live charcoal*. If the clothes first articles of underclothing, flannels, house and table linen, and all *et ceteras* for the whole family, for the very modest sum of twelve rupees a month.

The dogboy's duties are readily imagined. He keeps the dogs clean, prepares chow-patties and soup daily for their evening meal, and fetches milk for the young puppies from the farm half a mile off, which supplies us with table and butter milk, and enables us to dispense with cows of our own. Over and above these, his proper duties, he is appointed, by general consent, "bottle-washer" to the rest of the household; being pressed into the service to wash plates, clean cooking pots, run to the bazaar for potatoes, or do anything else that is necessary and dis-

tasteful to the other servants. The *chaprassie* is, in fact, a Government servant, and draws his pay at the beginning of each month, like his betters, from the Treasury. A small monthly honorarium from ourselves, in addition, suffices to convert him into our messenger-in-chief, who, besides his proper duty of carrying official correspondence from one house to another, goes with our letters to the post-office, fetches stamps and money orders from thence, takes out dinner invitations or replies to the same, and on bazaar day, when he generally finds business of his own to transact in the native town, buy any fruit that may be in season, rock salt, sulphur matches, nails, country-made cotton material for dusters, or any other such trifle as is occasionally needed and purchasable at hand.

Last, but not least, is the bullock-driver. People from the north-west laugh at the primitive "carriage and pair," which, as far as we are drive, at about eight miles an hour; and for a short distance they will exceed this rate. Then they are very hardy and enduring animals; they will stand or lie peaceably beside the cart in the compound for one, two, or three hours at will, while you are occupied within the office or friend's house, whither pleasure or business has taken you; blazing sun and pouring rain alike fail to disturb their health or equanimity, leaving them none the worse and only the more willing to trot quickly home with you to their stable; they are yoked in two minutes and unyoked in one, their harness consisting of leather chin straps fastened to the yoke and nose ropes, to which rope guiding reins are attached. The driver sits on a small board or perch on the end of the pole near the body of the cart; he urges on his bullocks generally by admonitory pushes on their flanks with his hands, accompanied by various uncouth guttural sounds,

OUR "CARRIAGE AND PAIR."

personally concerned, is the only conveyance we boast of, and which is that in general use by everyone for driving in the sun or rain (when a painted canvas top is put on) and for going home in from the club in the evenings or from a dinner engagement at a friend's house. The illustration, which is from a photograph by Mr. Blees, of Jubbulpur, will show better than any description of mine could the sort of conveyance a bullock-cart in these parts is; one certainly which would cause a sensation. (though not, perhaps, a flattering sensation) in Hyde Park in the season, but which is not without a certain picturesqueness, nor even, when well-appointed, without a style of its own. Nor is the speed at which one may travel in these tongas at all to be despised. A good pair of well-fed trotting bullocks (which are, I need hardly say, of a special breed, differing from that of draught or plough *bullocks) will take one along,* in an evening which, however, seem quite intelligible to them; should more energetic measures be necessary he has his stick, with pointed iron-sheathed tip, suitable either for beating or goading, and as a last resort he twists the bullocks' tails. This is a very effective but certainly cruel mode of hastening their steps, and one may sometimes see bullocks whose tails present to view a succession of "kinks" due to dislocation of the joints all the way down from tail-twisting. On the other hand, long before this state of things is reached the bullocks have learnt by experience what painful jerks and tugs follow the clasp of the driver's hand on their tails, and the mere suggestion of a touch on his part will often suffice to put them to their swiftest trot.

I have now completed the description of our household, and those of the rest of the world, whatever their pay, are on the same model. A *burra sahib*, whose income is three

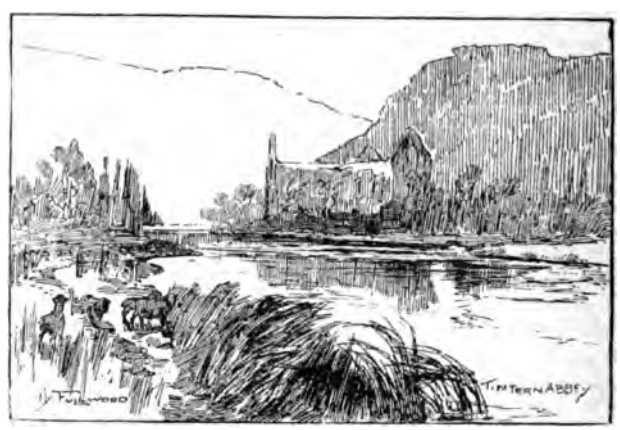
or four times ours, will keep four or five horses instead of two, and have a phaeton or a Perth cart and a handy "Norwich" or "Wellington" dog-cart, as well as the inevitable bullock-gharrie—cows, goats, and a poultry yard will be indispensable—and the larger establishment will probably be overlooked by a butler, who will buy food for the cattle and poultry, pay wages, and have great authority over the other servants, and a large amount of money passes through his hands. In addition to the fifteen servants which form our humble retinue there will be two or three more *syces*, a *gowlee* or cowherd, a fowl woman, a *dirzie* or native tailor for the household needlework, an extra *malli* for the larger garden, an extra *bhistie*, and a cook's matey (for what cook in a Commissioner sahib's house would consent to be without one?) besides the butler above-mentioned; and Government will provide six or eight *chaprassies* as office messengers and what not, under the orders of a superior servant called a *jemadar*. It will be seen that we are not ill-provided with servants in Rungapur as regards quantity, and their average quality is also good, though in one very important respect they are invariably, not only here, but all over India, terribly deficient. Ideas, even the vaguest, of honor, of doing any sort of work properly without supervision, of telling the truth on any occasion whatsoever, are absolutely unknown to them. If they fear impending punishment they will say the first thing that comes into their heads, however manifestly absurd, in response to any question you may put to them; and at all times they fix their minds on what they think it would please you to hear, instead of on what is true, and speak accordingly. A few of the more courageous among them do perhaps learn that you prefer truth to falsehood, even when the truth is what they believe to be unwelcome to you on other grounds, and if they once learn it they speak the truth—sometimes. But their virtue can (or at least does) no further go. They are all, through their whole lives, burdened with debts (from the expenses, most disproportionate to their pay, of marriage, funeral, birth, and other feasts) which they never expect to pay, and their sole aim is to arrange as easily as they can with their creditors for the payment of interest, and to filch, when they can, an extra anna or two from their employer, not in the way of direct robbery, which risks dismissal, but by the appropriation and removal of any unconsidered trifle which they think will not be enquired for and which is saleable in the bazaar: a box of matches now and then, bits of string, empty wine and spirit bottles or kerosene oil tins, and other things of the kind. However, in spite of these drawbacks, anyone who has tried them, and has had a household directed with sufficient tact and firmness to work smoothly, will admit that Indian servants are among the best in the world. They pick up, with extraordinary quickness, any sort of household work, and they adapt themselves with equal facility to new circumstances; during camp or house moving, or other such times of probable chaos, they are invaluable, cheerful, ready, hard-working, and able to maintain some observance of the decencies of life, as regards the serving of meals and so on, under the most adverse conditions. With one tenth of the training it would be necessary to bestow on an English servant a table boy will learn to lay a table to perfection, and to wait as skilfully, quietly, and quickly as though he had been accustomed to the work for years. They need a head to think for them, and when they have had plain orders given them and their relative duties arranged they must be subjected to constant inspection in the performance of them. Under these conditions they will work hard and well at all times, and the household will go as smoothly and easily as it could with trained English servants, and at one-sixth of the cost.

And this brings me to the consideration of expenditure: our monthly current expenses for the up-keep of the establishment described amount as nearly as possible to 400 Rs. The items are as follows:—House rent, 75 Rs.; wages for 14 servants, 116 Rs.; hire of bullocks and driver, 20 Rs.; subscriptions (club, etc.), and water tax, 21 Rs.; food for the family, 45 Rs.; firewood and lamp oil, 12 Rs.; wine and spirits, sodawater and beer, ice, tea, and tinned Europe stores of all sorts, 90 Rs.; food for horses and dogs, 20 Rs.; Total, 399 Rs. Of these items, the first four are from their nature constant; the fifth and sixth have been found by experience to be practically so; the seventh is a monthly average calculated on last year's expenditure, memoranda of which are at hand; the eighth must of course vary according to the size of the horses kept, even where the number is the same, a Waler taking twice as much food as either the Arab pony or small country bred we keep. Ice is allowed for the above table during six months in the year, though not really necessary for more than half that period.

It will be seen that the table excludes clothing, charities, the renewing of glass, china, house linen, and furniture, and tho

indefinitely numerous small expenses which come under the head of "sundries." Nevertheless, I think you will concede that we get a great deal of spending out of our 400 Rs. a month, much more, certainly, than we could get out of £400 a year in England (its equivalent at the mean rate of exchange between the original two shillings and the recent one and fourpenny rupee), more, I imagine, than we could get with you for the same sum in anything approaching a civilised neighborhood.

I am far, however, from wishing to convey the impression that where living is so cheap we are *on the whole* richer, (that is, able to save more) on our pay than we should be in any other country on the same income—quite the reverse. The necessity for Indian officials of taking furlough or privilege leave to go home every few years; the expenses consequent on the voyage, and on the arrangements for the care of furniture, etc., in one's absence; the deductions from pay made by Government for widows' and orphans' pension fund; above all, the extra expenditure inevitably incurred in the placing and educating of children quite away from their parents; and in the remitting of money to meet these calls at a sadly lowered rate of exchange—these conditions of our life force us all, more or less, to the knowledge of what it is to have to look twice at a sixpence before spending it, while those of us who have the misfortune to own families of six or eight children may very probably know what it is not to have the sixpence to look at at all. All that I wish to contend is that we wear our rue with a difference, and that, to the more obvious advantages of Government employ in India, viz.:—a fixed income, rising at stated intervals; a fair rate of furlough pay; a certain, though small provision for widows and orphans, and a good retiring pension at the end of one's service must be added, at least in up country stations, that of living, for a small sum in surroundings, including most of the luxuries which in other countries are considered to be the signs of a comfortable income and a good balance at the bank, and unattainable without these.



FOR HUMANITY—A SQUATTER'S REPLY.

BY JOHN LOTHIAN ROBSON.

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

OUR prosperity, nay possibly our future existence as a great people is planted on mutual exchange of commodity, and all attempts, therefore, to break up the commercial interests of the commonwealth are iniquitous; and he who recklessly sows dissension in the republic of trade is no true benefactor to any party.

We hear much of the contending interests of capital and labor—it is very generally taken for granted that these interests must inevitably be contending, both by the philanthropist who makes it his business to heal, and the incendiary who seeks to inflame the strife between the laborer and his employer—and yet they are as a matter of fact identical. Each side seeks exchange, and each offers exactly what the other lacks.

There is really no radical distinction between capital and labor. Both are capital, since capital is what a man has—his powers of brain or hands, his possessions of land or money, or commercial securities of any description. He may let his capital lie idle; he may leave the noblest brain inert; he may keep the strongest hands in his trouser's pockets, his money bags in his safe, his lands fallow; nevertheless each and every one of them is capital, what he may trade on and turn to good account. The workingman is a capitalist, a trader, with a commodity to sell, viz., his labor; and, like every other trader, he is set on exchange. His labor will not provide the means of life for himself or for those whose care he has naturally or voluntarily assumed. He seeks an exchange which will. He finds another set of traders whose requisitions are exactly suited to his own needs; the employer possesses money, the very commodity he wants to buy is bread and clothes and dwelling, and the employer is also looking for exchange. He is a purchaser of labor. Thus the capital of labor and the capital of employment are exactly suited to each other. Apart, they lack half, but in union, in mutual dependence, their welfare is secure; they cannot be dissociated without serious inconvenience on one side, and ruin irretrievable on the other, for employment halts without full labor—labor perishes without employment.

And Mr. Hinchcliffe,* the secretary of the Federal Labor Union of Queensland, acts unwisely in making use of expressions which tend to set the laborer at variance with his customer, for if capital will not purchase the commodity of labor where shall the workingman earn his bread? A true friend of the people should not tell them "that they have in every employer a mortal enemy whom it is their business to weaken at every opportunity," or speak of "the vindictive hatred of the average employer for a method which weakens a little his ability to 'lord it' over a fellow-worm," even were the wrongs of the laboring men of Australia as flagrant as trade agitators would fain have us believe. Nothing is to be gained by inflammatory words, every cause is best forwarded by a patient tolerance and most temperate courtesy.

Mr. Hinchcliffe's avowed aim is to secure the "rights" of the laborer to what appears to the wage-earner a fit share "of the wealth he mostly produces." Now, in the first place, *wherein consists the right?* It is only law that can confer right, at least it would be very difficult to prove right apart from law, and the law of our land leaves to free contract all arrangements concerning the employment of labor; nor will it interfere unless the life or liberty of the subject is endangered, as in the late outrages perpetrated in the name of the Shearers' Union, and for which certain individuals became the victims and scapegoats of evil counsellors. "*Natural rights*" there are none, and therefore all big sounding words about "natural rights" to land or any other possession under the sun clearly has no meaning outside the brain of the visionary or enthusiast who proclaims it, for man is not born with a code of natural law written on his heart or conscience, nor does he find them inscribed on the everlasting

* "The Labor Party in Queensland."—CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE, June.

hills, or the soil of the world he enters: as Emerson fitly puts it, "the natural rights of individual man are the rights of a naked savage." And if he enters a community already consolidated by a system of law, he finds himself an inheritor of privileges to which he would have extreme difficulty in substantiating any abstract right. As humanity have become civilised they have united into communities for mutual help and protection, and then laws for mutual benefit have been promulgated and agreed to, and have thus become binding on each individual so protected and assisted. But of *natural* law there is no proof, and as right cannot exist apart from law, natural right can scarcely, in reason, be contended for.

There is a species of rights to which all may lay claim who look upon the whole human race as the children of the All-Father—the rights of tender human kindliness, of brotherly pity, of boundless tolerance and unfailing succor in all circumstances and under all conditions—the rights of kinship and of love.

But it would be vain to plead such a law of rights with one who acknowledges no method of human action save the motive of self-interest. We must, therefore, turn to "rights" by a law which cannot be denied—the rights which belong to man in common with all animals; the rights conferred by might; the rights of the strongest.

But it were unwise to suggest an appeal to this law of might to the laborer; it is no suitable resource for the weak, and labor has no chance with what is called "capital" if put to the proof.

Then in what sense may labor be said "mostly to produce" the wealth in any commodity? Let us for any sake be clear-headed and talk sound, common sense, so that we may see what this big assertion really does mean.

The capitalist of labor exchanges his capital of labor for a stipulated amount of the capital of wealth. But let there be no confusion of terms: *exchange is not production*, and there is clearly considerable confusion in the brain of the man who uses exchange and production as synonymous terms.

Is it asseverated—to keep to that particular line of trading to which Mr. Hinchcliffe's remarks mainly point—that the shearer, in separating the fleece from a sheep, "mostly produces" the wealth of that fleece? Surely no greater absurdity could be found than such a declaration, for one might as rationally say that the man who plucks apples from a *tree produces the apples*, or their mercantile value, which to their owner is the same thing.

The wealth is there in the fleece, patent before the eyes of men; it is consolidated capital; it is produced neither by employer nor employés, but by natural causes of which man takes advantage. And the sheep in question is by legal right the clear property of the capitalist of that sheep, and he calls on the capitalist of labor to sell him somewhat of the capital of labor to separate *his* fleece from *his* sheep, and thus assist him, the sole capitalist of that sheep, to reduce the wealth which he owns in it to more manageable mercantile commodity.

The wealth in question then lies in the sheep, and the possessor of the sheep is legal owner of that wealth; he did not produce that wealth—nature produced it—but his capital of wealth enabled him to purchase or possess that sheep and the wealth it represents. We see at once a difference here between the squatter and the shearer. Neither one nor other *produced* the wealth in that sheep, but the squatter is the owner of that wealth because he had the capital of wealth which makes it possible for him legally to possess it. The sheep is his, the wealth which lies in it is his; it in no sense belongs to his shearer, nor is "produced" by him, and there is evidently a lack of discrimination in the brain which can conclude that he "mostly produces" that wealth.

Into the vexed questions of the rights of private possession, or of the rights by inheritance, there is no need at present to enter; the reign of the idle and dangerous classes—the millenium of communism—has not yet begun, and Mr. Hinchcliffe is, probably, as little desirous of witnessing its inauguration as any thoughtful citizen could wish him to be.

But to return: what, then, has that shearer to do with the wealth contained in that sheep—*he makes it more easily marketable—more easily* marketable observe, for the owner of the sheep may sell it to a sheep dealer without asking the intervention of the shearer, and, by realising the wealth which he possesses in that woolly sheep, gives clearest proofs that the shearer "produces" none of that wealth. But let us suppose that the shearer assists the squatter in making *his* capital of fleece more marketable, that is certainly all that he does; it is easy work, a very simple process which any boy or girl can very quickly master, and it is highly remunerative, no labor is more highly paid. An ordinary hand can, in Victoria, at

non-union prices, earn from £3 to £4 a week, with unlimited rations of good food, and comfortable housing; and the only expense incurred is a pair of shears in about three weeks, and these cost 4s. 6d. each. The shearer is one item in the labor which the owner of that sheep purchases, in order to make the wealth stored up in it, and of which he is the *sole owner*, more marketable. From its berth till its wool is sold, possibly in London, this owner is purchasing labor on its account: from his shepherds and boundary riders, his overseers and managers, his shearers and waggoners, from employés of railway and steam boat, from stevedores and dock laborers, from wool agents and woolbrokers, with all those wage-earners whom they, in their turn, employ. Each and all of these sellers of labor unite with the owner of that sheep in bringing its fleece to the market, and out of that owner's pocket comes the commodity which "produces" (we use the word now with some reason) a large share of their prosperity. And this purchaser of labor is the very man whom trade agitators would represent to the sellers of labor as their "mortal enemy whom it is their business to weaken at every opportunity!"

The next point to consider is:—How did the owner of the sheep acquire his ownership? This must have been in one of two ways: by energy of brain or hand of the man himself, or by inheritance of possession from others who were the owners of these qualifications, for when our fellow-countrymen first landed in Australia they found no ready-made wealth to despoil. And, since the pioneers of our continent, by their brave conflict with every hardship which can confront exiles among savages in an utterly uncultivated land, have bequeathed this fair inheritance to us, their successors, surely their children are the last men whom we would seek to rob. And for these others, the men who have succeeded where many have failed, whose clear heads, strong wills, and indomitable perseverance have gained them prizes in the conflict of trade, by what ingenuity of reasoning can it be shewn that the workman whose labor these successful traders purchase "mostly produces" their wealth? It is precisely because he lacks these most important trading qualifications which they possess that they are purchasers of labor, and he only a seller. "It is assumed that the workman can take the place of the capitalist" (says the *Australasian* of July the 19th, when dealing in a leading article with this very point in the argument), or, if not, that he will consent to go on providing enterprises for them, whilst they reap the bulk of the reward. The fact is overlooked that if the capitalist does reap a large return for his enterprise it is because the enterprise was originated by him, and would perish if he went away. If labor is dependent on capital, it is because capital provides something which labor is unable to provide for itself, which is not only the means to live for a time but the mind to foresee and control . . . . . If capital is refused its reward, capital will cease to initiate enterprises, and then labor will have to fall back upon the soil, from which it will wrest a living proportionate to its numbers, which want and famine will rigidly keep down . . . . . Why do not brickmakers tender for the erection of buildings, or navvies tender for the construction of railways, and so secure all the profit? The answer is that only about one man in five hundred workmen knows how to make contracting pay—or, it may safely be added, make any enterprise pay. Even in sheep-farming, which unsophisticated people deem so simple, one man will be found making large profits out of an inferior place while his neighbor is losing money on first-class land—the difference is in the men themselves, a difference which no wealth can purchase, no community of human nature can ensure.

Finally, we have to consider Mr. Hinchcliffe's method, viz., coercion. No employer is to be permitted to use colored labor. "The great influence which has stimulated the movement here" ("the organisation of labor") "has been the determined and defiant attitude assumed by employers, and would-be employers, of yellow, brown black, and other colored labor. 'No Kanaka labor' has thus been a watchword. . . . All have united to crush a common enemy." No employer may hire non-union labor:—"Unionist workmen have no option but to refuse, wherever possible, to work with non-unionists, thus clipping the victimising employers' claws."

No unionist shall assist in the manufacture or transit of goods from non-union hands:—"The principle that a unionist should not take up non-unionist work." If employers are restive, they shall be tamed by the threat of a general strike. "The federated unions, by their organisations, are indeed prepared to stay the wheels of industry rather than see their members wronged.'

The simple reading of all this is that the employer shall yield himself—in the management of his own private business—to the dictation of the "Australian Labor Federa-

tion;" he shall pay whatever wages they demand; he shall employ only the men whom they shall charter. Moreover, he may be required to give his bond for his future good conduct and adherence to the will of his masters; for Mr. Hinchcliffe goes on to say:—"The Federated Queensland Unions" are about to submit a conciliation scheme, upon a basis provided by the pledge of its affiliated unions, to stand by each other. This scheme proposes a "slate," which will contain the conditions under which all organised Queensland wage-earners will agree to work for two years, "and which, after a conciliation conference of employers and employés has passed it, shall be maintained by both parties, against all comers." That is to say, the employés, or their friends, have settled what that "slate" contains, that "slate" is to be passed, as it stands, by the employers, who have had no voice in its terms; and these employers are to bind themselves to secure high wages and excellent terms to their employés for a future period of two years, quite sublimely indifferent to what of ruin that future may hide, of locusts, drought, falling prices, but with a very assured prescience of renewed extortion at the end of the time specified, should their business energy and talents have improved their position and extended their power of helping their poorer neighbors by larger purchases of the commodity of labor. Now, no one is competent to say that such a scheme of coercion as this is unjust, or even unjustifiable, because it is not contrary to the law of the land in which we dwell. The workman is, undoubtedly, entitled to sell his labor as dearly as he likes; to put a "reserve" on it if the would-be purchaser does not reach his ideal; and to unite with men of like trades, or men of all trades, to refuse to work for any employer who will not give that price.

But it ought never to be forgotten that what is legal for one man or one organisation of men, is legal for all men; and before engaging in the struggle which Mr. Hinchcliffe suggests, labor would do well to lay to heart the warning of the greatest teacher of ethics—"what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able, with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" If labor has legal power to strike, capital has legal power to lock-out; and should capital organise a general lock-out, what will very shortly be the condition of labor? Suppose an "Australian Capital Federation," with the wealth of Australia to sustain it, should decide to let "the wheels of industry" stand still, how long will labor be able to hold out? Capital can import labor—it has but to give an invitation to the underpaid myriads of Europe and of America, not to mention the Chinaman, the African or the Malay—and the ships *owned by capital* would bristle in every Australian port, freighted with foreign workmen to whom a moiety of our high wages would be wealth.

Now, it cannot be denied that capital *can* make itself independent of labor in these colonies; and, leaving the associated Australian workmen severely alone, set them at leisure to learn too late the folly of entering on a struggle which, like every hand to hand fight, can only result in the defeat of the weaker. And, should the federated trades unions of Australia take the line indicated by Mr. Hinchcliffe, capital will certainly combine with an iron force which will render all the efforts of the Australian unionist futile. The "General Secretary of the Australian Labor Federation" tells the readers of THE CENTENNIAL "that every 'trade' must stand or fall by the others; and from this has steadily grown the spirit which is now so dominant that very few unions in Australia would hesitate to 'down tools' if thereby they could assist another perhaps distant union." Does this mean that whenever a dispute arises between employers and the particular union, who is their special master, a general paralysis of trade is to supervene and continue until this refractory region of capital has been reduced to obedience? That if the associated shearers shall fix their wages at £5 or £6 a week, all the workshops and factories throughout the continent shall stand inert, and every laborer in Melbourne or Sydney shall be forced for an indefinite period to join the ranks of the unemployed? Could commerce be very fitly carried on under such conditions? or would the most enthusiastic socialist propose that honorable and industrious men, whether in the ranks of the employers or employed, should be wholly at the caprices of other men? Will any thoughtful capitalist engaged in trade voluntarily render his commercial prosperity and business engagements dependent on the proceedings of associated bands of workmen with whom he has personally nothing to do; whose demands, avowedly moved by self-interest alone, have no limits; and who regard, or at least are taught by their advisers to regard, him as their mortal enemy whom it is their business to weaken at every opportunity. And under such conditions will not the prudent workman soberly conclude—in the face of the possible importation of labor,

the certain present existence of unemployed, and the probable greater increase of population than of remunerative labor—that "the little finger" of the trades unions of Australia "shall be thicker than 'the employers'' loins?" And will he be unlikely to repeat the answer, which we understand has already been given by a British organisation to the solicitations of Australia—that he will strike for the benefit of the other fellows if they will supply the necessary funds?

IN SUFFERING AND SORROW.*

WHERE only thorns are look'd for in the wild
Perchance the sweetest roses may be found;
So where our troubles seem the heaviest piled
Some joy supreme may break the gloom all round.

Some joy supreme, a noble thought that lives
To vivify and shape a noble deed,—
A memory of self-conquest, such as gives
New strength for battle in our direst need!

Frail as the gossamer is boastful man,
His plans like child-built castles in the sand;
To do and to undo, since life began,
The doleful labor of his master-hand.

How near eternity our lightest tread—
A snap of iron or a pebble's fall,
And we are dropp'd among the crowded dead,
One of the countless myriads past recall!

One and no more,—what more the conqueror's most?
A fleeting day of blare and waste and flame,
And Hannibal's or Alexander's host
Is scattered, leaving but a doubtful name.

One and no more—one monumental grain
Of all the pyramidal piles of sand;
Oh! vanity of vanities! what gain
Of wealth or honor in the Shadow Land?

The cold dull level of our human lot—
Can star or coronet make more or less?
Lord Dives in his chariot borne is not
Greater than Lazarus in his helplessness.

Yet saith the Preacher, one unfailing stay
Hath ever for the fallen ones sufficed;
To high and low who tread Life's devious way,
Alike is stretch'd the saving arm of Christ.

HENRY PARKES.

* *Written two days after the serious accident from which Sir Henry Parkes is now happily recovering.*

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOT only on that next day, but for several days following did Estelle wend her way to Number Six soon after breakfast was concluded at Mrs. Delf's very punctual establishment. During this repast, and for some minutes afterwards, it generally happened that she found herself conversing with Mr. Stirling. That gentleman took so deep an interest in each and every question connected with Lance Trevanion, that, as she more than once owned to herself, his own brother—had he one in this strange land—could not have done more or appeared more anxiously considerate. He caused Mr. Hastings to be sent for, and that gentleman appeared dressed in a habit of the period, and by no means resembling the picturesque miner of fiction. He also exhibited a keen sympathetic intent in all Estelle's plans and prospects. He recounted his first introduction to Lance, and amused her by picturing himself as a hunted fugitive, pursued by the minions of the law, finally captured and manacled. "Nothing that mortal man could do," he repeated with emphasis, "was too much for him and his friends to do for Lance, a gentleman at all points—brave, generous, only too confiding; the victim of an unjust sentence—if ever a man was in this world."

"You can't tell how grateful I am to you and Mr. Stirling for the way you have spoken of him," she answered. If only the poor Squire could have heard you. Thank God! that he was spared the knowledge of his son's disgrace; danger, or indeed death, he feared might have been his portion; but imprisonment—a felon's doom and sentence—That! Oh, that! he would not have survived a week."

"Stirling and I are his friends, Miss Challoner," he answered calmly. There is no more to be said. "We are neither of us given to forming friendships lightly, or changing them afterwards—we may not be able to do all we wish—but what is in our power shall not be spared." Will you permit me at this stage to ask whether you propose to go in search of him, and how you are going to set about it?"

There seems no doubt that when poor Lance left Melbourne—escaped from the Hulks — he travelled into the interior. There is no one—no one that I know or can think of—who could give me further information. But I shall go to Melbourne. It is one stage on my journey; it may be that I may discover the next one while there.

"I can give you positively no advice as to your movements, for the moment," returned Hastings thoughtfully. "I can only counsel you to remain here a few days longer, when between Stirling and myself some plan of action may be arrived at."

"I am not restless," she made answer, "though I do not wish to lose time. Anxiety and trouble in the end may be saved by not being too hasty. I will therefore stay a few days longer than I at first intended. But on Monday next I must return to Ballarat, *en route* for Melbourne."

"And after that?" queried Hastings, almost unconsciously. For he could not help pitying from his heart this high-souled maiden, so utterly alien in every thought and feeling to the people by whom she must of necessity be surrounded. He saw her quitting the comparative security of even this humble retreat for a doubtful, even dangerous, succession of journeys in quest of what, of whom? An outlaw and a felon! Guilty by his country's laws, and self-convicted now by his breach of prison regulations. Doubtless he had received hard measure and unjust sentence, but had he been true to himself, and the traditions of his race, he needed never to have placed himself in peril of the law. "However," he continued in mental converse, she will never be persuaded—woman like—that he has descended from his ideal. She must "dree her weird," as our Scottish friends say.

So, for the next few days Estelle amused herself by studying the ordinary miner's life,

* Begun in August number, 1889.

partly in company with Mr. Stirling, who generally found her quietly seated in Mrs. Polwarth's cottage in the afternoon after bank hours, and partly from information derived from that worthy dame who was far from averse to diffusing her information.

"I don't see but what it's as good a country as the one we've left, Miss," said the shrewd matron; anyhow it's better for the likes of Jack and me. There's a deal of rough ways and drinking, it's true, but no one's bound to take part in it if they don't like. Jack, he's steady and sober, I'm thankful to the Lord for it, and we're putting by more cash every washing up than we ever heard talk of in the Duchy. When Tottie's a year or two older we'll send her to school in Melbourne. There's good schools there, I'm told. There's no reason why she shouldn't have the learning as we never had. We'll make a lady of her, please God."

"I see no objection, Mrs. Polwarth, to her having the best education possible," replied Estelle, thoughtfully. "At home, we are apt to disapprove of children being educated above their station, as it is called. But in a new country everyone has a chance to rise in life, if they prove worthy of it, and there is no reason why my pretty little Tottie shouldn't be as much a lady, in mind and manners, as anyone else."

"Do you really think so, Miss?" asked Mrs. Polwarth, anxiously. "I've known girls that were spoiled in the old country by being sent to boarding schools, and come back neither one nor the other. Spoiled for farm lasses, and not quite up to being ladies, in spite of their fal-lals and piano music. I'd break my heart if Tottie came to be like that."

"I think you may put as much learning into this pretty little head as it will hold," said Estelle, stroking the child's clustering ringlets. "You'll always be a good girl, won't you, Tottie?"

"Tottie's mother's good girl," said the small damsel, dimly conscious that she was under discussion, and then reading the tenderness aright in her visitor's face—that visitor so munificent in sugar plums and dolls—"and Miss Challoner's good girl, too."

"I really believe you will, Tottie dear," she said, lifting up the child and kissing her. "May God bless all this prosperity to her, and to you and John also. Some people deserve this good fortune, and I am sure you both do."

* * * *

The days passed on—the final Saturday came, and *still no course had* shaped itself in the minds of her "friends in council." Tessie Lawford certainly might have furnished information, but no one knew her address. They were not even sure whether she would feel justified in disclosing Lance's retreat. Stirling was still in much doubt—more than he cared to show—with regard to Miss Challoner setting forth on a hopeless quest, when the daily mail arrived from Ballarat. Glancing through his letters he stopped suddenly, arrested by the handwriting of an unopened letter. "Lance Trevanion, by heaven!" he exclaimed, half aloud; "just in time, too." He tore it open. The fateful scrawl commenced thus:—

"OMEO, June 10th, 185 .

"Here I am, my dear Charlie, so far restored to my old feelings that I can put pen to paper again, at the very idea of which I have shuddered till now. But the fresh mountain air—we had snow for breakfast this morning—has made a man of me again; that is, as much of a man as I ever shall be till I quit Australia for good.

"After I left my *last place*, I made tracks for this digging. The most out-of-the-way, rough, rowdy hole among the mountains that ever gold was found in. It's a hard place to get to, harder still to get safely out of, populated, as it is, by all the scum of the colonies and the rascaldom of half the world. Very different from Ballarat or poor old Growlers', though *I* have no reason to say so.

"How about the gold? you will say. *There is no mistake about that.* I have no mates. I am a hatter, and have worked on my own hook, partly for occupation and partly for a blind. I have just made up my mind to prospect a reef which has been discovered near Mount Gibbo by a stockrider called Caleb Coke. He is an ex-convict, 'an old hand' as they say here, and there are queer stories told about him, as indeed about most of the people in Omeo; but if the reef is rich, and they say nothing like it has been struck yet, I intend to have a shot at it.

"You would laugh to see my hut, it is as neat as a sailor's cabin. I lock my door when I go out, and no one has 'cracked the crib' yet. I bought a sea chest, brass-bound and copper fastened, which found its way up here on a packhorse, and am supposed to have gold and jewels, and all sorts of valuables therein. Henry Johnson is my purser's name, but the fellows, finding that I know Ballarat, have christened me 'Ballarat Harry.'

"To turn to business, I think the time has come for my getting over by degrees, and very quietly, as much of my credit balance

with your bank as can be safely forwarded. My plan is, of course, to clear out for the most handy port, and put the sea between me and Australia. But there's time to think of that. If you can manage it without risk, send me the portmanteau I left with Jack. It contained letters, and a good many home souvenirs that I should like to see again. My watch and rings are in a small drawer, you can send the key in a letter. If you forward a draft for a thousand, payable at a Melbourne bank to H. Johnson, or bearer, I can get it cashed here and buy gold at a heavy discount. It will be as good a way as any to transfer my share of Number Six hither, till I can transfer myself for good.

"Remember me to Jack and his wife, and kiss Tottie for me. I wonder if I shall ever see her again.

For the present, adieu.—Yours ever,

"L.T.

"Address:

"Mr. Henry Johnson,
"Long Plain Creek,
"care of Barker & Jones,
"Storekeepers,
"Omeo."

Here was a discovery! A revelation! Stirling barely suffered himself to finish it before rushing over to Miss Challoner with the astounding news. At first he dreaded the effect which it might have upon her, hopeless as she had been of late as to the whereabouts of the lost Lance. Still, he had noted and admired her self-control when he divulged the sad intelligence of his imprisonment. He felt unable to withhold it from her.

Leaving the bank entirely to the control of his junior, a young man to whom goldfield experience had imparted a discretion beyond his years, he hastened over to Mrs. Delf's, where he met Estelle just about to start for her daily visit to Mrs. Polwarth.

She looked up suddenly. "You have news?" she said. "I am sure it is not bad tidings. Oh! can it be? Lance found? Is he safe? Does he know I am here?"

"My news is not quite so comprehensive as all that," he answered, looking admiringly at her fine features so suddenly illumined with a glow of tenderness, "but I can say with truth that the good element prevails."

"You have heard from him then?"

"Yes," he answered, "by this morning's post. I have the letter here."

"And is there—oh! is there anything in it which I should not read? May I—ought *to ask you to show it to me*?" she cried.

Stirling, inwardly congratulating himself that his correspondent had refrained from mention of any member of the Lawford family, or indeed from any chance allusion which might have shocked the innocent, trusting girl who now looked so imploringly at him, produced the precious missive promptly.

"Here is his letter; let him speak for himself, Miss Challoner. There is no earthly reason why you should not see it. It will give you all the information you need. You will please excuse me until dinner-time."

"I am for ever grateful to you," she said, with the tears fast flowing from her shining eyes "I will walk down to the claim. I always feel at home there. I shall be able to think over my plans calmly if this letter changes them, as, perhaps, it may do."

Thus they parted, he returning to his treasure house just in time to see two rival parties of diggers, literally laden with gold, who were making good time in a race for the bank door, each desiring to ensure a division of the precious metal before the establishment closed. Estelle, holding fast her coveted letter, which she pressed closely to her bosom, walked slowly along the track across the flat which led to Number Six, as one that hoards yet delays the savoring of a joy too sweet and precious for hasty possession.

Passing through the shaft-riddled portion of the creek meadow, where a rich but shallow deposit had caused every yard of ground to be pierced and tunnelled, she paused upon a grassy knoll where the outcrop of basaltic rock had checked the miners' search. Here the timber had been spared, and beneath a wide-spreading angophera Estelle Challoner seated herself, and on a basaltic monolith, first folding her hands and making mute appeal to Heaven, commenced with hungry eyes to devour the invaluable missive.

She read and re-read—read again—word by word, and sighed over the closing lines, then folding it carefully and placing it in her bosom, walked thoughtfully forward.

So he was at Omeo, (such were her thoughts) a distant, rude, isolated region as she had heard, indeed, his letter so described it. But what of that, he was safe, he was well in recovered health and spirits, thank an all merciful God for this much. He had even *hope*—the expectation of escape—of a life of happiness in England or in some land beyond the reach of this strange country's harsh unequal laws.

Once safely at Wychwood who would recognise in the proud heir of this historical estate the erstwhile miner, the unjustly treated prisoner. Then what would be her part in his future life? True, he made no reference to her, perhaps in a letter to a friend chiefly on business matters such was hardly likely. Still to such a friend as Mr. Stirling, so nobly steadfast and truehearted, he *might* have said a word about his poor Estelle in the lonely manor house, as he would picture her. But he was safe, free, almost happy in the enjoyment of his lately acquired liberty. That was happiness sufficient for the present. It would be time enough in the future to cherish other thoughts. Then walking forward with cleared brow and a resolved air she soon reached Mrs. Polwarth's cottage, before the door of which Tottie, evidently expectant, descried her and ran in to report.

"Why you're quite late to-day, Miss," said the good woman. "I began to think you were never coming, and Tottie's been along the track as far as I'd let her. Sit ye down and rest. Is there anything fresh? We heard as the Ballarat men was talking of 'rolling up' if the licenses wasn't lowered."

"Yes, Mrs. Polwarth, there *is* news, but not about licenses, a letter has come by the mail to-day, this very day only, think of that! from, from *him*."

"Not from Mr. Lance, ye don't say so, Miss! Who'd iver have thought on it? And is he well, has he gotten oot o' the country? The Lord bless and keep him, wherever he is."

"I trust He will in His great goodness and mercy. It seems so wonderful after all these weary months that I should actually have his letter, his own letter written to Mr. Stirling, this week, here, here!" and she drew forth the priceless treasure, as it seemed in her eyes, and again devoured it with hungry regard.

Then half replying to Mrs. Polwarth's questions, half giving vent to long pent up feelings which, in the presence of a tried friend of her own sex, humble in social station as she might be, flowed freely and unrestrainedly, Estelle Challoner poured her heart out (as the phrase goes). After which she experienced a feeling of intense relief, and was enabled to confer rationally with Mrs. Polwarth about her course of action.

"I had fully intended, as you know, to go into Ballarat on Monday," she said, "and therefore there will be no change of plan. The difference will only be that before this dear letter came," here she gazed earnestly at the well-known handwriting, "I had no earthly idea in what direction I should go after leaving Melbourne. Now I *do* know, and oh! how differently I feel!"

"Yes, I daresay," said Mrs. Polwarth doubtfully, "but then Miss, how are you to get to Omeo? It's a mighty rough place eyerybody says, a dreadful bad road, and worse a'most when you get there. Don't you think it would be more prudent-like to wait a bit and let Mr. Stirling write to him as you're here?"

"And allow him to think that I am afraid to come to any place where *he* lives? Perhaps induce him to leave his retreat for my sake and risk recapture? No! a hundred times no! I have not come so far to falter now."

"But, my dear young lady, how will you get there? Jack heard some of the diggers talking about it and they said all the tools and provisions and camp things had to be took up on packhorses. Nothing on wheels could get there. And what will you do then? you can't walk."

"I should not like to walk, certainly," said Miss Challoner, with a smile. "I wonder what some of my friends would say if they saw me trudging along with a knapsack on my back. Not but what I would do that if need were. But I can ride, fairly well too, so I will not let the want of a coach stop me, I promise you."

"And you have friends in Melbourne, and you'll see them first, now won't you, Miss?" said the kind soul, devoutly hoping that such personages, if possessed of ordinary prudence, would interpose and prevent further romantic enterprises, of the success of which she in her own mind felt deeply distrustful.

"I shall see them, of course, particularly Mrs. Vernon, who was like a mother to me, but," continued this headstrong and imperious young woman, "all the Mrs. Vernons and Mrs. Grundys in Melbourne will not keep me from Omeo, from any place where *he* is."

As she spoke she raised her head, her dark eyes flashed with sudden light, and her whole frame appeared instinct with defiance of difficulties and obstacles, how numerous soever.

Mrs. Polwarth seemed to recognise a familiar trait as she sighed and merely replied, "it runs in the family, Miss. I see you won't be said. I could fancy as Mr. Lance was standin' before me this minute. Maybe you'll get through safe, please the Lord's mercy. There'll be some as'll pray for ye night and day."

"I know that," she said, taking the toil-worn hands in hers. "No girl in a strange country ever found truer friends; I wonder at it sometimes by myself. But you know Heaven helps those that help themselves, and though I am a weak woman I feel that in my difficult path I must chiefly rely on myself. I have *his* happiness and safety to think of as well as my own."

The more worldly-wise matron could only press the delicate hand in hers while the tears came to her eyes. "If he had only thought as much about *her!*" she said inwardly.

But she held her peace as they walked together adown the track which led to the township.

* * * *

At a conversation which took place on the Sunday evening preceding Estelle's departure she repeated her thanks to Stirling and Hastings for their kindness to herself, and their unswerving friendship for Lance.

"I wish our companionship had been more effectual to protect him," said the latter, "but speaking among friends I may say that he was wilful—too much so for his own good. So have been many men, however, who have never paid such a heavy penalty. After this last news, however, the question is, how we are to help him?"

"I shall travel at once to this—to where he is," said Estelle quickly. "You did not expect me to do anything else, did you?"

"I am afraid that I did not," he said smiling, though he added gravely, "none the less, both Stirling and I think it imprudent for you to take such a journey by yourself."

"Yet I came here safely—even pleasantly."

"Omeo is a very different place. It has the worst reputation of any goldfield yet discovered. The outlaws of all the colonies are gathered there. Police protection is a mockery; they have no "Launceston Mac." to regulate them, and the road is impracticable for wheels—well nigh impassable, indeed."

"All this sounds bad," said Estelle, "and if I *could* be intimidated might prevent my wishing to go. But I am past all that feeling. I must have one more talk with you and Mr. Stirling. But on Monday I sleep in Ballarat."

"Of course, Mrs. McAlpine will be most happy to receive you again," he said rather ruefully; "and next day the coach will take you to Melbourne. I wish the rest of the journey was as plain sailing. If you would accept me as your escort to Omeo, and I could go, nothing would give me greater pleasure. But I am in honor bound to stay with my mate here and see our claim worked out, or I would leave to-morrow."

"It is a great pity that Mr. Stirling can't shut up his bank and come, too," she replied smiling. "But I know enough now about mining matters to judge of the impossibility of your departing at a moment's notice. I have been wonderfully helped so far. It really appears miraculous. And I have the fullest faith that I shall not fall short of that aid, which a merciful God provides for His helpless creatures, in the future. "I will write to you both, and hereby constitute Mr. Stirling as my banker and guardian while I remain in Australia."

In this fashion it came to pass that on the Monday morning Estelle carried out her purpose of making the start—that all-important *premier pas* which is so often the insuperable difficulty in life.

The Growlers' Gully coach, departing with American punctuality at the appointed minute, bore her away again as box-seat passenger, and not having more than two others besides the driver, went round by Mr. McAlpine's cottage and deposited her at the remembered garden gate.

Before leaving she had a long and earnest conversation with Charles Stirling, whom she had grown to regard almost as a brother. His uniform gentleness of manner, his chivalrous courtesy and studious consideration for her in every possible particular, joined with a certain firmness in maintaining his opinion in matters of importance, had insensibly won upon her regard. She would have been no true woman had it not been so. Nor could she, from time to time, refrain from involuntarily drawing mental comparisons between her *fiancè* and his friend.

"Their circumstances and surroundings being similar, why could not Lance have conducted himself with the prudence and self respect which characterised Mr. Stirling, and indeed Mr. Hastings also?" Perhaps the former, from holding a responsible position, was necessarily more guarded by the proprietors; but there was Mr. Hastings, whom she had seen working with his mate Bob, dressed like an ordinary miner, more roughly living and lodging even than Jack Polwarth. Yet she could see that he bore himself in all respects as a gentleman, and that such rank by others was cheerfully accorded to him. Why could not Lance—? and then she sighed deeply and turned her thoughts abruptly into another channel.

ESTELLE READING THE LETTER.

It had been decided in council that Miss Challoner should be suffered to pursue her journey towards Omeo, at any rate as far as Melbourne, when she would again place herself under the guardianship of Mrs. Vernon. After much difficulty the friends prevailed upon her to promise that she would not commence the journey to Omeo until Mr. Vernon had arranged for, in his opinion, a suitable escort. Thus reassured, she was permitted to depart, being seen off by Mrs. Polwarth and Mrs. Delf, besides a score or two of casual spectators and miners off work. These worthy fellows had gradually come to the conclusion that a young lady who was known to the commissioner, and treated with such high consideration by Mr. Stirling, must be a person of rank and title. Indeed such a report gained common credence, and Estelle was long referred to in the chronicle of Growlers' as "the lady in her own right had come from England to see after poor Trevanion of Number Six."

Before leaving, Estelle had volunteered to take charge of the portmanteau which Lance had mentioned in his letter as containing some of his much cherished souvenirs and other possessions. But Stirling had doubted the propriety of her burdening herself with a heavy and presumably valuable package. It would be sure to cause her anxiety, and from its very appearance might stimulate the cupidity of members of the lawless class, at that time by no means easy

to evade while travelling. Both in her interest and Lance's he preferred to forward it by gold escort to an agent in Melbourne, who again would await the opportunity of police protection to send it on to Omeo. He would be in possession of Lance's receipt for it before she had reached Omeo; perhaps even before she had left Melbourne.

It was finally decided by the friends that Lance should not be informed of Estelle's arrival. "It would only unsettle him," she said. "He might even come to Melbourne, and so run the risk of recapture. It will not be long before I rejoin him at Omeo, or the North Pole," she added with a smile, "if he roams so far."

The intervening stages were necessarily identical with those previously encountered. Mrs. McAlpine was still hospitably eager to receive this wandering princess, as she evidently considered her to be. She would not hear of her going on to Melbourne the following day, and Estelle, fearful of the appearance of insufficiently appreciating her unusual kindness, gracefully, though reluctantly, consented. Her hostess then arranged so that a discreet selection of the officials then resident at Ballarat should arrive in the evening. These were mostly young men, among whom Estelle was pleased to greet her first Ballarat acquaintance, Mr. Sub-Commissioner Dalton. Ladies were few and far between at that period of "the field," but those who accepted Mrs. McAlpine's invitation showed that the exceptional circumstances amid which they lived and moved had wrought no change in manner or mental habitudes. As for the men, Estelle found them distinctly above the average in appearance, bearing and accomplishments. These last Mrs. McAlpine unobtrusively brought forward. Then it appeared that this one was well known as an artist; another sang "like an angel," as one of his feminine admirers expressed it, playing his own accompaniments on the piano; a third was a distinguished performer in private theatricals, while all talked well and amusingly. A rather extended course of travel, continental and otherwise, joined with army and navy reminiscences, seemed to be common to all. Mr. McAlpine had arrived too, from some mining town, with an aboriginal name; and much to Estelle's surprise was a punctiliously courteous and chivalresque elderly personage, mild and almost deferential in manner to ladies, and possessing a vein of quiet humor which aroused unexpected merriment from time to *time. Very different, indeed,* from the stern inflexible Rhadamanthus whom she had pictured in her imaginings of the terrible "Launceston Mac."

When the evening came to an end—not particularly early it must be confessed—and the piano and whist table were succeeded by a modest but very cheerful supper, Estelle came to the conclusion that she had never seen so many entertaining, cultured, and, in a sense, distinguished people gathered together in one small room in her life. That it should be her experience in this curious corner of the remote antipodes was the crowning marvel of the whole.

* * * *

Melbourne again! which—so accommodating is our mental to our bodily vision—seemed quite a small London after Ballarat and Growlers'.

Mrs. Vernon, who was just about organising one of her regular winter parties, hailed Estelle's arrival with unaffected joy. This was rather dashed when she understood her guest's intention to depart for Omeo at the earliest possible moment. If the truth must be told, she considered the discovery of Lance's abiding place at Omeo to be an unalloyed misfortune. This view of the case was of course unexpressed, out of deference to Estelle's feelings, who made it—the announcement—with such unfeigned pleasure that her hostess could not, for pity's sake, forbear the conventional words of sympathy.

"But, my dear, you cannot possibly go to that dreadful Omeo at present, if indeed at all. It was only yesterday that I heard Mr. Vernon telling some young man (a young man, my dear!) that he advised him to wait till the winter was nearly over before he started for Omeo, as the roads were positively dangerous."

"I will wait any reasonable time, and I shall certainly be guided by Mr. Vernon's kind advice," the girl said, "but I am resolved to reach Omeo before the spring."

"A wilful woman," quoted the old lady, "must, I suppose, have her way," like a wilful man, but I am charmed to see that you recognise the propriety of consulting Mr. Vernon. He has business relations with Omeo—what they are I have not the faintest idea—mining requisites, I presume—everything from picks and shovels to pianos and cornopeans—so that he will know how to manage the transport service for you. And now, my dear, come and see your room.

Mrs. Vernon's home was enticing. A roomy, well furnished, modern house, the upper windows of which commanded a far-reaching view of the waters of the harbor

and the bluffs and headlands trending easterly towards a dim and mighty forest world, beyond which, again, rose mountain peaks. A broad verandah protected it equally from winter rain and summer heat. The gardens, filled with exotics of every land, sloped down, with winding walks amid trim grass lawns and thickets of ornamental shrubs, to the waters of the Yarra. Exclusive enough for meditation and rambling walks. Beautiful also with the carefully guarded flowers which the half tropical summer and mild winter of the south permit to develop in rarest beauty. Had Estelle desired a restful retreat wherein to stay her pilgrim feet for a season, no pleasanter spot, no more alluring bower could she have found. But such loitering in the path of duty, synonymous in her case with the passion around which the tendrils of her heart, the heart of a self-controlled, habitually reserved woman, was entwined, was not for Estelle Challoner. Pleased and grateful as she could not fail to be with Mrs. Vernon's motherly warmth and kindly tendance, she told herself that she would rather have been in the stage coach, rumbling along the roughest road, towards Omeo, towards the goal of all her thoughts and aspirations, than playing her part mechanically among the pleasant society people seated around Mr. Vernon's handsomely appointed dinner table.

As for that gentleman himself, he vied with his wife in welcoming his prodigal daughter, as he persisted in calling her. "We have adopted you, my dear Miss Challoner, ask Mrs. Vernon if we haven't. We wept till bedtime after your departure, didn't we, Mary? and now that our daughter that we lost is found what do I hear about her going away again? It can't be done. It's against Scripture, ask Mr. Chasuble here if it isn't. The fatted calf is doomed, and she must stay for the feast."

"I daresay you won't find me an undutiful daughter," she replied, smilingly, "but you must wait till I have returned from the wilderness before feasting will be appropriate. I have seen little or nothing, so far, of the rude and lawless waste I was led to expect—on the contrary, refinement and courtesy seem indigenous to Australia."

"Oh! that's all very fine," laughed back Mrs. Vernon, "you've been spoiled at Ballarat, but you mustn't expect to find the country full of handsome goldfields' Commissioners, six feet high, and crammed full of accomplishments—like Mr. Dalton, or even Mr. Annesley—whom you saw here. There *are* places so different."

Which we won't describe to-night, shall we, my dear? Mr. Vernon interpolated, appealing to his wife. "Miss Challoner shall do as she likes, as the daughter of the house, while here and afterwards. If she wants to go to the South Pole, John Vernon & Co. will charter a ship for her, or a camel train; if Fort Bourke requires her presence, only give us a little time—that is all I ask."

(To be continued.)

CANING.

BY JAMES SINGLETON SPALDING.

THE great cane question has almost equalled the great drink question on many occasions in number, dogmatism, and often ignorance of those who support or denounce that instrument's use. By turns it has been extolled as manly and abused as brutal; its advocates have appealed to the great English public schools, its opponents to the American; one party continually asserts that a boy is degraded by it, the other that he prefers it to all other punishments. The moderate intermediate view, as in the matter of drink, has been scoffed at by both sides: and the moderate caner is, comparatively speaking, so much rarer than the moderate drinker that there is some excuse for the enemies of the rod. But this happens, unfortunately, to be one of those questions which cannot be solved for all time and for every people by one immutable set of incontrovertible arguments; it depends very much more than most writers seem to think on climatic and racial influences: and these very influences are even now working so powerfully upon the English-speaking inhabitants of the Australian Continent that they will be ere long as distinct in qualities from their cousins in England as the modern Greek is from his forefathers of the Periclean age.

Let us see for a moment how caning works in the mother-country when, under proper restrictions, it is allowed the widest possible scope. At a certain great and successful English school, for example, two bodies are entrusted with the cane—the assistant masters and the sixth form. The former use it individually and at their own discretion on all boys in their charge until the fifth form is reached; the latter, a mass of boys varying in age from fifteen to nineteen, administer it to all school offenders below their own rank after due trial and in pursuance of a majority vote of the whole body, an appeal being allowed to the headmaster. This latter privilege is very rarely used, and still more rarely

tained. In each boarding-house the resi-
members of the sixth form constitute
ilar tribunal for the punishment of "house" offences. Surely here is a fair test of the system as applied to English lads: and out of the thousands of boys who have gone forth from the school to which I refer, many of whom have made their mark in these colonies, it would be impossible to find a single instance of "brutalisation" or "degradation" or any other of the terrible results which have been so lightly ascribed to the use of the cane. In point of fact, the "proud notion," to quote Arnold, "of personal independence and dignity which revolts at the idea of personal chastisement" is an utterly un-English feeling, the enemy of true self-respect, a relic of a bad old Roman law. Boys would sooner, any day, take a "licking" than an imposition; nor is this any argument against the efficiency of the sharper punishment. Used to support discipline, it checks at once the slightest tendency to insubordination; the inattentive gossip, the unruly lout, the mischievous distractor of his comrades' attention, all get apt reminders that their foibles must be abandoned, punishment following immediately on the offence and so coming as its direct consequence. If such offences are punished by work to be done after school, it leaves the offender time to forget his fault and to remember only the punishment, which may remain in his mind as the foundation of a grudge against his teacher: moreover, this method usurps for disciplinary purposes the penalty more appropriate to lateness or laziness. And further there is a decided objection to connecting at all the ideas of work and punishment. "The reward of work," my old headmaster used to say, "is getting more work to do." But it will be hard for the teacher whose boys learn to associate work with punishment to persuade them that it ever can be a reward. Again, such offences against discipline as continual fidgeting, gossiping, and the like are very frequently the outcome of exuberant animal spirits and enforced confinement; "keeping in" is a mere threat at the moment, and operates afterwards so as to still further increase the tension; the cane would not only check animal feelings by animal feelings, but would not interfere afterwards with the free exercise which has been the real need of the child's nature.

So far we have been considering simply the question as it presents itself under favorable circumstances in the country where the system is at home. And there is but one conclusion to which we can come: that, used by men, or even by boys, who recognise and act up to their great responsibilities, the cane is for disciplinary and criminal offences the surest, most effective, most easily graduated, and in general the best instrument of punishment. But the real question for us is one of Australian, not of English, interests; and this fact opens for us a new and far more complicated series of considerations. For in Australia, as I have already said, there is growing up what will soon be an entirely new variety of the English-speaking family,—a race distinguished by many excellent qualities, but sadly deficient in three of the most important, self-respect, self-control, and steadiness of purpose. Is this a severe indictment to bring forward against a young nation? It must be confessed a true one even by those who may think it harshly put. What steadiness of purpose can we trace in a people that is all for the Soudan expedition to-day and all against it to-morrow? What self-control can be looked for in the mass of the nation whose leaders wrangle in police courts or bandy abuse across the floor of the House? And what self-respect can exist in the minds of electors who send to Parliament such representatives as some of those who have made the Assembly a byword for "scenes" and Billingsgate? Nor may the populace, the men of Brookong, of Northumberland, of the anti-Chinese riots, claim to be less violent than their leaders. And young Australia is growing up in the ways of its progenitors; the larrikin is merely a human body directed by uncontrolled and unsteady animal spirits of a very low type, and larrikinism is becoming commoner day by day. It is in the air, this unrestrainedness; it affects young and old alike, natives and immigrants: it inspires the Unionist with his wild manifestoes, the log-roller with his exaggerations, the "representative Australian" on his travels with those vagaries which have done us so much harm at home. Nor would it be unreasonable to lay some stress on a fact well known to many public school men: the Australian boy at an English school usually makes a very good fag, but a rather bad fag-master. That is to say, he behaves very well while the principal responsibility for his behaviour is on some one else, and takes kindly to good external discipline; but when the responsibility not only for his own conduct but for that of others is transferred to his shoulders, he begins to waver between over-harshness and over-leniency, generally inclining to the former. Now these three failings, unsteadiness, want of self-control, and want of self-respect, go far towards rendering the young Australian unfit to be trusted with so easily abused a weapon of punishment as the cane, even if he be that paragon of all virtues, the public school teacher. The question becomes now a very complicated one: for while on the one hand these peculiarities of character render the use of the cane of somewhat doubtful advisability for the sake both of teachers and scholars, on the other hand it is difficult to see what punishment can fill its place. The ideal state of things, of course, is to have no punishment at all; but in the present condition of school discipline, about which we shall have a word or two to say presently, this is a rarely attainable luxury. Let us first consider the "cons." Want of self-respect is disadvantageous chiefly as regards the boys. The Australian boy, as a rule, has not yet learnt the lesson that it is his offence and not his punishment that degrades him; if he is sensitive, he hates the cane and is inclined to despise himself for submitting to it; if not, he gets used to the pain and takes his "lickings" with much bravado. Neither of the two is the manly way of taking it: but then a good deal of "young Australia" is more mannish than manly. As for the teachers, (and here I speak not of native-born only, for laxness, as we said, is in the air) they are very apt to be both injudicious and unequal in their punishments, at one time using the cane freely, at another rarely, for offences of the same description: from which two evil results follow,—the certainty of punishment is diminished, and its severity when it does come is increased.

If then this means of punishment is disliked by the boy and unwisely used by the teacher, why need we hesitate to advocate its immediate and total abolition? Mainly because it is at present impossible to do without it. It would in some ways be an interesting experiment to watch, if the Minister for Education were impelled by the indignation of parents or by his own enthusiasm for reform to suspend corporal punishment for a time in the public schools of New South Wales. One would be curious to see which would strike first, boys or teachers. For we may fearlessly assert that in the majority of cases the boasted discipline of these schools depends on a liberal (to use a mild word) application of the cane; and we often wonder whether some teachers keep an exact

record, as their regulations demand, "of the time, place, and amount of the punishment, and the nature of the offence." Certainly, if we may at all give credence to the sufferers and the parents, a somewhat strange idea prevails as to what cases are "extreme cases;" and it has become absolutely necessary that either new inspectors should be sent round our schools, following the example of the Railway Department, or that the present ones should be warned to pay much more careful attention to the record of punishments, and to discover by all the means in their power, whether those records have been faithfully kept. Of course we cannot expect that the average teacher should be able to govern altogether without aid of the kind, but now it is far too often called in, and when once children have been demoralised by the indiscriminate use of this weapon, it takes the best teacher many months to restore a healthy tone to the afflicted school.

And here it may not be inappropriate to make a remark on the Departmental regulations of this colony, in so far as they deal with the question of discipline. The tone of them is excellent, albeit rather reminding one of copy-book headings in their stereotyped morality. It is, however, highly desirable that much more stringent rules should be laid down to define the offences for which the cane may be administered. In the best English schools the rule is very clear, and includes only offences against discipline and morality of a serious nature; theft, for instance, or repeated lying, or insubordination, is punished according to the gravity of the case with few or many strokes, but laziness in the preparation of work and even careless inaccuracy are treated by more appropriate methods. This distinction seems a reasonable and logical one, and ought to be embodied in our system also.

This article does not make the slightest pretence of dealing fully with so important and complicated a subject as corporal punishment. My wish is to put clearly before the public a view of the matter which is rather neglected, and to call their attention to the growing evil of harsh and often unjust school administration, in the hope that others will take up the subject and find some remedy. I have of set purpose spoken very plainly on some matters, feeling justified in my strictures by a good deal of experience at home and in these colonies: but the faults of youth are no more incurable in a nation than in a child, and it may be that those who recognise most clearly their own weaknesses will be most likely and best able to guard against and finally to conquer them.

SIR GEORGE BOWEN.*

BY G. B. BARTON.

PERHAPS it is a singular fact that of all the Australian Governors who have come and gone during the last century, two only should have thought it worth while to record their experience in the shape of an autobiography. When Sir William Denison published his "Varieties of Vice-regal Life," twenty years ago, he might be said to have opened up new ground; none of his predecessors in these colonies had in any manner anticipated him, and consequently his work had the merit of showing us, for the first time, the social as well as the political life of a Governor, illustrated by his private and official correspondence. His example has now been followed by Sir George Bowen, whose two volumes present a very lively and circumstantial account of his varied experience as Governor, successively, of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong — a period extending from 1859 to 1887. Although the subject matter of both these publications is of much the same kind, there is no resemblance between the two as regards their execution; they are as different as the characters of the two men who figure so conspicuously in them. Denison endeavored to give his readers as full and precise a narrative as he could possibly contrive to make up, with the help of his wife's journal and letters to her "dearest mammy," and all the other family letters that had passed through their hands while he was in Van Dieman's Land, New South Wales, and Madras; at the same time charitably abstaining from overloading his pages with the text of official documents. The result is a very readable collection of gossipy material, which, nevertheless, has a certain historical value. Bowen's work has been compiled on quite another plan, and with other ends in view. It is essentially official, being largely composed of despatches, speeches to legislative bodies, ceremonial addresses and replies to addresses, the main object being the glorification of Sir George Bowen in the different capacities in which he is presented to us—notably that of a Constitutional Governor, or, as he says, "one who may be justly regarded as the type of a colonial Governor."

Personal memoirs are usually supposed to be written for the purpose of presenting oneself in an agreeable shape to the world; and some allowance must be made in such cases for the natural tendency to gratify one's vanity, especially where a substantial sum has to be paid to a publisher for the privilege. But in the present case this privilege has been exercised to such an extent that the reader is constantly made to feel how completely every other source of interest has been sacrificed to the imperious necessity of puffing Sir George Bowen. As we read page after page, in which his accomplishments are elaborately paraded, his achievements related with infinite detail, and the great people catalogued whom he had the supreme felicity to meet wherever he went, from Pope Pius to the Emperor of China's uncle, we are sensibly reminded of the "Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.," and his description of the great part which he, too, played in the capitals of Europe, "moving among the most illustrious of the land, myself not the least distinguished of the brilliant circle."

Sometimes it strikes the reader that Sir George is not always conscious of his own weakness, as, for instance, when he tells one of his noble correspondents, in a letter from Paris, that "Lord Lyons has kindly asked Gambetta and other leading French statesmen to meet me at dinner at the Embassy." Gambetta at that time was dividing the attention of the world with Bismarck—but Bowen seems to have thought that the centre of attraction at Paris just then was the Governor of Mauritius. In the same style, speaking of an interview he had with Palmerston, he writes: "After he had finished picking my brains on Greek politics, he turned the conversation to questions of Greek scholarship;" and adds that "he was far in advance of most English scholars of the present day in agreeing with me that the modern Greek language is practically the same with the ancient language." Another corres-

* Thirty Years of Colonial Government. A selection from the despatches and letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., edited by Stanley Lane-Poole, 2 vols., London, 1889.

pondent is informed in a letter from Rome that the fashionable society of that capital was in a state of excitement over the arrival of Sir George Bowen, and that the Vatican was one of his daily lounges, some of the catholic bishops he had met in the colonies having represented him to the Pope as "a sort of colonial Charlemagne."

During a visit to London in 1886 he was lionised to such an extent that even Sir Walter Scott, at the height of his popularity, did not meet with anything like the same reception. The card basket is produced in evidence. A single day included a reception by the Queen, luncheon at Windsor Castle, dinner with the members of Trinity College, Oxford, and supper on the stage with Irving after a representation of Faust. On another occasion he received an invitation to dinner from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also one from the Prime Minister, Disraeli, on the same day; "and as the ecclesiastical invitation came first, the bidding of the Premier had to be declined." This was important enough to mention to Robert Lowe, "who supposed that the Archbishop would of course be thrown over for the Prime Minister, but Sir George declared that he should stick to the prior engagement." So Disraeli escaped. Lord Dufferin and Sir George are presented to the reader more than once as Governors of the same stamp, cast in the same mould, and enjoying the same reputation. "A high functionary," who was present at a political dinner at Washington in 1875, remarked in the course of his speech that if England in the last century had "sent out such good Governors as Lord Dufferin and Sir George Bowen," Americans and Englishmen would probably still be members of one united Empire. The "high functionary" probably knew enough of Dufferin's career at that time to justify the compliment paid to that statesman; but what could he possibly have known about Bowen's to warrant such an association of names and ideas? —that is, unless he was intentionally talking Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Another little joke of the same kind appears in a letter from Mauritius to "an English Statesman," in which Sir George describes the effect produced by a speech he delivered in French at an official banquet on the occasion of his visit to the Island of Bourbon, or Réunion. His oratory, he says, "actually *drew tears* from the eyes of some of the French officers present—a rare result of Anglo-Saxon speeches in a foreign tongue." No one will doubt that a French oration by Sir George was enough to make the Frenchmen weep.

Passages of this kind, scattered here and there through two volumes of memoirs, might in some instances be passed over with a smile, as "things one would rather have left unsaid;" but they appear so conspicuously throughout Bowen's pages as to form the main drift of the whole work. No opportunity is lost for the purpose of impressing the reader with a due sense of the distinguished character who has condescended to relate the most striking passages in his memorable career. After a "Prefatory Memoir" devoted to the various triumphs, ovations, and successes, political and social, with which Sir George had met in different parts of the world, his official career in the colonies is sketched in a series of chapters, the first of which is entitled "the Founding of Queensland." The plain inference from the title is that Sir George was the founder of that colony; an idea which is industriously worked out through many pages, but which ultimately resolves itself into the diminutive fact that he was the first of its Governors to administer Responsible Government. Sir William Denison might just as appropriately have styled himself the founder of New South Wales, because he had inaugurated that form of government during his term of office in the colony.

The reader is not left in any doubt as to Bowen's pretensions on this point; he is repeatedly told that the colony was called into existence by a wave of his magic quill. "The earlier years of Sir George Bowen's administration in Queensland were naturally the most momentous. In founding States, as in beginning everything else, *c'est le premier pas qui coute*; and so successfully had the first step been made that the subsequent progress was monotonously smooth and regular. . . . Every part of the machinery of government was only *in posse* when the Governor arrived, and waited to be formed and set in motion by his hand. . . . . I have been incessantly occupied since my assumption of office in creating and organising the several departments of government in this new colony. . . . . By dint of personal exertion and influence I have now succeeded in organising a police corps, and also a body of rifle volunteers." In addition to these labors, the squatters in the remote interior were instructed in the art of defending themselves against the natives. "It is my intention to recommend the leading settlers in the pastoral districts to form themselves into troops of mounted rifles." Something might have been said for the Ministers who performed their share of all this work

but they are dismissed with a very curt notice. Mr. Herbert, now Sir Robert Herbert, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was sent out with Bowen to act as Chief Secretary of the new Government; a member of the Queensland Bar was appointed Attorney-General; and another local politician took office as Treasurer. These gentlemen constituted the first Ministry, and it was by their advice that all the measures necessary for the purpose of establishing Responsible Government were initiated and carried out.

Not satisfied with monopolising whatever credit attached to that business, Bowen describes himself as the moving spirit of all the "exploration and discovery" that took place during his time. His perilous exertions in the capacity of an explorer may be gathered from his description of a journey across the Darling Downs: "We formed a very picturesque cavalcade as we wound up through the luxuriant forests of the Gap. On the summit I was greeted with loud cheers, which made the rocks re-echo as they probably had never sounded since the dawn of creation; and there I found another batch of hospitable squatters, with a cold collation and plenty of champagne and hock spread on the grass on the top of the pass, nearly three thousand feet above the sea." This would make a good companion picture to another representing Burke and Wills sitting down to their *nardoo*.

After having successfully founded the new State in Northern Australia, Bowen was transferred to New Zealand in 1868, where he found himself at the head of affairs in a colony which, "of all colonies, was assuredly the most difficult to govern" at that time. "The second Maori war, which had already lasted for eight years, was only slumbering, and the Maoris had not been really beaten. Nevertheless the Home Government had withdrawn almost all the regular troops, and had resolved to remove the last British soldier and to leave the colonists to carry out their own views and to fight their own battles." The unhappy country had been reduced to such a critical position by the desperate struggle in which it had become involved with the Maoris that nothing less than the arrival of a heaven-born Governor, with a perfectly angelic policy, could have saved it from the total destruction with which it was menaced. But the hour had come, and the man with it. One glance at the situation of affairs was enough to show Bowen the exact line of policy by which peace could be restored to a distracted country. "Under such circumstances the obvious policy was one of conciliation; it was alike more politic and more humane to outlive than to fight the Maori race, which was gradually dying out, while the colonists were fast increasing. The new Governor exerted himself earnestly to procure the adoption, by his Ministers and Parliament, of the friendly and beneficent measures explained in his despatches." The innocent reader, of course, infers that the policy of conciliation was invented by Sir George on the spot, like a patent medicine, and that it was designed to take the place of a policy of slaughter and confiscation madly pursued by Ministers and Parliament up to the time of his arrival. This idea is enforced in several passages:—

"But immediate action was required in the very critical position of the colony at a time when it was generally feared that the entire Maori race would rise against the colonists. Sir George Bowen successfully urged on his Ministers that the proper policy to adopt was practically that of William III. after the complete defeat of the English troops in 1689 at the battle of Killiecrankie, when the King entrusted Lord Breadalbane with a commission and a sum of money, the result of which was that the victorious Highland clans either remained quiet or joined the new Government. Sir George further determined to forthwith proceed in person, accompanied by his Prime Minister, Mr. Stafford, to Wanganui, and there to address the assembled clans, calling on them to take up arms once more for the Queen. It was an anxious time, for the rebel Maoris had advanced within a few miles of Wanganui, sweeping away the English settlements. However, the action of the Governor was completely successful"—and New Zealand was saved.

The dreary struggle was brought to an end towards the close of 1870, and peace was firmly established between the settlers and the natives by "a judicious mixture"—Bowen's mixture—"of firmness and conciliation." The happy result is summed up in his narrative as follows:—"So ended Sir George Bowen's memorable Government of New Zealand at the most critical period in the history of that great colony. We have seen that, under his auspices and through the policy which he recommended and supported, and which was ably carried out by Sir Donald McLean and other Ministers, there was established between the two races a peace which has not since been seriously disturbed." This version of the case will, probably, amuse most people who have paid

any attention to New Zealand politics. It has hitherto been supposed that the policy by which the disaffected Maoris were conciliated was adopted by the Fox-Vogel Ministry of 1869-72, which displaced the Stafford administration on the ground that their native policy was essentially military.

The "great gun" of the Fox Cabinet on that question was Donald McLean, Minister for Defence and Native Affairs—a sort of Abe Lincoln—whose personal influence among the Maori tribes was at that time unrivalled. The proposal to open up the interior of the North Island by means of roads and to employ the Maoris in making them, had long formed part of his plans, and so, indeed, had every other feature in the Native policy of the Fox Government. He was the great master of that subject, which, in those days, towered far above every other branch of New Zealand politics; it was as intricate and puzzling to most men as the differential calculus to a schoolboy, and it needed a long residence in the country to acquire even a tolerable familiarity with the endless complications in which it had become involved. Sir George tells us that he had no sooner settled himself in his quarters at Wellington than he designed a policy for his Ministers which resulted in the establishment of peace, thus solving a problem which had defied all the local politicians for twenty years. And yet nobody seems to have known anything about it until these volumes appeared. Even Mr. Gisborne, an ex-Minister of the Crown, whose "New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen" shews an intimate knowledge of his subject, does not seem to have suspected it. In his sketch of Sir George Bowen he says: "It was believed that he had no strong views of his own, except, possibly, on the subject of his own advancement."

From New Zealand Sir George was transferred in 1873 to Victoria, which at that time was in a state of political quiescence. Having obtained a twelvemonths' leave of absence, he passed the year 1875 in a visit to England; and on his return early in the following year he found the colony in the midst of a political typhoon, "three successive administrations having vainly tried to manage a parliament in which all business was deliberately impeded by a factious opposition,"—a phrase, by the way, which does not seem to correspond with the "dignified neutrality" to which he refers in the following sentence, as describing his rule of conduct *at the time.* "So well did this course succeed,"—that is, the dignified neutrality—"that the typhoon gradually blew itself out," and peace was restored. But it did not last long; a general election took place in 1877, resulting in "the complete defeat of the Conservatives"—that is, the factious opposition aforesaid—and the return of Graham Berry to office with an overwhelming majority. That event brought on another struggle which put Sir George's powers as a constitutional Governor to the severest test they had yet encountered. "A fresh crisis soon arose on the question of the payment of members. The contest of 1875-6 had been a trial of strength between the two parties in the Assembly; that of 1877-8 was a constitutional battle between the two Houses of Parliament. To explain and illustrate this momentous crisis in the constitutional history of Victoria," Sir George publishes a series of despatches and other public documents relating to it; the essential points of which may be stated in a few words:—

After long controversy on the subject, both Houses passed an Act in 1871 securing an annual payment of £300 to each of their members for three years; which was renewed for a like period in 1874. The Berry party, being determined to establish the principle involved, whether the Council should assent to it or not, placed a sum on the Estimates for 1878 "to provide for the expenses of members," instead of bringing forward a bill as before. By the Constitution Act the Governor is required to sign a message to the Assembly before it can take into consideration any vote of public money; and the question now arose whether Sir George was constitutionally justified in signing the necessary message for the purpose of giving effect to the Ministerial policy.

The tenor of his despatches shews clearly that, having made up his mind to support his Ministers on this question, he spared no pains to arm himself with precedents and authorities in order to secure the approval of the Colonial Office. The only case in point he could quote was that of the Darling grant of £20,000 in the time of his predecessor, Lord Canterbury, who held the opinion that a refusal to comply with the advice that the proposed grant to Lady Darling should be included in the Estimates, would have been, in effect, a refusal to afford to the Legislative Assembly a constitutional opportunity of discussing that grant; while his acquiescence in the recommendation could not be regarded as implying any personal opinion with respect to the policy involved in it. This view of the matter was approved by the Secretary of State

at the time; and Bowen was instructed that it was not his duty to reject the advice of his Ministers in a similar case.

The Legislative Council, foreseeing the result, addressed the Governor on the subject, pointing out that when the question came before his predecessor, Sir Henry Barkly, in 1861-2, he was warned by the Council of the inevitable consequences of a sum being included in the Estimates for the payment of members, and that the objectionable item was thereupon withdrawn. They further informed Sir George that they claimed the right to exercise the same free and deliberate vote on any bill for that purpose as they had exercised on all other occasions; and that the inclusion of the item in question in the Estimates might make such procedure the instrument of enabling one branch of the Legislature to coerce the other. Sir George, however, intimated his intention to follow the advice of his Ministers on all matters of local concern.

The Council, carrying out their expressed intention, rejected the Estimates; and they also rejected a bill which, with a view to a compromise, had been previously introduced by the Government and passed by the Assembly, providing for the payment of members during the existing Parliament. No sooner was the Appropriation bill thrown out than the Berry party resolved to dismiss all the members of the civil service, with certain exceptions, on the plea that the Council had stopped the supplies, and that it was therefore necessary to "economise the funds at the disposal of the Government." Here was the point at which Bowen was called upon to show his tact as a constitutional Governor. He saw clearly enough that, by adopting the advice of his Ministers, he would assist them in carrying out a violent policy, not for the purpose, as they put it, of economising the public funds, but of punishing the Legislative Council—the instruments of their vengeance being the unfortunate civil servants, whose salaries were to be suddenly stopped. Nevertheless he determined to support them; and the reason he gave for doing so was that, if he did not, he would "involve the Imperial Government in the conflict, and probably imperil the relations of the colony with the mother country."

His memorandum to his Ministers at the time revealed the uneasy state of his mind. There was enough to make him very uneasy. Such a storm arose as he had never witnessed before, even in the days of the political typhoon. He had to confront a parliamentary dead-lock, which, in the existing state of parties, threatened to last for some time. His action was loudly condemned by all the conservative organs; the Supreme Court was appealed to in order to test the legality of the proceedings, and public opinion was significantly expressed in the term "Black Wednesday," which came into vogue immediately after the wholesale dismissals had taken place. If these results could have been foreseen by him, it is not likely that he would have placed himself so unreservedly as he did at the disposal of his advisers; but, having yielded to their dictation, he exerted his influence as much as possible to mitigate their merciless action. He told them that, while "fully admitting the necessity of retrenchment, owing to the stoppage of supplies," he had "grave objections to the particular mode in which it was proposed to carry out the reductions in the civil service;" recommended that nothing should be done until the Secretary of State's reply to his despatch had been received, or at least until the next meeting of the Assembly; advised them to suspend the salaries instead of dismissing the men; and requested that such of the judicial officers as might be willing to dispense with their pay, until the passing of the Appropriation Act, might be reinstated at once.

Notwithstanding all his efforts in that direction, it is tolerably clear from his despatches that he had no serious objections of his own to the extraordinary action taken by the Government; on the contrary, his sympathies appear to have been entirely with them and against the Council. He pointed out to the Secretary of State, in support of the dismissals, that the law provided for pensions and retiring allowances in compensation for loss of office; and further, that the Civil Service had grown to such extravagant proportions that sweeping reductions had become necessary. On another occasion, when he undertook to explain the origin of the attacks made upon him in the Melbourne *Argus* and elsewhere, he ascribed them to the action of "a small but active clique out of doors, which was almost entirely without political power or influence in Victoria;" and again, he argued that "any attempt on the part of the Governor to exercise personal authority in matters of purely local concern would be resisted by all parties in Victoria, except by the small clique which still clings to the traditions of that primitive and obsolete form of colonial Government which was administered without responsibility to the Legislative Assembly."

Such expressions of opinion point to the existence of strong political leanings in the

writer's mind. A Governor who can only look upon one of two contending parties in the State as a clique or a faction, has evidently lost his sense of impartiality. The "dignified neutrality" to which Sir George laid claim had vanished during the heat of the struggle, and the reason of it was plain enough. The Berry party had become so powerful in the country after the general election of 1877 that he was politically afraid of them. He was obviously under the influence of some such feeling when he wrote: "It would now be an act of perilous infatuation in an Australian Governor to cause the removal of a Ministry by his own individual act, and on account of proceedings of purely colonial concern;" and again, "the permanent maintenance of happy relations between the colonies and the parent state depends on the absolute non-intervention of the Governor in matters involving a change of administration." Provided that the change of administration does not involve any unconstitutional change of policy, this statement of the relations between the Governor and his Ministers might pass; although other Governors, placed in similar positions to that of Sir George, have expressed very different opinions. When the question of State Aid to religion was agitating the political mind in New South Wales in 1859, a threatened collision between Sir William Denison and his Ministers was described by him in a letter to one of his correspondents as follows:

"I have now got a set of untried men, the outsiders in the political race, but I hardly expect to have them in for the remainder of the session. Indeed, I do not feel sure that I shall not have to turn them out this very day, for they appear inclined to override the law, instead of considering themselves bound to carry it out honestly. One of them, on the ground, as he termed it, of principle, objected to the payment of the stipends of the clergy, which are established by law, because he was opposed to State aid. I foresaw a difficulty, so wrote a cautious letter warning my Ministers of the risk which they would incur if they set their individual opinions in opposition to the law. It may be that they will take the hint, but if they do not, and still persist in making use of their peculiar powers to hamper the operation of law, I shall make a clean sweep of them very shortly."

Bowen's main argument in defence is that the question between the two Houses was not one which in any way affected Imperial interests, and that he, as an Imperial Officer, was bound at all hazards to keep the Imperial Government out of a purely local contest. On that point he referred to his action in Queensland, when his advisers there proposed to issue inconvertible notes, and to make them a legal tender in the colony for the purpose of tiding over a financial crisis. He refused to sanction any measure of that kind because he was expressly directed by his instructions to withhold his assent from any bill whereby any paper or other currency might be made a legal tender. His Ministers tendered their resignation, and he accepted it. But as there was absolutely nothing in the Victorian case that in anyway affected the currency or any other Imperial interests, he saw no reason why he should interfere in the struggle.

This argument swept away all the reasons he had offered in support of his action in Victoria—especially those relating to the great predominance of the Berry party and the futility of a dissolution under such circumstances. We have only to reverse the two cases in order to see that if the Queensland Ministry had proposed, instead of issuing greenbacks, to dismiss all the civil servants in order to economise their funds, then the Governor would have allowed them to do it. Or if the question in Victoria had turned on a proposal to issue inconvertible notes for the payment of salaries, pending the passing of an Appropriation Act, he would have dismissed Mr. Berry from his councils. But although the interests at stake in one case were infinitely beyond those which had to be considered in the other, he could not see why he should lift a finger in order to save the country from a terrible convulsion.

His arguments on the subject did not satisfy Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then at the Colonial Office, of whom he speaks with some little bitterness. He introduces him to us as "wholly without experience in colonial affairs," charges him with having, after the close of the deadlock, "reopened the question and renewed the agitation," and remarks that "he seems to have desired that an attempt should be made practically to force the Victorian Ministry and Parliament to spend on their Civil Service many thousands more than they deemed necessary." He does not even forget to tell us that the Frenchmen in Mauritius used to call him "Sir Hitch-Bitch." But he does not give us the despatch in which Sir Michael pronounced judgment against him, although he gives his own, to which Sir Michael's was a reply, in full. The gap can be filled up by a passage from Todd:—

"The Secretary of State, in replying to Sir George Bowen's despatch on February 17, 1879, expressed his regret that the arguments therein contained had not sufficed to change his opinion in disapprobation of Governor Bowen's conduct in respect to the removal of the judicial and civil servants in Victoria. A non-compliance with the advice of his Ministers on this occasion would not necessarily have led to their resignation, and might have induced them to agree to a less objectionable measure to meet the temporary financial difficulty."

There was the main point: it was nothing more than a temporary financial difficulty after all, which in ordinary times would not have given rise to more than ordinary trouble. But it seems that no politician in those days could keep his head cool, and Bowen's, unfortunately, became as hot as if he had been a member of the Assembly. If his knowledge of modern literature had been equal to his acquaintance with the classics, he might have bethought himself of a passage in the "Bible in Spain," in which Borrow relates an incident of the civil wars in that country. The national soldiers of Madrid had just captured and killed the General in command of the enemy's forces, and a body of them entered the inn in which Borrow was seated. A large bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table, around which gathered the national soldiers. A blue 'kerchief was forthwith produced; it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dissevered fingers made their appearance, and with these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. "Cups! cups!" cried the nationals. "Ho! ho! Don Jorge!" cried one of them, coming up to me with a cup of coffee; "pray do me the favor to drink upon this glorious occasion. This is a pleasant day for Spain, and for the gallant nationals of Madrid!"

AN OUTCAST.

HER eyes spoke eloquence;
And her silver voice, like whispering winds
That gently float o'er hill and dale,
Moved me to emotions strange,
And made me think she was not earthly born.
But strange, alas! that she who seemed to be of heavenly mould
Should be so fair and false.

I loved her, and I thought my love returned.
I lived but by her voice—those accents clear
That run now through my brain like streams of fire
And make me feel that I should do some deadly wrong
To those who most have loved me.

Oft has she listened to my tale of love,
And answered me in tones so loving-kind and seeming true
That I would give up all my life
To hear them from those lips again;
To feel her gently breathe upon my cheek,
And hear those words that make me what I am.

J. E. BROADBENT.

"TO CHLOE IN AUSTRALIA."

LITTLE girl with golden hair,
Lithe of limb and face so fair,
Where are you going?
Shade of grey to sunlight grows.
And the bud becomes a rose,
While time is flowing

Lo! the corn is waving free,
And the magpie on his tree
Is gaily calling
Thee to dells where wattles grow,
And soft sounds the murmured flow
Of waters falling.

Seas brighter than Ægean,
Streams cooler than Lethean,
All around thee lie.
Music flows in Austral rills,
Sunshine glows on Austral hills,
Let sad sorrow die.

From the wood-nymph pure and sweet
Naiad face and nimble feet,
And graces borrow.
Leave the sorrowing pages
To grieving bards and sages
Until to-morrow.

Sad to-morrow comes too soon,
Morning grows from afternoon
To midnight hoary;
But thine the laughing face is,
And swaying limbs of graces
In Grecian story.

This the enchanted land is,—
The perfumed isle Atlantis,
Risen from the sea.
Pearl-decked locks in coral caves,
Here the sea-born Venus laves,—
Glad Aphrodite.

Here sunset skies are crimson,
And azure glory swims on
Dim cerulean
Hills, where Phœbus in his might,
Clad in showers of golden light
Sits Herculean.

With the orange and the vine,
And the wild clematis twine
Blushing waratahs;
Dance away the fleeting hour
In some fragrant euclypt bower
Underneath the stars.

* * * *

This from one who sits alone,
Listing to the weary moan
From distant farland;
Who, sad from songs of grieving,
For thee would fain be weaving
Some fresher garland.

EDWIN J. BRADY.

HEROISM: ITS TRANSMITTED EFFECTS.

BY M. L. MANNING.

How oft Fate's sharpest blow shall leave thee strong,
With some re-risen ecstasy of song.—F. W. H. MYERS.

ISTORY is one long repetition of the influence of every present individual upon the mind of every succeeding individual, and striking are the lessons it conveys to women by shewing through the laws of cause and effect how each may give to the world great men—talised expression of her own aspirations sacrifices—by the exercise of those ne virtues, self-knowledge, self-reverence elf-control. We feel this most when ad of deeds of heroism, and are lifted e time out of the monotony of our lives into a purer atmosphere, where o, feel able to do great feats that would nate our names and hand them down honorable posterity. But with many "the opportunity that makes the man" nting. We live in easy-going days, nt with utilitarianism, and acts of m are rare. True, there is always that st and purest form of heroism to be ed, even in the most prosaic lives—eroism which accepts bravely and subely the hardest strokes of fate, turning hile their barbed edges into stepping to higher things. But to the great ving, self-seeking, uncontrolled mass of nity, a patient bending under the rod of on while strength is gathered to endure rn to account the chastisement, is too and slow a process. We want dash, clat, to stir our latent energies.

l yet, apart from the elevating effect of al heroism by which a subtle power is ted to the character, influencing uncon-ly all who come in contact with it, are other guerdons worth the winning; whose fruit will influence lives yet n. Consider the lives of two women claim upon our regard is based, not the unique power of their own indi-ity, of which, though great, we know but on the wonderful career of a child h—Mary Arden, the mother of our immortal Shakespeare, and Letitia Ramolini, the mother of the most extraordinary man the world has ever known—Napoleon Bonaparte. It is the custom to regard these men as spontaneous creations, darting through our midst like meteors and leaving no other track behind, as undying monuments of their great deeds, than their own brilliant achievements. But no human being is a spontaneous creation: the greatest and the meanest are alike the collective particles of a living or dead past. "Like father, like son," is a trite enough saying, founded on the supposition, now upset by fuller scientific knowledge, that children inherit physical attributes from their fathers and mental ones from their mothers. As a matter of fact the natures of both parents are transmitted about equally, though the stronger naturally dominates the weaker. From these superficial qualities catching the unreflecting eye, an extensive generalisation is made which is proved to be incorrect by an analysis of individual cases. Thus in these two instances we find, on closer observation, that they owed little to their fathers, while in their remarkable mothers they could clearly trace their prototypes, both women being heroines of distinct types, the one capable of that severest test of all heroisms—a submissive acceptance of sorrow's yoke perfecting her soul through suffering, without which none can attain to the highest human development—the Nervana of being; the other destined to play her part in the strife of nations. In the life of Letitia Ramolini one can more certainly trace her part in her son's character than in the case of Mary Arden, for the one was a modern woman of whom everything is known, while the other belonged to those Elizabethan ages when woman was recognised as the correlative of man, not his counterpoise, and her influence was felt rather than expressed and allowed.

We are therefore constrained to imply rather than to say what were the traits of this sweet and noble woman. Besides, her life was passed in an obscure village in Warwickshire, rendered immortal since as the birth

and death place of William Shakespeare. Coming of the ancient and aristocratic house of Arden, she was by her father's will left sufficient money and estate to be considered a heiress, and was doubtless versed in all the accomplishments permitted to country ladies of the age—particularly in those domestic concerns which formed so important a part of the training then of girls of all degrees. She must also have been able to read and write, and perhaps was not unacquainted with French, though of that we have no proof, except the somewhat significant fact that, though the youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Arden, she was appointed by his will executrix and principal legatee. When in the heyday of her youth and beauty (for "Mary Arden was verie beautifulle") we can picture her pacing the green lanes of the "Garden of England" as she listened to the old, old story that is ever new, and plighted her troth to John Shakespeare, whom we can suppose a simple chivalrous fellow, careful as to his appearance and worthy of the mention in the municipal records of Stratford: "a gentleman of good figure and fashion," but from the internal evidence of negation in Shakespeare's life and works, not remarkable for anything else. For this accident of simplicity we cannot be too grateful, as had he possessed a more marked individuality it might have marred somewhat the crystal purity and exquisite sensitiveness that the great poet undoubtedly inherited from his mother.

She was twenty-four when he was born, and had already grieved bitterly over the loss of two baby daughters, Joan and Margaret, who died in early infancy. Chastened through the cleansing fires of sorrow she was fitted to transmit to her son her own beautiful characteristics of sweetness and light. The double sorrow, so hard to bear at the time, came to be fruitful of that earnestness of purpose and sympathy with humanity which combine to make us feel Shakespeare's kinship with us all. Around his babyhood, his youth, and his young manhood, his mother's cheerful loving nature spread flowrets of tenderness, of pathos, of single-hearted belief in ultimate good, and instilled into him that deep love of nature which is so strong in him; and though his wild exuberance of spirits may have paid small heed then, the seed sank deep, to germinate in after years, when rough contact with the world had taught him how precious were the graces of mind of his beautiful mother.

Letitia Ramolini was of a very different mould; we cannot imagine her ever as a *itly happy girl, full of* pranks and laughter. Always in her was paramount the intense Sicilian nature that was alternate sunshine and gloom. She is spoken of as the "fairest and most brilliant maiden in Corsica," and was married at sixteen to Carlo Bonaparte, then aged nineteen, newly returned from Pisa and Rome, where his education was carried out. He is described as "tall, handsome, learned, and accomplished," a fitting mate for Letitia, who "was distinguished for her eminent beauty, her great intelligence, and her indomitable energy." Their married life was involved in the turbulent events of the times, for Carlo Bonaparte was concerned in the rebellion against France; and during the civil discord and revolution that followed he was exposed to frequent perils, in which his wife shared, accompanying him on horseback in his expeditions. When the French army entered Corsica the principal Corsican families had to fly to the mountain fastnesses for safety, and endured many hardships in their enforced flight. These events took place in 1769, a few months before Napoleon was born, and there is little doubt that the courage and magnanimity with which his mother bore the privations, fatigues and dangers of the time, were powerful elements in forming the character of her extraordinary son. That he acknowledged how much of his greatness he owed to her indomitable will and powers of self-control under these trying prenatal circumstances is apparent from the tone of admiration and reverence with which he always spoke of her.

After her husband's death, when she was thirty-five, the whole care of a family of thirteen children devolved upon Madame Bonaparte, and so well did she perform that anxious trust amid the discord of revolution and insurrection, that Napoleon (an astute reader of character) says of her: "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Left without a guide or protector, she was obliged to assume the management of affairs, but the burden did not overcome her. She administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age or sex. Her tenderness was joined with severity; she punished, rewarded, all alike; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her. Losses, privations, fatigues had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. Ah, what a woman! where look for her equal?" In like manner Madame Junot and the Duchess d'Albrantes, her two intimate friends, each contribute their quota of admiration. "Left a widow at an early age," says the former, "in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the

energy of her character." "She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes the Corsicans," says the latter, "but with this quality she was habitually candid. Her soul beamed in her looks; and it was a soul full of the loftiest sentiments. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior; and at that period of which I speak she was very scrupulous in exacting from everybody what she considered her due. She was a good mother. They treated her with every respect, and shewed her assiduous attention."

In these slight records of a remarkable woman can we not trace the source of her son's career? His boyhood gave no promise of brillance, for though he always possessed a genius for hard work he was slow, backward, moody, solitary, and reflective; and for the first twenty-five years of his life grew down after the manner of all enduring natures. In those three qualities of moodiness, solitude, and reflection, are evidences of the phases through which his mother passed previous to his birth, in the reverses of the Corsican rebellion, when she saved dear life by flight to the almost inaccessible fastnesses of Monte Rotonde. In his unceasing energy, in his promptitude of action, in his sternness and lack of appreciation for the joyousness of life, we see Letitia Ramolini's dominating influence. In vain do we look for any trace of his father's dashing, débonnaire disposition; integrity, caution, and a love of the people marked his career as they had marked his mother's in a less degree before him.

Are not these all indications of a Divine law which elevates the whole of life were it engraven on our minds in those early plastic years when we "stand with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet?" It is not possible to consider life as a whole till it spreads out backwards; but it is quite possible for every mind to be prepared to consider it in detail, and so to train itself that each part may blend with or balance the other. That we are made up of a mass of inherited tendencies; that "try back" to remote ancestors is a sufficiently well-known and accepted fact. But the importance of what is called "initial heredity" is far more powerful a factor in the making or marring of unborn lives. To quote two works of Cooke: "This portion of the laws of hereditary descent turns upon the temporary mood, good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate, of parents when they become such." There is a form of heredity known as parental, where "good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate influences which have powerfully affected the mother as such are exhibited in good or bad results of the greatest importance in the life of the offspring," which, together with these other known causes places in our feminine hands a grave responsibility, making us equal with men by proving how necessary it is that our intelligence and reason should be developed to a similar point, if by different routes. Out of what stuff are heroes made? Surely not so often out of circumstances as out of mothers? Would that our girls just blooming into womanhood had more often instilled into them the sense of the solemn and beautiful responsibility placed in their hands! It is no question of mock sentimentality to be avoided as early as possible lest it mar freshness and innocence, but a beautiful trust Heaven sent to lift our lives out of the mire of self-indulgence up to a sense of the true nobility of life.

KITTY.

BY MRS. A. FORSYTH.

CHAPTER I.

A FAMILY BREAKFAST TABLE.

"B'TCHER-ER!"

The blue-coated butcher standing in the blazing sun that hot December morning uttered his weird cry with more than usual melancholy. The cry penetrated, though faintly, through doors, jealously closed to keep out the north wind, to the cool, dark room where the three Fitzgerald girls were breakfasting according to their Bohemian notions of comfort.

"B'TCHER-ER!"

Some moments after the cry had died away into silence, Lucy, the eldest of the trio, looked up from her share of the newspaper.

"Wasn't that the butcher?" she asked abstractedly, and receiving no reply went placidly back to her study of European politics as elucidated by a Melbourne leader *writer.*

"B'tcher-er!" shouted the butcher, resigned to his fate. He was well acquainted with the ways of the Fitzgerald household.

"Hadn't someone better go to the butcher?" said Nancy, briskly.

Nancy was nineteen, and the spoilt pet of the family. Invariably late for everything, she was on that particular morning breakfasting with some distaste on cold bacon, flabby toast and lukewarm coffee, while her share of literary enjoyments was restricted to the advertisement sheet of the daily newspaper.

"Suppose you go, Nancy!" said Lucy, laughing.

"Oh, I can't go!" replied that young lady. "I went yesterday; it's Kitty's turn. Kitty! it's your turn to go to the butcher."

But Kitty gave no sign of hearing. She had tilted back her chair from the table and absorbed in "Our London correspondent" presented an unmoved profile to her sisters. From an outsider's point of view it was a profile well worth looking at, for Kitty Fitzgerald was a very pretty girl.

At that moment the despairing cry of the boy outside their door again came plaintively to their ears. A feeling became general that something must be done, but the inclination on the part of each to send somebody else was still strongly evidenced.

"Oh, all right!" said Kitty, slowly bringing her chair back to its normal position. "Don't make a fuss. I'll go," and, still reading, she sauntered off.

"And Kitty, there's the postman!" called Nancy after her as she left the room.

"Only two letters, girls," she said on coming back, "one with a London postmark for Nancy, and a Sydney letter for me."

Nancy looked at the handwriting on the envelope, then tossed it contemptuously on the table.

"I am not going to read mine," she announced with decision. "It is from Lydia Farrell, and will consist of four sheets of *rechauffé* guide-book. In her last letter she told me she had visited Hampton Court,

that she had not time to describe the whole of it, but that the King's Great Staircase was forty-three feet long, thirty-five feet wide and forty feet high; that it was designed by Christopher Wren and finished about the year 1,700. Life is too short for that kind of thing. What's your letter about, Kitty?"

"It's from Cousin Nellie," said Kitty, dimpling and sparkling with pleasure. "She wants me to go with her for six weeks to the Blue Mountains. Of course," she went on, the dimples pressed out under the iron finger of conviction, "I can't go, but it was very nice of her to ask me."

"Nonsense!" said Lucy, decidedly. "You must go. It would be positively sinful to throw away a chance of a little fun after twelve months' hard work."

"My last quarter's salary is nearly gone," said Kitty dolefully, "and I have hardly a thing to wear."

"You must get a couple of muslin frocks, and you can have my Liberty silk as well as your own," said Lucy reflectively. "Go you shall, darling of our hearts," chimed in Nancy, "if I have to draw out that eighteen pence which has been the bane of the savings bank clerks for the last ten years"—and this family joke settled the matter.

"For Heaven's sake, girls," said Kitty suddenly, as half-an-hour later they were leaving the breakfast table, "if Dr. Schwarz comes in this afternoon, don't say a word about my going away. It would bring matters to a crisis, which is of all things what I want to avoid."

"Poor Dr. Schwarz!" said Nancy.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BELLE VUE HOTEL POST BAG.

1.—From Kitty to her Sisters.

DEAR GIRLS,—Here I am safely established in the Blue Mountains with Nelly and Nelly's maid, and Nelly's nine trunks, and her husband and her husband's friend Mr. Charles Alfred Victor Forbes, her brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Harrison, and the brother-in-law's wife. Mr. Frank Harrison is an enlarged edition of his brother Tom. He is two inches taller and three inches broader, and a good deal more silent. His blue eyes are rather bluer, and his curly hair a little curlier, and really I can't think of anything more to say about him, except that his good nature and his laziness are proverbs in the family. Mrs Frank Harrison is tall and stout, with splendid brown eyes and an imperial manner. We are all her slaves when we are near her, and the only way to escape her sway is to hide. I am hiding now. Ten minutes ago when I was making up my mind to write to you, Mr. Forbes brought me the appalling news that Mrs Frank Harrison was getting up an excursion, and that scouts were being sent out to beat up recruits. Mr. Forbes and I differ on many subjects; we are agreed upon one—we hate excursions. "Fancy, Miss Fitzgerald," says my rather plain guardian angel, "fifteen miles there and fifteen miles back in this blazing sun; and nothing to see, if we get there alive." Then he pulls his long moustache and looks at me dubiously, "and we'll have to go if Mrs Harrison catches us, you know." The end of it is we are hidden away in this little bit of a hollow lined with gum trees and thorn bushes and maidenhair. Mr. Forbes is smoking and keeping a look out for the enemy; I am writing with Mr. Forbes's lead pencil (is that apostrophe right?) Do you want to know what he is like? In the first place I must tell you that he came up in the "Nanki-Pooh." After I had strained my eyes to the utmost for a final glimpse of Jim and my umbrella, which he forgot to give me at the last moment, I looked round for a seat. Every bench near me was full, so I sat down on my portmanteau and began to make studies of the people round about. Presently Captain Smith came up and asked leave to introduce me to Mr. Forbes, of Sydney. "Mrs. Harrison telegraphed to tell me that her cousin was coming up and asked me to look after her," said Mr. Forbes as he made his bow. "I have been watching all the girls as they came on board, and wondering which was my especial fate. I was fearfully cut up for a while when I saw that one coming up the gangway. It would have been just my luck if she had been you." And really, my dears, if I had been she there would have been excuse for gloom. Strong-minded and bilious, eye-glasses and Darwin; you know the sort of girl! Before the end of the first five minutes he managed to convey to me pretty clearly that he was charmed with the lot the Fates had bestowed on him on this occasion; I put it down to my new travelling cap. Now I am going to describe him. Disabuse your minds at once of any impression that because I am writing all this there is really anything to say about him. He is, as far as I can gather from an acquaintance of ten days, three of which we spent together on the "Nanki-Pooh," wholly destitute of any ideas outside the material world of girls, horses and dogs, and their appurtenances. He has fifteen dogs,

all of whom have won prizes or medals or something at races and shows. I know all their names, which I forbear to inflict on you, their sizes, shapes and colors. They are one of our staples of conversation, and are generally introduced in a light off-hand manner such as: "Wouldn't mind betting anything you like, Miss Fitzgerald, that you have forgotten all those names I told you yesterday." Then we have a rehearsal; he is prompter, I am leading lady, and Nelly, audience. Nelly disgraced herself yesterday by going into fits of laughter half-way through the performance without sufficient apparent cause. I kept my gravity so well that it made her laugh more, and I hope Mr. Forbes put it down to hysteria induced by extreme heat. To conclude this unconscionably long description: he is five feet seven when standing in his beautifully-varnished shoes, has very white hands and an indescribable nose, no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, a lovely house with a water frontage at Darling Point, and £8,000 a year. These factors are a great help to me in my endeavors to amuse him. It is a moral support to know that I am on terms of friendship with a water frontage and £8,000 a year. He has been away for the last few minutes and has come back with the news that the party of pleasure-seekers has started, leaving a message that we are to follow when we return from our ramble. Mr. Forbes suggests that when I have *quite* finished my letter we shall go back to the deserted hotel and have a game of chess. He is teaching me chess. His lordship looks as if time were hanging rather heavily on his hands, so I shall go. Yours to all time,—KITTY.

"Then he pulls his long moustache and looks at me dubiously, 'and we'll have to go if Mrs. Harrison catches us, you know.'"

I forgot to tell you that I left £3 in a purse in my green dress pocket, so if the butcher calls again give it to him as a sop. Has Dr. Schwarz called since I left?

* * * * *

2.—From Mrs. Frank Harrison to her sister.

The weather here is delightful, and the scenery of course, lovely, and all that sort of thing, but the people bore me to death. The only strangers in our own party are a cousin of Nellie Harrison's and young Forbes, whom Nellie has invited up here for the cousin. I am doing my best to spoil Nellie's scheme from the purest benevolence. The

novelty of doing a thing from benevolent motives is the only filip of excitement in the whole affair. I am bound to say that I see utter failure staring me in the face. They will be awfully wretched. The man is an abominably wealthy little cad, and the girl will sell herself for his money, and repent herself of the bargain for ever after. If the match comes off the third year will see it end in—separation or worse.

* * * * *

3.—Mr. Charles Forbes to his cousin Fred.

You can laugh if you like, but, by Jove! it's a case with me this time. I'm most awfully mashed on her. It isn't only her looks, though she's a regular little daisy, but there's something about her that regularly knocks me. It isn't only me. All the fellows up here are gone on her—Mrs. Frank Harrison is rather out of it—but I think I stand the best show, anyhow I mean to make a big try for her.

* * * * *

CHAPTER III.

SCRAPS.

"Who is this young Forbes, Kitty?"

"A friend of the Harrisons', father. I met him in Sydney."

"A sensible young fellow, apparently. I like him very well. Has he any standing in Sydney; is he well-known there?"

"He has £8,000 a year, and is quoted considerably above par in the matrimonial market, I believe."

"I dislike extremely your flippant, unladylike manner of expressing yourself occasionally, Katharine. Oblige me by not indulging your talent for smartness in my presence. Mr. Forbes is a young man whom I am convinced I shall like on further acquaintance. It must be dull for him in Melbourne. Let him understand he is welcome here. Can you see who has just rung?"

"I am not quite sure, father, but I think from the length of his shadow it must be Dr. Schwarz."

"A man I detest. Make him my apologies, and say I am prostrated to-day with a nervous headache."

* * * * *

"Who is this fellow, Forbes, Miss Kitty?"

"A friend of the Harrisons', I met him in Sydney."

"Detestable young cad, isn't he? You must find him a fearful bore, don't you? He seems to be always here."

"He has *been here pretty* often, lately. He seems to have chosen your days for calling."

"That's rather unkind, Miss Kitty. I have known you so long—two, three years, isn't it?"

"I never had any head for dates. But don't let us waste time over Mr. Forbes. What have you been doing since you were here yesterday afternoon? If you make yourself particularly interesting and agreeable you shall be asked to tea and tennis and talk. Will you stop?"

* * * * *

"Who's the new beau, Kitty?"

"A friend of the Harrisons'. I met him in Sydney."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"What should I do with him?"

"Marry him by all means; £8,000 a year isn't to be picked up every day. I should like a fellow like him uncommonly well for a brother-in-law."

"Doesn't it strike you, Bryan, dear boy, that you are going a little too fast. How do you know he would marry me?"

"Rather thin, Kitty, my dear. You can't take in your wide-awake brother like that. However, you know your own plans best. I shan't interfere. Can you lend me five shillings, Kitty—the advice alone is worth that.

* * * * *

"Kitty, my dear little sister!"

"Lucy, you are going to be disagreeable. I know you are."

"Send him away, Kitty, and put a stop to it."

"I have sent him away, oh! my Mentor, but he won't go."

"Send him away again, Kitty, and do it thoroughly this time. Make him understand that you really mean it."

"I did mean it, but you must see that I cannot re-open the subject, and besides, why should I?"

"You don't love him, Kitty, do you? You don't even respect him, how could you? an empty-headed frivolous boy like that!"

"Boy indeed! I can fancy his wrath. Seven-and-twenty last month."

"Compare him with Dr. Schwarz."

"Impossible! You cannot compare a pigmy to a giant."

"I do not see how you can even hesitate a moment, Kitty."

"Dr. Schwarz has never asked me to marry him; I daresay he never will."

"He is too proud to compete with Mr. Forbes. Take care, Kitty, you may spoil your whole life."

"Well, I don't care! I'm sure Charlie Forbes is very good-tempered, and that's more than Dr. Schwarz is. And besides, 'The Girls' Own Paper' advises girls not to marry foreigners, and I am sure it ought to know."

"You will have to decide between them this evening. Dr. Schwarz spoke to me yesterday. He asked me to make an opportunity for him to speak to you to-night. He says you have avoided him persistently lately, and he does not mean to be trifled with."

"Lucy, you have fulfilled my prediction! You have been uncommonly disagreeable."

* * * * *

"Kitty Fitzgerald! Are you going to marry that Charlie Forbes?"

"Nancy Fitzgerald! I am."

"Well, I am disgusted. You are doing a very mean thing. You are throwing over a man whose boots Charlie Forbes might think it an honor to blacken."

"When excited, Nancy dear, the Irish love of rhetoric comes out strong in you."

"You needn't try to make me angry, Kitty. I am too sorry to be angry."

"Why are you sorry, Nancy? I shall have lots of money and fun, and really Mr. Forbes isn't bad. He is a little wearying at times, I will allow, and he hasn't much originality, but he's good-natured and will give me everything I want."

"And you are going to sacrifice your whole life for highly superior board and lodging and a liberal allowance of pocket-money, Kitty?"

"The depth of reproach conveyed in that last remark goes far to convince me that you are thrown away in private life. The stage is undoubtedly your vocation."

"Kitty! reflect for a moment. Just think of the colossal dulness of your lot in life. Charlie Forbes for tennis and afternoon tea once a week is not bad fun; twice a week we think is a little tiresome; but Charlie Forbes for breakfast, dinner and tea every day for twenty or thirty years! Oh, Kitty, it is terrible!"

"Let us hope, Nancy dear, that I shall die young. Thirty years does seem rather long for a *tête-à-tête*."

"I don't think Lucy and Jim will find it tedious."

"Lucy will make a charming Joan, but I don't think I could play the rôle at all."

"Not to Charlie Forbes' Darby at any rate."

"What an unreasonable dislike you have *taken to the young man*. It's very hard on *a poor girl who is marrying* for money to have her family turn against her like this. In any novel I ever read it's all the other way round."

"You own then you are marrying for money?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I must. It seems to me that it is all the young men of the present day have to offer a girl. They have seldom any brains, they have little good feeling and total lack of veneration for anything worth venerating; so, if they haven't money, what is a girl to marry for?"

"She needn't marry at all."

"And be a governess all her life. No, thank you, Nancy. Better £8,000 a year even with a fly in the honey than £80 a year and no honey at all."

"Marry Dr. Schwarz!"

"£500 a year and a jealous husband, a house in a terrace and one servant Nancy, I am tired of it all. I hate having to think of the butcher and the baker, and can I afford a new dress this quarter? I respect and admire Dr. Schwarz now, but I believe that a few years' genteel poverty together would make me detest the Chevalier Bayard himself. It's no use to talk, Nancy, I have made up my mind. I have promised to marry Charlie Forbes, and I shall!"

CHAPTER IV.

THREE YEARS' AFTER.—DARBY AND JOAN.

The breakfast room in Mr. Forbes' well appointed house at Darling Point was an elegant apartment. From the long windows, one cool bright morning, a wonderful view of wooded cliffs and sparkling sea and sunny sky proclaimed Nature to be in her most captivating winter mood. The sunshine of the outer world was by no means reflected in the faces of the two people who sat at breakfast in the pretty, cheerful room. From behind the rustling sheets of his newspaper Mr. Forbes occasionally cast a savage glance at his unconscious wife, who sat lost in thought and gazing abstractedly out of the window with an aggravating disregard of his empty cup and his gathering ill humor.

"Kitty!" he said presently.

"Well!" she answered absently.

"Well, what do you mean by 'well?'" he demanded irritably, and his wife became aware that a storm was brewing. "You might give a fellow a civil answer, if he is your unfortunate husband."

"Don't let us quarrel, Charlie. I'm sick of quarrelling."

"Why don't you treat me differently then?

No fellow would have his wife to look at him like a toad."

"I never looked at a toad in my life, Charlie. I don't believe there are such things in Australia. Don't be cross, dear, what did you want me for?"

"I met Schwarz in town yesterday and asked him to dinner to-night."

"Again! He is always here."

"Can't make out what you've got such a down on him for. Capital fellow, Schwarz."

"When is he going to sail?"

"Oh, didn't he tell you? He's changed his mind since he came to Sydney. Likes the climate and all that you know, better than Victoria. He was a bit unsettled at first you know, when he got the news of his windfall, and thought he would do the Grand Tour and all that, but he thinks he'll wait now till next autumn."

"I don't think that money got in that way will ever be much good to anyone."

"Can't say. Never won money on a race in my life, except a couple of hundreds one year at the 'Cup.' But Schwarz is a steady old chap. He'll never do much harm with his money."

"What do you know about him? I wish you'd drop him, Charlie; I am afraid of his influence—over you."

"Over me! What do you mean? I am not a fool or a child to be influenced by anyone. No, I can tell you, Kitty, if you think I am easily led, you are quite out of it. I have great strength of character."

"All right, Charlie. I didn't mean anything."

"In fact, Kitty, now I come to think of it, it's quite the other way round. Schwarz thinks a great deal of my opinion."

"He thinks a great deal of your cook, at all events. This is the third time he has dined here in the last fortnight."

"I suppose I can ask any fellow I like to dinner in my own house?"

"It's a glorious day, Charlie; suppose we get out the boat and take a cruise round."

"Not me. I'm off to Randwick for the day. Just tell what's-her-name to put me up some lunch Shan't be back till pretty late, so if Schwarz comes in early you'll have to do the civil. Don't leave him cooling his heels while you put on some extra frizzes, like you did last time I was out."

"'Don't let us quarrel, Charlie. I'm sick of quarrelling.'"

* * * * *

"And this is your final decision?"

"It could be no other."

"It is very hard."

"It will be easier if you go away."

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, why did you marry him?"

"Don't, don't! I have chosen my own path; it must never cross yours again."

"To-night then, we part for ever!"

"For ever!"

THE END.

BACK BLOCK PICTURES.

BY J. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

I.—THE BUSH HOTEL.

N every country under the sun, probably, hostelries have been classified. In the United Kingdom, for instance, there are hotels, inns, and public-houses, distinguished in a more or less degree by the character of their accommodation, the scale of their charges, and the brands of their liquors. The wayside inn of the old coaching days, up to which the stage, drawn by its team of gallant greys, dashed with remarkable haste, was an institution which has been almost completely blotted out of existence by the advance of the iron-horse; and it is only in younger countries, not yet tapped through and through by railroads, and in districts far away in the interior of these countries, that such houses are still to be found. In Spain there is the *fonda* (identical with the British hotel of the first order of merit), the *pisoda* (or inn), and the *reuta* (or drinking-saloon pure and simple); whilst in Switzerland, Germany, and Russia, and in every other continental country, as well as throughout the whole length and breadth of Australia, the self-same system of classification prevails. In Sydney, for instance, one sees a noble pile, occupying the corner of two busy thoroughfares—erected for the accommodation of whosoever cares to take advantage of its convenience—looking down in its majesty upon, and dwarfing into complete insignificance, the miserable drinking-saloon a score of paces away. There are hotels and hotels in our capitals just as there are in every great city in the world; and there are vile dens by the dozen there, too, the removal of which would certainly prove advantageous to the community at large. But for vile, detestably dirty and wofully uncomfortable grog-shops, commend me to the great majority of those which abound along the mail-coach routes of Australia. Here the traveller finds the term "public-house" more suitable than any other that could be desired for application to the places with which he is brought into direct contact. It is positively impossible to find good accommodation in most of such houses, for the energy of "mine host of the Travellers' Rest," and also that of his spouse appears to be almost exclusively devoted to the occupation of serving out, to swagmen and shearers, the vilest liquors capable of being distilled in any part of the Universe.

Those who have read Sala's "Journey Due North," will probably recollect the account given of the dreadful sensation he experienced after partaking of his first glass of the beverage called rodka at a drinking shop in Central Russia; and one who has partaken of the potions served out by the average back-block publican can well understand the horrible effect this particular drink has upon a hitherto uninitiated imbiber.

It is just dusk, and as the stage-coach rattles up to the "shanty" door, after rumbling for hours across the dusty plain, the solitary passenger on the box alights as quickly as his cramped-up limbs will allow him, and mentally invites himself to take a refreshing drink before sitting down to the repast which he (poor unsophisticated stranger) naturally concludes will be laid for any belated wanderer. The bar is dimly lighted by a solitary tallow candle, the stick in which it is set being laid upon the end of an upturned beer barrel behind the bar. The atmosphere is thick with tobacco smoke, and a musty smell, arising Heaven knows whence, forces itself upon the unwilling nostrils of the intruder. As far as can be seen in the dim, uncertain light, the shelves at the back of the counter wofully need replenishing; empty bottles are more numerous than full ones, and there are gaps every here and there which indicate the necessity for a complete overhaul and a gigantic order to the spirit merchant. The walls are bare, and the heat of the summer sun has so warped the weather-boards of which they are composed that every here and there an "intermission" is observable, through which the wind whistles and the dust drives every now and again. There is no atttempt at decoration, no pictures of famous pugilists, no cuts of equine wonders from the illustrated weeklies, no fashion plates pasted over the wall for the dual object of closing the beforementioned apertures and relieving the blank and bold appearance of the apartment. The glasses are of the old-fashioned order, thick and heavy, and more than that,

unclean and uninviting. To the average drinker nothing is more calculated to inspire a want of confidence in the character of a house, and of the liquors which its landlord dispenses, than the fact that these antiquated square-bottomed glasses are utilised. Given a light, delicately finished tumbler, and one may at times drink from it liquor a long way short of being pure and unadulterated, and yet smack one's lips and think of it as nectar. A broken mouthed jug, filled with a discolored liquid which passes for water, and a weather-beaten clock, which evidently stopped at twenty minutes past two some years ago, and which rejoices in the possession of but one hand. These are the only other articles which meet the inquisitive eye.

But wait! Leaning with his elbows on one corner of the bar, and with his hands under his chin, is the publican himself. A rough, unkempt, blear-eyed personage he proves to be, and one who, judging by appearances, has evidently been one of his own best customers during the day. He is dressed in the ordinary back-block garments, store-made suit, soft felt hat, blucher boots, and he wears bushy and uncombed whiskers of a fiery color, which have encroached to such an extent over his countenance as to leave visible nothing but a red, bulbous nose and a pair of blood-shot, fishy-looking eyes. He has evidently been dozing, or perhaps thinking, though the rather muddled condition into which he appears to have drunk himself rather precludes the possibility of his indulgence in this latter occupation. At the sound of footsteps he slightly rouses himself, and with a thickness of speech worthy of the most inveterate toper in the land he utters the salutation, "Good day, boss, what are you goin' to have?" There was little necessity to ask this question, as the sequel will show, but perhaps that "custom which makes slaves of us all" rendered it imperative that mine host should resort to the old stereotyped interrogation in default of having anything more interesting to say. Port wine he had not, the schnapps had just run out, British ale was simply impossible, and brandy was expected on the morrow.

"Well, what *have* you in the house?" was the rather impatient query of the famished customer.

"I've some very good colonial beer and rum," returned the proprietor in a half apologetic strain. And a most detestable mixture the rum certainly proved to be, notwithstanding the recommendation of the landlord. Rum is the natural beverage in the back country, and *even the most inferior* brand is accounted quite good enough for the average patrons of such establishments—the unsophisticated shearer and the unsuspicious stockman. It produces intoxication to the imbiber and about a hundred per cent. profit to the retailer, and thus the aims of both "lamber" and "lambed-down" are fulfilled. It is related, as a means of demonstrating the limited supply and inferior class of liquors kept in stock at bush "pubs.," that on one occasion a traveller in the north called for pale brandy at a "shanty" bar, and was supplied with a devilish compound which he at once verbally pronounced to contain kerosene. "Hush," said the proprietor, holding up a grimy finger warningly, "don't speak so loud. Why, they're drinking 'Farmers' Friend' in the next room, and smacking their lips over it, too!"

But to the subject. The rum had just been negotiated when our traveller became aware of the presence of a rather curious looking specimen of humanity, who had up to that time religiously kept himself in the background. The jingle of glasses and the prospect of a drink induced him to disclose his whereabouts. He was seated in a corner on a long, roughly-hewn stool, and on closer inspection resolved himself into a grizzled old man, clad in the moleskin pants, crimean shirt, felt hat, and blucher boots peculiar to those toilers who, so the saying goes, "earn their money like horses and spend it like asses." The clouds of smoke which fairly rendered him invisible before, were being puffed from a little dirty clay pipe held in position by a pair of jaws on which there was a growth of stubble of about six weeks' standing—a growth which gave the aforesaid jaws much the same appearance as that presented by a pair of scrubbing brushes with the bristled sides outwards. At his side was a pewter pot, and ever and anon he drew the pipe from his mouth, and following the example of Mrs. Jarley's factotum, George, took so scientific a pull at the pewter that by degrees, almost imperceptible to the sight, his head went further and further back, until he lay nearly at his length on the stool. Here indeed was the proverbial shearer. I have met this same man or his apparition in well-nigh every bush public-house in the country. He is a most curious specimen of the human species, and he lies with such infinite tact. He can speak upon any and every topic broached, knows when, where, and under what circumstances a certain most improbable incident mentioned took place, and is intimate with the actors therein; in fact he was there at the time. He is always engaged in

the, to him, pleasant occupation of drinking, but is never too far gone to refuse a "shout." He can imbibe more colonial beer and remain sober than ninety-nine out of every hundred ordinary mortals, and he possesses the same proverbial peculiarities and mannerisms, sniffs the same threadbare sniff, tells the same impossible stories, and renders himself alternately as amusing and as obnoxious as his prototype in other parts of the country.

By the time the stranger had made himself thoroughly aware of the immediate proximity of this particular type of back-country character—for he had during the survey shambled up and breasted the bar—the publican had already got the rum bottle down from its shelf in anticipation of a shout, and as he filled out a glass for each he kept his eye upon the traveller and passed a few remarks upon such inexhaustible topics as the weather, the dulness of trade, &c. Having received payment for the drinks he again lapsed into the state of coma in which he was discovered but a short time before. Meanwhile the shearer's tongue, being oiled, ran on at the rate of twenty to the dozen, until his verbosity, and a certain void which existed beneath his vest, induced our friend to leave the bar and explore that portion of the house set apart for domestic purposes. But if there was a lack of comfort and cleanliness in the former place it was far more conspicuous elsewhere. Tea was over, and the hostess, "fair, fat and forty," sat in a ricketty chair close by, whilst a red-headed domestic stood with her arms akimbo in the doorway leading to another apartment. The floor was bare and dusty; the furniture had evidently been in the wars, for a leg was missing here and a back broken there; a picture or two were suspended in a slovenly manner from the walls, from which great slices of paper had been half torn and left to flap themselves to tatters with every gust of the wintry wind; the table had only been partially cleared, and the remnants of the feast were anything but inviting, comprising, as they did, a few scraggy pieces of home-baked bread and the lesser part of a rice pudding. However, "needs must when the devil drives," and as in this particular case the vacuum must be filled, the stranger sat down to refresh the inner man. The housewife, assisted by the girl with the golden hair, in the meantime laid themselves out to cook a damper, and having duly prepared the dough it was set down in the ashes to bake. Then the old shearer tripped in and with him a stockman and a travelling peddler, and the *night being cold they sat* beside the fireside and smoked away with great gusto and determination, quietly expectorating from time to time on the very spot where the damper lay concealed, much to the disgust and discomfiture of the unwilling observer. Tea over, a survey of the outer premises revealed the fact that the publican was not only a publican, but was the local butcher, the postmaster, the baker, and a Justice of the Peace to boot. On a fence quite adjacent to the house a score or so of sheepskins were strung, and a hogshead of eau-de-Cologne would scarcely have deadened the effluvia emanating from them, whilst one glance at the kitchen was sufficient to quell any desire on the part of an inquisitive being to explore its interior. The tousled native before alluded to flitted hither and thither, and made a great show of cleaning up, but her exertions in this direction always appeared to be completely wasted, and apparently recognising this fact herself she, after awhile, accepted the inevitable and sat down to snooze the afternoon away in a chair beside the fire.

As night advanced, and it was about time for retiring, high words were heard in the bar, and a closer examination revealed the fact that the shearer, who appeared intoxicated enough for anything full two hours before, was discovered dancing round the room like a maniac, whilst the publican, not much better as far as sobriety was concerned, but certainly less demonstrative, was endeavoring to quell the disturbance by uttering threats from his place behind the bar. It subsequently appeared that the shearer—who bore the rather quaint cognomen of Tommy Trotters, but who was more familiarly known as "Boozer," probably in consequence of his partiality to anything in the shape of intoxicants—had arrived a few days before with a cheque of large proportions, and this, with the assistance of mine host, he was endeavoring to knock down as speedily and as satisfactorily as possible. At last, after dancing round the room to the unearthly music of his own voice and to the edification of a half-dozen, bushy-whiskered, open-countenanced bucolics, who ranged themselves in front of the doorway, "Boozer" became so noisy that effective measures had to be adopted to bring him to his senses. It was in vain that mine host shouted:

"If you aint blank quiet, Tommy, I'll bundle you into the dead-house in about two-twos."

"Boozer" continued his course through the room, breaking a pane of glass here, knocking the stool over there, until at last the patience of the publican was exhausted,

and laying hold of the inebriated shearer, he partly carried, partly dragged that struggling individual away to the rear of the establishment, opened the door of a structure which looked like a log watch-house, and bundled the kicking, swearing, howling lump of humanity into it, where he lay full stretch upon a heap of straw, strewn over the whole width of the place. This was what is called the "dead-house," and it is an institution which proves to be one of the necessary adjuncts of every lambing-down establishment. A man comes in with a cheque, and he requires a little coddling in order that he may not drink himself to death all at once, and thus render mine host censurable and answerable to the authorities. Not that it matters, you know, as far as the drinker himself is concerned—for a shearer more or less would not be missed—but a publican desires to retain his good reputation, and not be drawn into trouble over such a trifle as all that. The use of the "dead-house," then, must be plain. When the shearer becomes noisy, or has as much rum on board as he can comfortably carry, he is bundled into the pen in question, and locked up until he recovers. He is then released and allowed a drink or two at intervals until the fit of the "blues" which attacked him has fairly passed over, when he re-commences to imbibe with renewed vigor, until the condition from which he was previously rescued is again attained; the self-same course of treatment is then once more adopted. If he possesses a substantial cheque he will probably be a frequent inmate of the "dead-house," and the chances are that someone else, with the publican, will carouse on grog purchased with his money whilst he is sleeping off the effects of his frequent potations; if the cheque be small, and the owner sensible, he will keep "tally" and know exactly, at the close of each day, how much cash still remains to his credit in the publican's hands. When it has been completely worked out friend shearer is acquainted with the fact, and a friendly hint is thrown him to the effect that his "boss" is waiting for him out at the station. If he still continues to hang round the shanty after this friendly hint has been vouchsafed him it is uttered in more forcible language, and eventually, should that not have the desired effect, the shearer invariably finds himself landed out in the gutter, with a bottle of rum in his hand, his swag by his side, and the publican pointing out in a significant way the direction he must take to get back to the shed. It is needless to say that he generally accepts the inevitable, and the hotel knows him no more until he arrives upon its threshhold some months afterwards with another cheque to liquidate.

The dingy bar is cleared and "to bed" is the order of the night. Of the sleeping apartment the less said the better. To say that the traveller slept comfortably and without being disturbed, would be to utter a base fabrication, for the morning had not broken when two intoxicated individuals burst into the room and fell flop upon the awakened occupant, each laboring under the impression that the room was his and that the stranger had poached on his preserves. The result was that he had to rise and leave the pair to fight between themselves for possession, or agree to settle their differences by halving its accommodation. It is currently believed that in each of these back-block wayside houses there is what is termed "the state bed,' kept almost exclusively for distinguished visitors, but no one that ever I came into contact with could give more definite information on this point than that such a resting place is commonly supposed to exist somewhere about the establishment. Perhaps it exists merely in the diseased imaginations of those who have partaken too freely of the landlord's liquor; but if it really is an accomplished fact, its location is so completely shrouded in mystery that I question whether even the proprietor himself, in his usual state of chronic intoxication, could at a moment's notice disclose its whereabouts.

The coach at last wheeled up to the door; the driver cracked his whip, whilst the red-headed damsel from the kitchen, with her gravy-stained apron and broken boots, stood on the verandah and smiled kindly on him; the publican lumbered out from his resting place behind the counter; the solitary traveller mounted the box, and jehu threw a rug over his knees, preparatory to making a start; just then, out rushed the drunken shearer of the night before, liberated but a moment or two ago from his place of confinement, and as the coach rumbled away he nodded familiarly to our travelling friend and vouchsafed the remark, "I'll see you again, one of these days, boss!"

But the information was totally unnecessary: once meet this individual and his form follows the unfortunate beholder as a nightmare, leaving him only when his eyes close in death. Even then there is no guarantee that he will not again meet him whilst proceeding to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," and see him, as of old,

quaffing his favorite potion from a pewter pot.

This is no fanciful picture, but one which may be viewed by the average man who travels through the back country with his eyes open. I do not say that all back country hotels are of the same character as that pictured above—far from it. For there are many of them which prove really comfortable and respectable houses, where every requirement of the traveller—in the shape of good accommodation and a superior table, with kind and considerate folk to do the amiable—is met quite as well, under the circumstances, as it would be in the city itself.

AFTER THE STORM.

MY nurse is pensive :
On rainy days she comes to me when
Sol's warm rays
Are clouded o'er ;
When nature seems to weep
And her sad eyes to steep
In wretched rainness,—
When trees do drip
And all the winged world betakes itself away

Save some bespattered magpie,
Winging its heavy flight
Among the burdened branches.
Then doth my nurse come wooingly to me,
Beguiles the weary hours with her sad voice,
And whispers words of soothing to my ear
In language most melodious and choice.

The trees that drip in silence seem to moan ;
The spirit of my nurse has entered them.
Their sadness answers mine—we are akin—
Their sighing is the echo of my own.

The only thing in discord with the scene—
The foaming rivulet that rushes on,
Swoll'n by hot tears that chase each other down
The furrowed cheek of nature ere the calm—
That calm of moody and of cloudy silence
Which brings my nurse to minister to me—
Tells of the storm of passion that is past
And whispers gently in the swaying tree.

J. WALKER JOHNSTON.

A SOCIAL STUDY—CARING FOR NOBODY.

BY ERNEST MARTYN.

THE man who boasts that he cares for nobody and wants nobody to care for him is liable to be regarded as a churl. Such a judgment, though it might be correct enough, as a rule, would, however, be exceedingly harsh in some instances. Sometimes mere exhilaration is sufficient to produce a feeling of absolute independence. When anyone believes he has drawn a prize in the lottery of life, and having obtained the dearest wish of his heart on which his thoughts have long been concentrated, rejoices in a sense of possession other things and other people pass out of his calculation. For the time being at least he lives in a world of his own, and what is outside of it matters but little to him. Under such circumstances his sentiments are pretty accurately expressed in a stanza of one of Robert Burns' ballads:

I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody cares for me
I'll care for naebody.

There is nothing churlish in such a resolution, whatever may be said of its wisdom or practicability. What suspicion of selfishness there is about it is more in appearance than in reality. Whoever carries so light a heart is in little danger of self-isolation, for the very cheerfulness he radiates wherever he goes is attractive. Hence there is scarcely any risk of his being the victim of social ostracism, and the determination he professes to have formed rests on an extremely unlikely contingency. Such is the case also with the jovial character whom Isaac Bickerstaff, a contemporary of Burns, has immortalised:

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night;
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:—
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

It must be confessed, however, that such cheery brightness as this does not usually characterise those who avowedly care for nobody. The chances are that anyone who has arrived at that stage is not capable of much melody of any sort. Possibly he has been disappointed and soured by failure or misfortune, and there is very little music in his soul. It is a pitiable thing when such is the result of long struggling with adverse circumstances, and yet it is not a very uncommon experience. Here and there a person is to be met with who strikingly resembles a stranded hulk—one of the most melancholy objects in creation. Once it seemed an embodiment of power and cleft the waters like a thing of life, but now it is the very image of desolation. Smitten by tempests, or riven by jagged rocks, its tapering masts hanging over the shattered bulwarks, a tangle of rusty chains keeping up a harsh accompaniment to the sobbing of the tide as it sways to and fro in its muddy bed, it is a neglected derelict, only waiting to be broken to pieces. Its human prototype may have had a very similar history. At starting he was the centre of an admiring circle, and occupied an important position. His connections were numerous, and for a time he had a prosperous career. For some reason the promise of those days was unfulfilled, and one disaster has succeeded another till his capability of resistance is gone. He has drifted away from those who knew him in former times, or they have drifted away from him, till now he feels himself to be uncared for and alone. Apathy has succeeded to dejection, and the prevailing mood of his mind is one of dull despair. Somehow he has got out of the current, and looks on it with lack-lustre eyes from which the brightness of hope has fled. There is, perhaps, a gnawing resentment at his heart that infuses a degree of bitterness into the tone in which he says "if nobody cares for me I'll care for nobody."

Whether this be a case for censure or not, it is certainly one for sympathy. The misanthrope is a very unlovely character, and one for which it is not easy to get up a large amount of interest, but at the same time it is one to inspire regret. Contact with one's fellow creatures and active participation in their concerns, not only open avenues of pleasureable feeling, but also stimulates whatever is

worthiest and best. To be cut off from such contact, whether wilfully or by default, is both a deprivation and an injury. It is very likely to involve the loss of self-respect as well as that of much besides which ought to be jealously guarded, and thus to render downward progress almost inevitable. Moreover, such a state of mind acts and re-acts most prejudicially. Few things are more repellent than the nursing of a grievance against one's fellows, and the morbid self-seclusion that it develops. Such a temper, when exhibited, renders it extremely difficult for any one, however kindly disposed, to make the friendly advances that are prompted by good nature, and therefore the help that is so sorely needed is not forthcoming. Within his barrier of moroseness the man who professes he doesn't care for anybody may very likely be eating his heart with longing for the grasp of a kindly hand, which, if he only knew it, is waiting to be stretched out to him all the while. The situation is deplorable enough, account for it how we may.

Very different from this is the attitude of another class of persons who boldly, and perhaps haughtily, declare their intention of being perfectly independent. They seem to chafe against the restrictions on their freedom of action that are imposed by the usages of society. They cannot see why they may not go their own way without interference or comment. It sometimes seems as though they regarded everything of the kind as an impertinence that ought to be resented. They are not going to be the slaves of fashion or the followers of Mrs. Grundy. They have chosen their own line and mean to stick to it, paying no attention to what anyone else may think or say. Ideas of duty and obligation seem to produce no other effect than to set up an abnormal amount of irritation, and claims which are generally recognised as perfectly valid are entirely repudiated. The right of every man to be a law to himself is taken without question, and without any thought of what would happen were it to become anything like a universal practice. Behind all this there may be a measure of conceit that is ridiculous, or ambition that has chosen an extraordinary method for its gratification. Probably the man who assumes the position thinks he shows a spirit of sturdy self-reliance, and in stating his views that he is uttering manly sentiments. He is, however, just as wide of the mark as the Laputan architect, who contrived a new method for building houses by beginning at the roof and *continuing the walls* down to the ground. His boasted mission is the merest folly, his conduct childishness, and his self-isolation just as impracticable as that other Laputan device for extracting sunshine out of cucumbers.

Whatever anyone may say about his willingness to let the world go on its own way and his purpose of keeping aloof from all concern in its affairs, the simple fact is that while we live in it we cannot do anything of the kind. All protestations of indifference, notwithstanding, we are units in the multitude and atoms in the mass in spite of ourselves. The force that unites us is as universal as that of gravitation, and must as certainly be reckoned with. Even the jolly miller of whom Bickerstaff wrote was dependent on others to bring grist to his mill, and the very nature of his occupation rendered the literal fulfilment of his song an impossibility. A hermit or an anchorite, according to the commonly received ideal, who kept body and soul together on roots and water and made his home in some hidden cave might perhaps manage it, but if all tales be true, even they had a good deal more to do with the outside world than is generally supposed. Remoteness and obscurity have surrounded such characters with a romantic haze into which it is just as well, perhaps, not to penetrate. As a class they are extinct, and if any person were to take up their rôle in these times he would find it an extremely difficult part to play. Assuredly he could hardly hit upon a better plan of acquiring both notoriety and publicity.

The truth of the case is that caring for others, in the sense not only of sharing their sorrows and being interested in their concerns, but also in that of being guided by their movements and affected by their criticisms is a law of human life, and one that cannot be broken or got rid of. Whether it is admitted or denied, the fact is still the same. The world is a great co-operative society, of which every human being is a member, and unlike some other associations, withdrawal from it is not optional. It has its larger and its narrower aspects. Capital must co-operate with labor for its reproductiveness, and labor with capital for its remuneration. The consumer has to depend on the producer for the supply of his wants, and the producer on the consumer for the demand that is essential that he may profitably carry on his business. We may divide and subdivide *ad infinitum*, but we can never get a class of people who are absolutely self-contained and self-sufficient so that they can do without being in touch with all the rest, far less an individual of whom that may

be said to be discovered. The descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty," who made their home on Pitcairn Island, seem, in some respects, to have come pretty near to fulfilling the requisite conditions for a good while, but it did not last. Local circumstances of that kind, indeed, seem to have had the opposite effect. Robinson Crusoe did not find the charms of solitude, even though dwelling in a terrestrial paradise, to be satisfactory, and William Buckley, who escaped from Collins' expedition in 1803, and lived among Australian blacks for 32 years, had anything but a happy life. Crusoe, from the sheer necessity of having some kind of companionship, was forced to make associates of his cats and parrot, until his man Friday came on the scene; and Buckley, for all his six feet five inches, was reduced to a condition not very far removed from imbecility. Perhaps it is hardly fair to mix fact with fiction so indiscriminately in these illustrations, but for all practical purposes the castaway of Juan Fernandez is just as real a personage to most of us as the absconder on the Australian mainland. It comes to the same thing if we call him Alexander Selkirk, and put as an antithesis to the lines already quoted from Robert Burns the words put into his mouth by William Cowper:—

> I am out of humanity's reach,
> I must finish my journey alone,
> Never hear the sweet music of speech,
> I start at the sound of my own.

The author of Enoch Arden has utilised with dramatic force the truth sometimes forgotten, that loneliness on a desolate shore is more tolerable than loneliness in the midst of a hurrying crowd. The one may be unavoidable, but the other, being in direct violation of natural laws, must produce jarring discords In the material world all the elements have their points of contact, their mutual adjustments, and their several functions. and a similar state of things prevails in the social world. There is infinite diversity, but everywhere there are responsibilities to discharge, wants to be supplied, and places to fill. One of the necessities of modern times is for personal obligation to be more clearly perceived, and the consciousness of it more diligently acted upon. Trades-unionism has wonderfully developed the principle and practice of mutual helpfulness. We have societies, associations, leagues, and other organisations for all sorts of things. Not an improvement can be mooted or a reform begun but there must, almost the first thing, be a committee appointed to see about it. In some aspects this is all very well, but it is just possible that it may cause a sacrifice of individual influence on the part of those who do not happen to get into the regular groove. Charity, like mercy, "is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes," but when it passes through the medium of an impersonal committee it loses much of its capacity to bless on both sides. Besides that, it is not easy to open the fountains of either sympathy or gratitude by vague abstractions, and it is good for both the indigent and the affluent, the needy and the generous, to be actually in touch one with another. Scarcely anything is better calculated to neutralise the egotism of caring for nobody or the misery of feeling that nobody cares for me.

Thus by different and somewhat discursive routes the same conclusion is arrived at. Without invading the domain of the pulpit it may also be pointed out that it is endorsed by the highest sanctions of the purest religions in the world. This renders it all the more remarkable that among their followers not a few, despite such precepts, have sought by separation from the rest of mankind to achieve the attainment of a lofty ideal. Such attempts have constantly resulted in absolute failure, and isolated instances embalmed in tradition prove nothing to the contrary. The Stylitæ of the fifth century carried them to an extravagant length, but were not successful in extirpating human passions and frailties, while even residence on the top of a pillar for thirty years did not produce severance from the world. It cannot be done, it was never meant to be done, and it would be a calamity if it were possible. The bond of union has a side that is unpleasant, for all the connections of a *mauvois sujet* are disgraced by his misconduct, but the compensation is that the man who wins honor by his merits sheds lustre on all who bear his name. It is a good thing, on the whole, that every member of a household is affected by the reputation it acquires, for there is therein a strong incentive to each one to raise it by all the means in his power. The principle holds good on a larger scale, and its practical application is in accordance with the dictates of the highest authority.

One advantage gained by regarding the world as a great co-operative society, in which every member has a place and duty obliging him to care for others, is its interpretation of some of the problems of daily life. There are endless inequalities the greatness and meaning of which may be not a little puzzling. Yet the degrees of relative importance as they appear at first sight may be very misleading. The satisfactory working of the

great machine depends on the harmonious action of every part however seemingly insignificant. Every cog in the wheel has its work to do as well as the massive crank and powerful piston on which everything is too hastily supposed to depend. No one can accurately gauge the measure of his influence or limit the effect of his conduct. George Eliot speaks of the tendency to imagine because we see human heroism broken into fragments that this or that might as well not have been, remarks that the same might be said of an army, and calls for a monument to the faithful who are not famous and the brave breasts that kept the ranks unbroken. Assuredly they have as much right to it as many whose gallantry only met with clearer recognition because it was more conspicuous. Whatever enhances the dignity of those who feel that they are only commonplace is worth having, and it certainly increases their self-respect to know that they are not mere cyphers in the world, but that their caring one for another is helpful to mutual progress. They have a perfect right to cherish this consciousness and no right at all to imagine that any human being is a nonentity. Hartley Coleridge says in one of his sonnets :—

> Let me not dream that I was made in vain
> Or that my being was an accident
> Which Fate in working its sublime intent
> Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign
> Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
> Hath its own mission.

Assuredly it is so with men and women, and if the mission is to be fulfilled it will not be by withdrawing from the general stock what we have to contribute, but by cheerfully and manfully taking our part. Caring for nobody is defrauding society of its rights, whether it be the result of arrant selfishness, childish petulance, or gloomy misanthropy. If it be merely the affectation of singularity it is utterly unworthy of a reasonable being— the refusal to acknowledge personal duty is churlishness, and any attempt to keep aloof from the interests of the community that proceeds from indolence merits the severest castigation. Whether we like it or not we are mutually dependent, and whether we are so or not we may be mutually helpful. If the picture drawn by Lord Tennyson be true it was not caring for nobody, but the opposite principle that while it lasted made Rome invincible :—

> Then none was for a party,
> Then all were for the State,
> Then the great man helped the poor
> And the poor man loved the great.
> Then lands were fairly portioned,
> Then spoils were fairly sold :
> The Romans were like brothers
> In the brave days of old.

THE "FIRST FLEET" PASSING THE NEEDLES ON ITS WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

(Drawn and Engraved by George Collingridge.)

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THE REVOLT OF DEMOS.

BY T. J. HEBBLEWHITE.

A KEEN observer of human life and the evolution of human systems declared that the throne-and-altar-shaking revolution of 1790 would not be fully consummated for a hundred years. Another profound thinker, one of our own times and swift to read the hidden lesson of events, prophesied that the nineteenth century, despite its marvels and greatness, would go out in a hurricane eclipse. Many others, gifted with the same faculty of prescience, saw that the convergent forces at work throughout society—the discontent, uncomplaining and harmless so long as the masses remained illiterate or were fed solely on the catechism, but dangerous as a tigress robbed of her whelps when directed and backed by knowledge—the stress of a rapidly increasing population—the displacements of labor induced by the continuous modifications of machinery—and the irresistible tendency of all political systems towards a pure democracy—all pointed, like so many warning fingers, to the closing years of the present century; and piecing out the broken evidence, they, too, foretold a time of disquiet and upheaval which should consummate that epoch which the French proletariat in the fiercest of revolutionary passions initiated just one hundred years ago. The storming of the Bastille began it; we of this generation seem fated to witness the end of it; and when in the fulness of time the curtain falls, it will fall upon the sublimest and most thrilling drama that ever played itself out on the world's great stage, with nations and dynasties for puppets and the white, quiverless blaze of eternity for a background. In the whirl of current events we can trace the working out of these prophecies. The principles of the French revolution have filtered down to the masses everywhere, and from London to Sydney, St. Petersburg to San Francisco, society is surcharged with revolutionary passion of which these recurrent strikes and industrial revolts are but truant flashes. The whole civilised world is fast becoming the arena of warring forces, and of all the days since the birth of the Marseillaise these of ours lend themselves least to the carelessness of statesmanship or the hardness and heedlessness of the plutocracy.

Strikes are not a modern invention by any means, and but little heed was paid to the disturbed state of labor prior to the sudden and prodigious rising at the London docks a little over twelve months ago. Those who cherished a general and shadowy belief that ultimately things would come all right of themselves, and that the millennium would dawn like a spring-time on Eden without special care or trouble on anybody's part, assiduously kept aloof from the fundamentals of the labor question. It was sufficient to provide stipends for clerics to inculcate that blessed doctrine of eternal, uncomplaining patience with existing conditions and the ordering of one's self lowly and reverently to all his betters. For generations past the public and the "men of light and leading" had been familiarised with trade disputes involving more or less distress to those immediately participating therein, and exercising an evil influence in diminishing waves over whole countries, and had grown naturally to regard them as a necessary outcome of trades-unionism neither likely to become obsolete on the one hand nor grow very formidable on the other.

Orthodox writers on political economy, with their theory of a wages fund, deprecated, in their superior knowledge, these misguided attempts by means of force to increase wages; for, as they gravely contended, there was only a definite amount available from which wages could be drawn, and if one class of workers through combination obtained more than

under conditions of free competition they were rightfully entitled to, others must, of pure necessity, have to be content with less than their proportionate share. The reasoning was very convincing, provided the postulate were granted ; but the trouble was that, either through unbelief or obstinacy, the masses practically rejected the premiss and all the cast-iron inferences belonging to it. They freely imbibed the impression, which, as the years went on and knowledge filtered down through the strata of society, hardened into a cardinal belief, that a more equitable distribution of wealth was not only possible but a necessity.

Whether the millions, who in these later years were thus preparing themselves, or being prepared by the moulding fingers of circumstance, for a solid, organised movement, had heard of Henry George or not is extremely problematic. Probably if they had their conceptions of him and his teachings were of the most indeterminate and nebulous type, for even Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of his essential principles is flimsy and erroneous ; but since George's trenchant exposure of the fallacies of orthodox political economy and his exposition of the evangel of hope it is unquestionable that the wage-fund theory, with all its corollaries, has steadily lost ground. Labor, even as it labors, produces its own wages, only a fraction of which it is allowed to enjoy. The rest goes to build up the massive fortunes of the Westminsters, the Bedfords, the Hamiltons, and all the race of parasites. The long tissue of inferences, deductions and corollaries, which in their entirety constitute still the larger proportion of the economics of the colleges, is being wholly discredited outside ; and although positive knowledge on this point has probably had no measurable influence with the multitude it undoubtedly has had with their accredited leaders. All that the restless masses know or seek to know is that the distribution of wealth is grossly inequitable ; and the unparalleled disputes covering the last twelve or fifteen months connote the beginning of a struggle which has for its avowed aim the reconstruction of society on the basis of justice.

The magnitude of these industrial revolutions—for it is no longer possible to consider them in the light of isolated mutinies—has been rendered practicable by the unexampled extension of the principle of combination. Separate unions, hitherto in the habit of acting independently, have made common cause together. International jealousies and *prejudices have given* place to international sympathies. The difficulty of alien tongues has been largely overcome, and one common determination has joined the hands of the proletariat of sea-sundered nations. When the dock laborers, with apparently no hope whatever of achieving success, declared war against the conditions of their life, the labor question, which had been quietly strengthening and ripening for a hundred years, shot up into compelling force in a day. It will be remembered as a notable fact, when the history of this time of anxious transition comes to be written, that the Australians out of their comparative abundance sent to the aid of the strikers the sum of nearly £40,000, and that, so ripe was the hour for the opening in earnest of the revolutionary drama, the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the whole disinterested public of Christendom with him, instinctively, as it seemed, took the part of these veriest "mudsills of society." The wonderful success of that movement, which starting from humble and inauspicious beginnings became in a few hours the subject of the world's converse, has been a tremendous incentive to all the kinship of labor. The struggle has gone on without intermission ever since, and bids fair to go on till the prophecy is fulfilled and the final consummation of the French revolution is achieved the wide world over.

Chief amongst the characteristic features of the onward movement was the startling action of the young Hohenzollern. When his unfortunate father lay sinking day by day during that sad and pitiful ninety-nine day's sovereignty of his, Rumor was busy with the name and disposition of the stripling who in the natural course of events would succeed to the throne of Imperial Germany. It is not necessary to repeat what Rumor with woful visage and ominous whisper said. It is sufficient to know that, not for the first time, Rumor lied consumedly. In his dismissal of Bismarck and the appointment of Caprivi was evidence either of ungovernable rashness or of a resolute determination to change the current of imperial influence. When as the next step of his policy, with socialism surging around him and beating at the foot of the throne, he advisedly set discussion going on the labor problem, and summoned an international conference to deal with such perilous subjects as hours of labor, rates of wages, conditions of production, and causes of pauperism, rival governments and dynasties shrugged their shoulders in doubtful meaning. Bismarck is reported to have scornfully summed up the

results of that historic congress as "words, words, words." But the deed remains, and it constitutes one more factor whose influence will be cumulative. These two events stand out prominently from all the rest as complementary facts: The dockyard struggle, where the pariahs of society, the dregs of civilisation, in desperation stretched weak hands to the seemingly inaccessible light above; and the strange, unexpected action of the wearer of imperial purple, the Kaiser of United Germany, who, unsolicited and against all the traditions of his life, stooped down to make the pariah's problem his own. It seems, and I would say it with all reverence, like a faint, remote adumbration of that grand conception which lies at the heart of all religions that have made for righteousness--the weary children of the dust lifting beseeching eyes to heaven, and heaven beholding their misery and pitying as it beholds.

And now we stand where the many strong currents meet—the universal discontent, instinct and dangerous with half-awakened knowledge; the growing stress of dense populations; the competition that roars in every factory and looks out at every window; the displacements by machinery that daily approximates more nearly to the purely automatic; the decay of reverence for tradition and the contempt for the catechism with its wolf's head of caste and privilege but ill-disguised under the sheepskin of religion. What old channels of precedent and ancient usage will be swept away, what fresh channels will be scoured out, what old-time deposits of custom and conventionalism will be fretted away and utterly dispersed by the strong conflicting tides, is beyond calculation. In that wide estuary, the Humber, where the sand banks are treacherous and the currents fickle, I have known a large island to disappear in a few weeks, eaten silently away by the rapid currents consequent on a change in the direction of the main channels; and again I have seen it redeposited and built up like a dream when a freshet from the Ouse and Trent has once more disturbed the shifting sand banks and diverted the tides back to their old channels. But in life things can never again be as they have been.

The existing constitution of society is of a hybrid type—a compound of pseudo-socialism and spurious individualism. It consequently fails to commend itself to either socialists or individualists, and meanwhile disproves very emphatically that comfortable aphorism which says that "safety lies in the middle path between extremes." It is individualistic in that it leaves industry to competition, and upholds in varying degrees in different countries the right of individuals to conduct their business in their own way. Private enterprise is, in the English-speaking communities in particular, the dominant principle, and is only encroached upon under special circumstances. But the individualism is spurious in that the only basis for a symmetrical and natural development on the lines of personal freedom is destroyed by the denial, in positive law, of equal rights to the land and natural forces. Private monopoly of the primary essentials of existence must necessarily lead to the enslavement of labor, through the increase of population, the advance in mechanical invention, and the consequent intensifying of competition. The pure individualist attributes the tension of to-day to this inversion of the natural order and the abrogation of the fundamental right of man to the land. State-running of railways, state-management of the post-office, and state-control of such other things as are essentially of the nature of a monopoly, are not out of keeping with individualism, but are identical in essence with the corporate control of the most positive monopoly of them all—that of the land. To surrender them to individuals is to invite the abuse of equal freedom, as in America and England, where it has been found imperative to introduce state regulation; for anything that in the nature of things must constitute a monopoly becomes in private hands a menace to freedom.

The constitution of society is socialistic on the other hand in so far as the community has stepped in to supervise factories, to educate the people, to regulate the employment of women and children, to institute systems of national insurance, and to incline towards the legalisation of so many hours as a day's work. The tendency of most of the more important legislation of the last twenty years has been obliquely towards socialism. We now hear of elaborate schemes for housing the poor under state management, for providing meals to poor school children, the cost to be defrayed out of municipal revenues, and for many other innovations which although ostensibly humanitarian are in reality concessions to socialism. To follow that line of state interference, whatever may be the actual or professed motive, is to give increased momentum to the principles of state socialism.

The imperative necessity on the part of statesmen to "do something" will drive them

into one or other of these two divergent paths. Under the stress of the industrial revolution there will either be a marked accession of the socialistic spirit in our politics, or a decided advance in the direction of a logical individualism. To remain neutral means revolution in earnest, for Demos is roused; and hence the necessity for statesmen to consider well the alternatives before them and shape their policies in the certain knowledge that immeasurable destinies depend upon their being shaped aright.

In Germany where generations of militarism, rigidly maintained, have accustomed the mind of the people to what Huxley terms "regimentation," individualism has waned before the phenomenal spread of socialism. There is only a difference in degree and not in kind between the inflexible rule of the state in militarism and the same inflexible government in industry. The doctrines of Lassalle and Karl Marx are largely in keeping with the national thought, shaped and directed as it has been by the military environment since the days of Frederick the Great; and even Bismarck, rugged autocrat as he is, has more than once, either from policy or principle, given countenance to them. In Germany, therefore, it is highly probable that the revolution will assume a more distinctively socialistic character, and the great Teutonic Confederation is now the subject of much grave conjecture. The horizon would be clearer if it were possible to predict what will be the final attitude adopted by the Emperor William.

In Great Britain socialistic principles have not taken any very deep root The Fabian Society is almost purely a philosophic one, and probably exercises but a slight and academic influence outside its pale of membership. The Social Democratic Federation is not formidable in point of numbers, although it is extremely active. But since the dock strike, which brought John Burns into such prominence, there is little doubt that a misty belief in socialism has gained ground immensely. The intolerable burden of present conditions is all in its favor, and for the sake of the relief it promises many will consent to embrace it who under more endurable circumstances would have had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, England is far from being in any way seriously disposed towards socialistic or collectivist ideals; and the agitation in favor of the taxation of ground rents, and the acceptance, as an abstract principle, of the nationalisation of the land by the Trades Congresses of the last few years, will, as these principles assume a more definite form, accentuate the instinctively individualistic tone of the British mind. Undeniable evidence of this was given at the recent Trades Congress held in Liverpool. Taking a somewhat mean advantage of the resolutions adopted by previous Congresses with regard to the nationalisation of land, an attempt was made by the Social Democratic Delegates in reintroducing the principle to attach to it a distinctively socialistic programme. This innovation was overwhelmingly rejected, although in the form in which it was put forward its rejection necessarily involved the reversal of the specific land-nationalisation resolution of previous years. The Financial Reform Association, a very influential body, has publicly adopted the single tax doctrines of Henry George, and it is practically certain that when the next revision of the revenue tariff of the country is undertaken the ports will be rendered entirely free and the deficiency in the exchequer be made good by the re-imposition of the old tax on the land. Public opinion has veered rapidly round in this direction already, and the exigencies of party government will leave the Liberals no option but to make it an essential plank in their platform. The old trades unionism and the new are at variance on many points, but on this they will be perfectly agreed; and it is not unreasonable to expect that in the Mother Country the revolutionary propaganda will eventually embody the doctrines of the physiocrats, notwithstanding Professor Huxley's logic-chopping on the much debated subject of natural rights. As the intimate relationship between the single tax on land values and the labor problem emerges from the cloud of nebulous imaginings and purposed misrepresentation, the taxation of ground rents, not only for county but also for national requirements, will be urged with increasing persistency. The evolutionary school headed by Professor Huxley may deny the existence of any natural rights—for Darwinism and natural selection as understood by this section of biologists reject contemptuously anything and everything related to *a priori* methods—but on other grounds the system of land tenure is vulnerable to attack, and the question of title is an awkward one for the descendants of the old feudal barons to raise.

So closely are the bonds drawn between nation and nation that nothing which profoundly affects one can long remain a matter of indifference to the rest; but after all it is natural that one should turn his thoughts

homeward and ask how the current of events and the genesis of economic revolutions will affect his own land. How Europe will fare during the next few stormy years, or under what altered guise England will present herself when a state of equilibrium has been attained, is no doubt a question of profound interest; but it becomes more engrossing when for Europe or England we substitute Australia. The same growing unrest and discontent are apparent here as there. Our working classes have caught the fever, induced in their case rather by the disturbing knowledge that their conditions are rapidly assimilating to those of the old world than by any actual pressure as yet on a general scale. Pauperism is an established institution amongst us, and its grim presence gives force to the contentions of those who assure us that the germs of old world problems are already quickening in our constitution, and that the absence in us thus far of the more malignant symptoms is not attributable to any superiority on our part, or to any exhibition of greater wisdom in our statesmen, but is owing entirely to our comparative freedom from land monopoly. And pauperism is extending. To resist the downward strain we have what, in proportion to our population, is the most magnificent and effective federation of labor that the world has ever seen. If the problems confronting society could be solved by the exercise of sheer mechanical force we might infer that here, and within the near future, they would be solved. Many of those in whose hands lies this tremendous weapon of closely-locked unionism are fully cognisant, however, of the fact that mere brute force is ineffectual, and at most can only apply a partial brake; but there are others whose conceptions, if one may judge from their public utterances, begin and end in mechanical force. Their mode of solving the stubborn problem, with its interlacing difficulties, is to lower their heads, shut their eyes, and rush bull-like at every obstruction. It comes natural to men of a pugnacious disposition, and unendowed with a logical and penetrative intellect, to imagine that unionism on a sufficiently large scale, and used aggressively, will meet every contingency and provide for every difficulty; and the fact of the affiliated unions is proof of how widespread and deeply-rooted that belief is.

But intermingled with this very crude belief there are others revolving around co-operation and the uprooting of land monopoly. There is something fascinating in the contemplation of a co-operative commonwealth which blinds men to its utter inefficiency under any system which leaves the land question unanswered; but we shall hear very little practical, I am quite convinced, on this head. Our path, judging from the temper and tendency of the Australian democracy, lies more in the direction of a purer individualism, with all natural monopolies placed under State or municipal management for the common good. Socialism and collectivism have no perceptible influence or following here as yet. A superficial observer might be tempted to think otherwise by judging too seriously the platform of unionism as defined by the general council of the Australian Labor Federation at Brisbane, in which a decidedly socialistic spirit was observable, and by noting the strongly socialistic developments of trades-unionism at the beginning of the recent crisis. Manhood suffrage, secret ballot, and the elasticity and adaptiveness of our national institutions have formed an environment which is altogether inimical to that obliteration of the individual which true socialism connotes. The State exists for the people, not the people for the State. The wave of popular discontent will carry us further in this direction, and the premonitory evidences are found in the steady growth of the doctrines of the single tax on all sides. In this respect, as in many others, the Australias and Great Britain show a striking homogeneity of sentiment, and are moving on parallel lines of development. Our progress is likely to be the more rapid because we are not encumbered with that traditional conservatism which is born of encrusted precedent and the long catalogue of laws and customs which had their beginnings in feudal or semi-feudal times.

THE EFFECTS OF THE STRIKE.

BY ERNEST BLACKWELL.

ONE of the most conspicuous features of the conflict has been the rapid growth of public opinion. Broadly speaking, and omitting the Individualistic section of the Single Tax League, the strike has produced three distinct parties. The first comprises those who are disinclined to view with sympathy any signs of aggression on the part of the masses; the second those who, whilst approving of trades unionism, dread a plunge into the calm waters of Socialism; and the third those who, prejudiced against trades unionism, are yet Socialists at heart. To the first class appeal is useless. Nothing but the ruthless logic of events will ever convince the genuine Vested Interest party. To the second class, however, one may reasonably suggest how shallow it is to talk about a preference for trades unionism at the expense of Socialism; to the third class how utterly Utopian to cast longing glances towards a Socialistic future whilst condemning the labor organisations around us; and to the general reader one may explain in the first place that there is a fundamental intimacy between trades unionism and Socialism, and in the second place that the relationship has been emphatically strengthened by the incidents of the past few weeks. So much for the theory. The deduction is plainly that so far from the strike having retarded the advancement of Labor as its critics opined, it has in reality given to the movement a splendid fillip.

It may be taken for granted, I think, that the majority of Australians believe in some form of trades unionism. They wisely distinguish between commerce and philanthropy, and freely admit that Labor's victories have all been won at the point of the sword. Many, however, restrict their approval of labor organisation to trades unionism "within its proper limits." What the proper limits of unionism are it is difficult to say. The men on strike maintain that they are acting within their proper limits in trying to secure a complete federation of all classes of labor. They *claim that it is only in* that way that they *can make their organisations* effective against the ever increasing power of capital, and inasmuch as the demands of the Marine Officers' Association, the reasonableness of which was never called into question, were contemptuously ignored until that particular union had affiliated with the other labor unions of Victoria, every fair-minded man must admit that they are right.

But the capitalists, whilst appropriating the right of federation to themselves, deny it to the workers. and hence the great Australian Strike, which as far as a trial of strength can be said to decide any question beyond which is the stronger party in the struggle, is being fought to determine what the proper limits of trades unionism really are The propriety of the boycott is included in the general question. but it is hardly worth while considering that when the right of organisation itself is at stake. This much is beyond doubt: that a large section of the community believes in trades unionism to a point somewhere short of the complete federation of labor

If commercial peace is worth consideration no greater mistake could be made. The fact is that the more completely labor is organised the smaller will be the amount of friction attending its operations. Take a case in point. The labor organisations of Australia have been fighting for the right of amalgamation between the Marine Officers' Association and the Trades and Labor Councils. Passing the assumption that the amalgamation would be subversive of discipline, omitting all consideration of the tremendous legal power by which a ship's captain is very properly enabled to visit insubordination with the penalty of crime, together with the fact that the army, the navy, and the Roman Catholic Church alone among our great institutions afford examples of discipline equal to that of the labor unions of Australia, and supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Marine Officers' Association was affiliated with that of the other labor bodies, what would be the result? We should have a sectional committee of the great Labor Council of each colony composed exclusively of representatives of the various maritime bodies—deck officers, engineers, seamen, firemen, cooks and stewards. Every grievance brought forward by the representatives of one body would be subjected to the criticism of the

representatives of the affiliated bodies. If the engineers made a demand, for instance, the question in its initial stages would be considered by a committee of experts, knowing exactly how any alteration would affect not only the men who asked for it, but the rest of the hands on the ship, and also the owners. If they came to the conclusion that the demand was reasonable, and its enforcement expedient, they would probably endorse it, after which it would of course be sent on to the entire council for further discussion. Obviously the immediate interest of a labor body is not served by a strike, which if successful would only score an advantage for somebody else. The deck-officers, seamen, firemen, cooks and stewards would be more than human if they yearned to throw up their billets for the sake of a possible victory for a handful of engineers. Therefore, unless the grievance was genuine and revolt expedient, there would certainly be no strike. On the other hand, when action was taken, the cause would surely commend itself to the public, and success to the men would be greatly enhanced. The number of strikes would be largely reduced, to the advantage of all; the percentage of successful strikes would be proportionately increased, to the advantage of the majority. In other words, complete organisation means increased intelligence, and increased intelligence an economy of force, from which the whole community would gain immensely.

At the same time, we must remember that if labor unionism is on the whole less irritating and more effective in proportion to the completeness of its organisation, it is, under any circumstances, merely a weapon—an expression of restless force, a power whose very nature is conflict and aggression. When it ceases to be that it is trades unionism only in name. As the artillery of labor, for half a century it has been pounding away with unceasing vigor, often making breaches in the enemy's ranks, but never once silencing his guns, whilst the great problem remains, in a sense, as far from solution as ever. To-day we are emerging from the most disastrous struggle of all. But does anybody believe that the defeat of either party means more than a temporary suspension of hostilities? Is it not evident that whichever way the battle goes—and writing as I am with Sydney Harbor almost as quiet as a far western lake, with the coal mines as silent as the Catacombs, and the telegraph wires carrying the fatal word to fifty thousand shearers—I cannot tell just how the end will come—but is it not as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun, that as soon as the battle is over the exhausted combatants will begin with greater determination than ever to marshal their forces for another struggle. So it has been from the beginning, so it will be to the end. Strikes are evils, necessary evils, but under any circumstances inseparable consequences of trades unionism. In other words the history of trades unionism always has been and always must be a history of more or less destructive warfare.

And not only is trades unionism very largely destructive, at the best an armed truce, at the worst a savage struggle only justifiable in the light of the evils against which it is pitted, but its immediate victories, the concessions won by so much inconvenience to the employers, so much suffering to the workers, are but temporary and inconclusive advantages. Only incidentally, as in the shortening of hours and consequent necessity for additional workers, have they touched the greater labor question. For the rest the victories of trades unionism have been the results of an avowedly selfish policy. Happily, however, in fighting for better pay and shorter hours for themselves, the members of individual unions have gained much for the working portion of the community at large. But successful aggression has its limits. To speak plainly you can get a quart and no more out of a quart pot. If you want more you must come supplied with a larger vessel. As long as industry is conducted on its present lines any substantial increase in wages or any considerable shortening of hours is a sheer impossibility. Trades unionism will get as much as it can for the workers—we may be sure of that—but all the while competition, by decreasing the profits of most capitalists will decrease their power of meeting the demands, and so the *ne plus ultra* of social progress under present conditions will be reached. Trades unionism has taken the wall by which the worker's hopes were bounded on its broad back, and dumping it down further and further away, has gradually extended his prospects. It may carry that wall a little further, but only a little. Already it totters on the edge of a precipice. Another lusty push and over it goes, Capital and Labor with it, into a sort of bottomless pit.

Hence trades unionism is essentially destructive, the less near it is to completeness the more harassing it is to the community; and even in its most highly organised form it is more or less ineffective, and will in time have gained as much as it can gain for its adherents.

But what about the "Socialistic gibberish" that at the same moment touches the springs of mirth and wrath in the patrons of qualified trades unionism? Even the veteran Premier of New South Wales, who, if he had been laying the foundation rather than the dome of his political life would, I venture to say, have been one of the foremost champions of the labor movement of to-day, publicly charged the leaders of the strike with threatening to "re-construct Society!" Of course Sir Henry Parkes himself once took a pretty active part in "re-constructing" the political institutions of the Mother Country; but let that pass. "What are we to think," he asks in effect, "of men who tell their followers to prepare for the re-construction of Society," and an erstwhile democratic voice from the opposition benches replies that it is the scheme of "a fanatic and a fool." Or to take another example, this time from the religious world, the Rev. Robert Harley, M.A., temporary pastor of Pitt Street Church, on a visit to Brisbane, turning his back one night on the luxury of two "swell" clubs and sallying forth like some modern Peri into the darkness, is said to have been "impressed by the fair and moderate spirit" of a group of laborers out on strike, and "their distinct disavowal of Socialism as commonly understood."

Now what "Socialism as commonly understood" may be it is hard to say. In the Rev. Robert Harley's mind it is evidently to say the least something undesirable. Otherwise well informed persons talk of Socialism, Communism and Nihilism as interchangeable terms. As a matter of fact what have most people to fear in the "re construction" of Society? Are they so well satisfied with "the station to which God has called them?" Are they so happy in the knowledge that though life is to them a hopeless struggle it is to millions of others an infinite curse? If the labor party do "re-construct" Society, provided they do it upon an improved design, surely the majority of persons, the unemployed who want work and can't get it, the employed who live in fear of losing the work they have, and the employer, over whose head the sword of bankruptcy hangs by so slender a thread, should be profoundly grateful. Speaking generally, however, we know that nobody is satisfied with the world in which he lives. Else as it has been well said, what becomes of the mission of the clergyman, the novelist, and the politician? Nay, how utterly foolish many of the words of Jesus himself? But perhaps the labor party was *unfortunate in the choice of* a word. In one sense they will "re-construct Society"—in the sense that is, that Society has been "re-constructed" over and over again; in another sense they will not, for Society instead of being a compilation of bricks and mortar, which may be pulled down and re-built at will, is an organic form whose nature it is to grow and whose growth is incidental to its very life. The great change when it does come will be the result of evolution rather than of re-construction. But one thing we must not forget, and that is that as Society is composed of conscious beings capable of watching and guiding the chain of cause and effect, it will be essentially a *conscious* evolution. The Socialist then is first and foremost, the man seizes the tendency of development and merely asks you to give it a chance. Depend upon it that the law breakers of the future will be the special constables of to-day.*

To be more explicit, seeing millions on the verge of starvation in a world of untold wealth the Socialist declares that the lines upon which we conduct our business are radically wrong, and offers an alternative by which one class of the community would not be eternally suffering from an epidemic of no work whilst another was suffering from an epidemic of overwork; but that from a fair distribution of labor and the right of each to the results of his labor an enormous increase of wealth would accrue, and a share of comfort and leisure fall to the lot of everyone. Again the Socialist maintains, and surely what we see around us abundantly proves, that desirable as such a state of things may be it can never follow a system of unrestrained competition. As long as one man's fortune depends upon another's misfortune; as long as strong men must prepare to meet each other by devouring weak men; so long will the world be full of downright poverty, misery and crime. And is not this the practical meaning of our present industrial system? Money may be the root of all evil, but beyond doubt it is the essential oil of happiness. As we all hope to be happy so we all seek to be rich, the misfortune being that generally the grasping of wealth by one means its loss to others—capitalists eternally working each other's ruin, laborers each other's death, and Society still further harassed by a perpetual crossfire in the shape of strikes and lockouts! In a word, the

* Do not misunderstand me. I cast no slur upon the *functions* of the special constable. All I say is that the majority of men who took the oath were imbued by a desire to stem the tide of popular movement, and that when that movement surges round Mr. Speaker's chair they will find the law at the back of their enemies.

ruling principle of modern commerce is *mutual destruction*; and all that the Socialist —this nightmare in politics, this hobgoblin in religion, this latest improvement in infernal machines—has the boldness to ask for is the very sensible alternative of *mutual help*—the nationalisation of land and capital and industrial co-operation under the guiding hand of the State! Of all men he is the most harmless; and if at present you know him best in his war-paint, the fact remains that he is fighting for peace—for a long, long peace. Trades unionism, then, is the sword, Socialism the trowel—how long will men bless the knife that inflicts the wound and curse the healing balm?

As a matter of fact I do not believe that the majority of well-informed persons—always excepting the very few who would be in a sense losers by it—are antagonistic to Socialism, whilst its adherents increase with the velocity of the closing century. Many, I admit, are Socialists unawares, but Socialists none the less. Bellamy has not appealed to the Australian reader in vain. Tens of thousands of men and women in all walks of life have fallen under the fascination of his splendid dream. * Gronlund—a more practical philosopher than Bellamy—has recently been talking State co-operation to hard-headed thinkers at a rate that few would imagine. You cannot buy a copy of his book in Melbourne or Sydney to-day. The booksellers have sold "clean out," and Gronlund's Socialism is no Utopia. He just takes human nature as it is and existing institutions as they are, and traces the tendency of industrial evolution to its logical conclusion. Neither self-interest nor ignorance can stem the tide. The most serious force the Socialist will have to deal with is that of honest Individualism. Mr. Hebblewhite, in the admirable paper to which my own forms so inadequate a sequel, speaks as an "individualist" of the highest type. Recognising the social disorder yet objecting to State co-operation on the plea that our instincts as a people are anti-Socialistic, he seeks in the Single Tax an all-round cure.

Many persons, and perhaps Mr. Hebblewhite amongst them, imagine that under Socialistic conditions the energies of the man would be absorbed by the responsibilities of the State. Well, we may be a combative race! We do love a good fight. But, as a recent writer very truly observes, so long as the healthiest, the cleverest and the most fortunate amongst us has vast territories of disease and ignorance, human nature within and inhuman nature without to fight against, there is little fear of our energies rusting. Socialism would merely equip us the better for the fight—enable us by helping instead of obstructing each other to bring the unruly powers of nature into subjection. By placing each individual upon a higher platform it would enable the race to attain proportionately higher results.

But is Socialism distasteful to the English or Australian mind? The tendency of modern legislation says "no.".

The greatest Individualist of the age, Mr. Herbert Spencer, has undertaken to prove that, for weal or woe—he thinks for woe—the Legislature of England is steadily enforcing the lesson that the "rights" of the man must give way to the good of the State. In Australia we have, what? State post, telegraph, and telephone offices, State railways, and State tramways, State farms, State mines, and, thank heaven! a goodly quantity of yet unalienated land. Another step, and the public houses, the dairies, the theatres, the intercolonial steamships, and the coal mines, all, mark you, with many other things now under State control, will be brought under Government proprietorship, whilst the individual, so far from being permitted except through the medium of vested interest and monopoly to injure his neighbors, is about to be told by the Legislature of New South Wales that he may not injure himself by working more than eight hours a day in a coal mine. One is almost tempted to press home the argument by asking how, in the face of such antipathy to State co-operation, it comes about that ninety-nine out of every hundred young men in Australia would joyfully exchange a billet anywhere for one in the Civil Service, or further, whether a "hand" in a factory, or a clerk in a bank has a better chance of the development of his individual characteristics, or in any sense more freedom than a workman in a Government "shop" or a clerk behind a Government desk. The idea that Socialism would restrict freedom or crush individuality is distinctly untrue.

The strongest argument against Mr. Hebblewhite'sassertion, however, is presented by the industrial militarism existing in our midst. If France and Germany are ripening for Socialism under the influence of vast armies, called into existence by autocratic power, how much nearer are we who, of our own free will and choice, without the wave of sceptred hand, are evolving such labor armies as each Eight Hours Day places in possession of our thoroughfares?

* *Communistic* though it be.

And this brings us to the consideration of trades unionism as an important, perhaps, short of hunger itself, the most important weapon by which the battle of Socialism is being fought. Why, as far as the form of the thing is concerned, a large proportion of the working community is living in a state of Socialism to-day! Trades unionism, then, is leading to State co-operation, otherwise Socialism

(I.) By organising the various trades into this great industrial army. The work is already half done. When we achieve the complete federation of labor it will be almost accomplished—everything ready, that is, for the State to step in and turn to the noblest purposes of mutual advantage the forces originally called into existence for the purpose of industrial warfare.

(II.) By educating the mass of toilers, which it would be impossible to do without organisation, in the true principles of social economy. Beginning with the experience that union is strength, and on the top of that, learning that every man has a "right" to the whole product of his toil, men's minds gradually open to the reception of other inconvenient doctrines, and, as everybody knows, for men to accustom themselves to an *idea* is a long way towards its accomplishment in fact. And thus a disgust for cut-throat competition, and a gradual awakening to the advantages of State co-operation begins to permeate the ranks of unionism.

(III.) By a reflex of their victories on the public mind. If Labor had never won any "rights," few would admit that it had any and consequently nobody would be asking as tens of thousands are asking to-day, "Where is it going to end?" And generally by compelling, particularly in the case of strikes, whether successful or unsuccessful, attention from those who would otherwise maintain an attitude of indifference to the labor problems of the age.

(IV.) By demonstrating that the most perfect discipline is consistent with the most absolute democracy. The great strike itself is the best evidence of that. The way those men laid down their tools at the word of command *from their properly* and democratically appointed leaders was almost sublime. No army could have acted with greater precision.

(V.) In case of future strikes, by permanently diverting trade (quite in accordance with the highest commercial morality) from monopolists to co-operative establishments* formed by the unionists themselves who will be ready when the time comes to hand them over to the State. The process is simple. One trade will go out at once; the others will remain at work and find the funds.

(VI.) By the silent missive at election times. Did ever party hold such a balance of power as the labor unions of Australia? If they went about it wisely they could swamp the Legislative Assemblies with men pledged to the general tenor of their programme.

So much for trades unionism as a high-way to Socialism. To say that it is imperfect is but to admit that the men behind it are human. All I would ask of theoretic Socialists is not to despise the road until they have reached the goal.

And now, in conclusion, how far has the present strike carried us towards that goal? Remember that you have been told by the daily press, with the exceptions of *The Daily Chronicle* (London) and the Melbourne *Age*, that the movement is retrogressive. Well, without discussing the wisdom of each detail in the plan of campaign—the strike leaders are able to defend themselves—I hold as I said at the beginning, that so far from being a counter march, the movement, even though in its immediate objects it may be defeated—crushed beneath the weight of its opponents' gold—has been a distinct advance.

In the first place the strike was the outcome of what is known as the new trades unionism. That in itself involves the first principle of co-operation, an acknowledgment of the brotherhood of labor, an admission of complete interdependence among all classes of workers, a profound conviction that the highest interests of one class are wrapped up in the interests of another; in other words a subordination of the individual laborer to the good of the laboring community as a whole, surely a distinct advance upon the ethics of the old school of unionism! To the labor movement the strike has been what spring-

*Voluntary co-operation is of course the most aggravated form of competition but apparently it is destined to become an important step in the direction of co-operation under the State.

time is to nature. Where before we could discern but bare and isolated branches pleading to heaven for individual favors, a verdant canopy now casts a generous shade over the parent stem.

Then comes that unqualified expression of discontent on the part of the working men of Australia with the whole economic basis of Society. To ignore that phase of the movement is simply childish. Mr. Hebblewhite has traced it for a full century, and though he will not admit that a Socialistic wave is breaking upon Australian shores to-day, no one who attended the mass meetings of the men on strike, or for that matter of any of the labor unions during the strike, can doubt it. They were distinctly Socialistic. Indeed, the growth of Socialistic sentiment was almost startling, even to those who have been patiently awaiting the dawn. The expansion was so rapid and so vast! A month before the Socialists of our great cities were mere shadows on the popular mind, to-day they are the muscle and sinew of the land. Then they met alone on Sunday evenings and bewailed unheeded the crooked ways of a world in the dark corners of which they seemed to have been forgotten by everybody. Now they bask in the sunshine of our streets and crowd our public meetings, and when the strike is over they will swarm back on our wharves and into our workshops. "Free laborers" will learn their gospel, and candidates for Parliament will seek their votes.

Not only has the strike led unionists themselves into deeper veins of thought. It has forced the community at large into thinking about a matter that so many had previously deemed of no account. That is a gain of vast importance. We do not ask the opinion of these persons yet. It were folly to expect immediate sympathy from men who have just been eating butter at four shillings a pound. Enough for us that they have been led to think.

Even the birth of an employers' association is a sign of progress. Before the strike it was looming in the distance. Every intelligent unionist knew it as a land-mark, abreast of which he might find himself at any moment. Now the party are alongside, and though it jut never so far into the high road, they can but take their bearings from it and regulate their course accordingly. Its immediate effect will be an increased vigilance on the part of the labor organisations Beyond that, its significance lies in the prospect of fewer strikes, but more severe ones in the future. Some think that the days of strikes are over. Personally, I fancy we have yet to witness the most effective of strikes. Be that as it may, this much is certain: that the force that has expended itself almost wholly upon strikes in the past will henceforth find expression very largely in work of an educational and political nature. Labor unionism has now, thanks to the combination of employers, evolved another pair of legs, and it will at once proceed to use them.

Another important result of the strike has been a merciless overhauling of the machinery of trades unionism. Weak points in their organisations, which nothing short of an unusually severe test could have exposed, have been forced upon the attention of the leaders Amongst other things they have learned the danger of high entrance fees. When next the labor army goes to war it will fight with weapons welded out of the superior metal of experience supplied by the present struggle. Let me quote from a circular just issued by the General Executive of the Australian Labor Federation :—

> Unionism has outgrown its clothes. Its spirit has developed with the times and with the growth of social intelligence, but its forms and regulations are still much as they were in the days when each union was a complete organism, fighting for its own hand and for its own hand alone, standing and falling by itself and without affecting any other body. If we would not go back to the old and narrow Trades unionism—and we cannot go back even if we would—we must adapt our union laws to our union spirit; we must arrange among ourselves for a definite understanding as to the exact extent of our interdependence, for collective consideration and joint executive government upon matters affecting Australian Labor generally, and for previous consideration by all labor bodies before any struggle involving the whole is entered upon. This necessitates a Federation of all unions. Federation is the great lesson of this strike, and we ask you to give it your immediate and most earnest consideration.
>
> By Federation embracing the whole of Australasian labor, and so regulated as to ensure united action while preserving local liberty, several great points are at once securable to all, including (1) power to negotiate, conciliate and arbitrate authoritatively with representative employer organisations; (2) ability to consider promptly throughout the entire federation any proposal for the welfare of the unions at large; (3) increased organising strength; (4) collective action; (5) security against entanglements in the rash action of individual unions, and other advantages which will present themselves to everybody.

And how about the political developments of the crisis. Hitherto, with a very few exceptions, trades unions, as such, have taken no part in the work of general elections. Their members have scrambled right and left for the political red herrings cast ashore by the electioneering wave. Some have voted "Free Trade," others "Protection." In any case they have been blind to the fact that whilst one was the sign manual of the mono-

polist importer, the other was the trade-mark of the monopolist manufacturer, and that whichever way they turned the election they turned it against themselves. The events of the past few weeks, however, have taught them that whether Free Trader or Protectionist, Imperialist or Nationalist, the existing politician is, as a rule, the creature of the capitalist. They have learned that the governing class is the monied class, and that whilst the men to whom past opportunity has given big names, may be the best authorities upon the question of manipulating our present political institutions, their opinion upon any great scheme of Social reform is as worthless as a quack doctor's opinion of the College of Surgeons, or a burglar's opinion (I don't use the comparison offensively), upon the retention of his "swag." When the next election comes round the unions will play a different card. Where they can run genuine labor candidates with a prospect of success, they will do so. Elsewhere, they will, *as they undoubtedly can*, turn the scale in favor of those candidates who swallow the largest chunks of the labor platform, irrespective altogether of their opinions on other questions. And for the gigantic stride by which trades unionism has thus been brought into the arena of Government, and Socialism into the realm of practical politics, we have the strike alone to thank.*

Finally, and this will surely commend itself to those who are too shortsighted to discern the future consequences of the struggle, in spite of the daily screeches of a hostile press (how like the attitude of the English newspapers at the outset of the American civil war !), in spite of the odium of a few ill-judged and much to-be-deplored actions on the part of individual unionists, seconded by the general hostility of larrikins to Society at large, and absurdly magnified by the press; in spite, too, of any mistakes the labor leaders may have made in the conduct of the battle (what battle ever was waged without mistake?) there has been a more rapid accession to the ranks of unionism during the last few weeks than in any corresponding period of its history in Australia.

Thus whilst endowing labor unionism with the spirit, the vital sympathetic force, the fanaticism, if you like, of a religion and developing its educational and political sides, the strike of 1890 has improved its operative machinery and increased its numerical strength.

NOTE.—Dealing with the question in its broader aspects I have not entered minutely into the issues immediately involved in the present struggle. Upon that point, Mr. Walter Lance, a Sydney employer, speaks frankly in an admirable letter published on October 2nd in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. He says:—"Every battery is brought to bear against the principle of trades unionism with the view to clip its wings and nullify its powers.

"What is the attitude of the Employers' Association? and what are the weapons of its warfare? Its attitude is one of masterly inactivity—well fed, well housed, well clothed, faring sumptuously every day on the products of labor (of which some think they have received an unequal share), they are adopting a waiting policy in calm passivity of soul, in the expectation that impending starvation will enforce submission.

"The employers' weapons of warfare cannot be said to be those of tact, reason, argument, or common sense. So long as the masters refuse to meet the men in conference and discuss their differences it is a tacit but convincing evidence and admission of the weakness of their cause and the indefensibility of their position.

"The men, confident of the justice of their cause, have made appeal after appeal to have their case examined, and, if possible, settled equitably and amicably, and they have been as invariably refused, and treated with indifference if not with contumely. Instead of consideration, jibe and misrepresentation are employed to accelerate the looked-for result of surrender, and appeals are even made to motives of pride, prejudice and passion to accentuate its poignancy.

"*The requirement that officers shall not federate with other labor guilds is an insult to the manhood and intelligence* of the intelligent and industrious citizen, and is an appeal to caste feeling. The taunt that the Trades and Labor Council is arrogating to itself a power against which every free and enlightened citizen should take up arms to resist is only a stratagem to break the serried ranks of the organisation. It is false, but if it were true it is equally true of the federated power of the Employers' Association.

* * * * * *

"My contention is that the onus of responsibility for the present crisis and condition of affairs, involving so much suffering and loss, rests with the masters, who forced it upon the community without sufficient excuse, and are perpetuating it without reason or justification."

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* The Australian Labor Federation has already decreed for Socialism pure and simple, and as a means to that end has set forth the following parliamentary platform:—(1.) Universal White Adult Suffrage for all Parliamentary and Local Elections; no plural voting; no nominee or property-qualification chamber. (2.) State registration of all citizens as electors. (3.) Provision for full and complete enfranchisement of the floating population. (4.) All Parliamentary elections on one day, and that day a close holiday, and all public-houses closed. (5.) Equal electoral districts on adult population basis. (6.) Annual Parliaments. (7.) Abolition of veto.

The conditions to be exacted from labor candidates are—(1.) That they shall occupy seats on Opposition Cross-benches, no matter what party is in power. (2.) That previous to election they shall give a written pledge to resign on a requisition signed by a two thirds majority of their constituents, thus making the members of Parliament in reality what they are now only in name – the servants of the people.

THE CLERK AND THE CAPITALIST.

BY EDWIN J. BRADY.

EDGAR APPLETON SMITH is his name, and he is a real personage, with a real everyday existence, and not a fictitious character drawn from the cavernous recesses of the author's imagination.

If I were striving after originality, I should not hazard the remark that Smith is not an uncommon name, but as I am simply trying to tell the truth, I shall let it go. Smith is *not* an uncommon name, and *my* Smith is a very common young man, who can be seen any day at 8.50 a.m. alighting from the Waverley tram at King-street. Between the hours of 1 p.m. and 1.25 p.m. munching a mutton sandwich on the office stool, with his back to his desk; from 1.25 to 2 p.m. he is to be found leaning against a post opposite the Café Monaco talking athletics to his friends; and, finally, at 5 30 or 6 p.m. you catch sight of his little leather lunch-bag disappearing into a Waverley tram again—"homeward bound." At all other times between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. he is not at home to visitors.

My friend, E. A. S., is, in fact, a clerk—an ordinary, commonplace, hardworking, unpretending, unambitious wielder of the pen "which is mightier than the sword," and less offensive.

Now, for the edification of the public (including E. A. S. himself) I shall endeavor, without being personal, to describe the world of this little man, who may be taken as a fair specimen of a large class which earns its bread by the sweat of its thumb and two forefingers in this city.

I shall divide the life of Mr. Edgar Appleton Smith into four stages, embracing every period of his existence from the cradle to the grave. Was not! Am! Have been! That is the most that can be said of any of us.

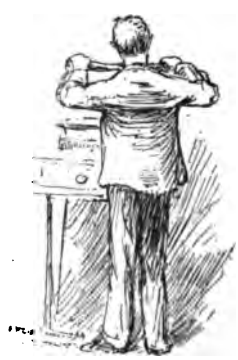
Primus. After an uneventful youth, Edgar A. S., born of ordinary parents, reaches the age of fifteen. The State no longer requires his intellectual energies for the solving of mighty problems in vulgar fractions, or the committing to memory the names of Kamschatkan villages, and dead potentates who considered it a disgrace to be able to sign those names to death warrants and similar documents.

Smith's schooldays are done—fled for ever Poor fellow! how often will he look back and sigh in sorrow for those halcyon days when the noisy locust was always to be had for the climbing, and the cool, soft, yellow waters down by the Corporation Baths rippled on the shores of Woolloomooloo Bay. Just as dear Edgar's papa comes to the conclusion that it is time Edgar should be set about earning a living for himself, there appears an advertisement in the daily paper:—

Wanted a Smart Lad. One from school preferred. Salary twenty-five pounds per annum.—Apply Screwall and Screwall, merchants, City.

Smith obtains the post, and is initiated into the mysteries of the copying press by a "junior" who assumes the attitude of hero towards him on the strength of three years' business experience and fifty pounds per annum.

Smith has entered upon his duties with a fixed determination to fight his way up, like the boy in the story book, from the lowest rung of the ladder to position and wealth. From the despised and lowly post of office boy he will become managing director of a limited company of unlimited capital, promote other companies, buy and sell shares, dabble in stocks, accept the position of alderman, become mayor, then M.P., then goodness knows what—all just like the industrious, economical boy in the story book.



Three years pass away, and Smith attains to the dignity of "junior," salary fifty pounds per annum. No more copying press now;

the new boy does all that, and Smith poses towards him as a "boss." What a delightful sensation seniority brings, to be sure! He is now eighteen, and begins to fancy himself a man; shaves surreptitiously, smokes cigarettes, and has recourse to all sorts of expedients to prevent his "ma" from detecting the same on his breath. He stays out a little late of an evening, too, sometimes, and does an occasional "collar" after church on Sunday nights. He dotes on athletics, knows all about the matches of the junior clubs, can tell you what horse won the Melbourne Cup from memory as far as six years back, also hazards a "tip" for a coming "double," and gives you a "dead bird" for the "Awksboro'" with the air of a man who is "in the ring."

On Saturday afternoons he "barracks" for the the local football club or wrangles over the leather himself. Saturday night he promenades the pavement of the local suburb with his friends, and makes therein the acquaintance of sundry little milliners whom he occasionally (about the first of the month) treats to ice creams and other light refreshments.

If a holiday comes co-evally with a new suit of clothes our young friend takes a trip to Cremorne or Tennyson, or some similar resort, and indulges in "kiss in the ring," "blind man's buff," and such amusements.

As there is a monotonous sameness about this period of our hero's existence we will pass on to—*Secundus* Smith is a man—that is, he is entitled to vote. He is also entitled to think, but he seldom makes use of the privilege. Six years' grinding in an office have made him a machine. He is now in receipt of the munificent salary of one hundred pounds per annum. Out of that he must board respectably, pay tram tickets and washing, and amuse and clothe himself like a *gentleman.*

Poor old Smith! If the ambition had not long ago died out of him, his lot would not be one that the better-paid, more independent tradesman or laborer of his own age might envy.

His face is gradually acquiring a yellowish gray tinge from constant confinement in the close atmosphere of the office, and continual sitting at the desk has given him a slight stoop in the shoulders. He is troubled also with a bad digestion consequent upon insufficient exercise. He still takes a great interest in the turf, and manages thereby to keep his "screw" comfortably mortgaged in advance from month to month. There is a *certain amount of satisfaction* in this, inasmuch as if he should happen to die any time between the third and thirty-first of the current month he will have been so much to the good.

Smith is a little above promenading the gas-lit pave of the local suburb on Saturday nights now. He goes into the city instead, and may be seen with his friends doing the arcades from eight till closing time; sometimes, too, I am afraid, he leans over threepenny bars and says gallant things to the barmaid or cracks a joke with the barman, as the case may be, and gets, perhaps, a little noisy towards closing time. Never mind; Sunday and soda water will put *that* all right. Sunday is the best day in the week for Smith. Fine weather means a trip to Manly with his Lalage, *dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem*, as Lalage should be, of course, notwithstanding that she also must labor eight or, perhaps, twelve hours a day with the needle for the remaining six days of the week. But they are young; they have prospects and possibilities, albeit the heavy handicap of Circumstance, so they are happy.

Then comes the golden age in the life of the individual E. A. S. He loves; he is loved; and when Brown, the man next to him in the office, gets the "sack" or the typhoid, or embezzles, he will have the position—and Lalage will become Mrs Smith.

I think we will leave him here, surrounded by delightful day dreams, visions of snug little four-roomed cottages in the suburbs, with small gardens in front, gas and water laid on, copper, bath, &c., vide advertisement in daily paper.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

If Smith had ever read Horace he would be inclined to quote the lines with great self-satisfaction.

Tertius.—The bells are ringing, and the proud and happy Edgar is coming down the church steps with smiling, blushing Lalage on his arm, and his little heart drumming against his ribs with joy. Joy! I should rather think so! Has not his day dream been realised?

Six months previously Brown left for the west coast of South America with three hundred pounds of Screwall and Screwall's money and immunity from the unpleasant extradition treaty (I hope I am not suggesting demoralising possibilities to the incipient Browns who may read this), and now Smith has received the coveted appointment with its attendant hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

It is absolutely unnecessary and useless for me to point out that my hero is making a mistake in marrying on such a small and

insecure salary. He should have considered the future of course, and he should have waited. But you see he *has* waited, and besides he is only obeying a natural law, and nature makes a fool of the wisest among us sometimes.

What matter, youth is prone to examine life from one side only, the bright side, and with two weeks holiday for a honeymoon, Lalage, the future, and the hundred and fifty, Smith is a king. *Vivat rex.* How long *does* he live. We will see. The honeymoon over our friend comes back to work as usual, determined to have another "shot" at the directorship.

It is very pleasant at first, having a home of one's own to go to after office hours instead of lodgings. By the strictest economy he has managed to save over a hundred pounds, which he sinks in furniture and household effects, and Lalage, although she burns the chops and spoils the Sunday pudding at first, will become a good housekeeper in time, doubtless. So the first and second year and the first and second baby are got over all right.

Smith is beginning to show signs of premature baldness, but that is only natural, one cannot keep one's hair and teeth and things forever. Now comes a little bad fortune.

The old-established, highly respectable firm of Screwall and Screwall have met with some considerable business reverses, owing to protracted strikes and shipwrecks and other unforseen causes which necessitate a change in the management and retrenchment.

The new manager is a recent importation, and a bit of a cad with it.

He takes a dislike to our friend, whom he does not know, and at the same time he *does* know very well a young man from the same street as himself in Brummagem who would be willing to accept the position occupied and attained to by S. at a lower salary.

It is rather a delicate position for young Screwall, who is looking after the business for his papa in England, but due pressure being brought to bear by the new manager, it is suddenly discovered that Smith has not been "giving satisfaction" of late, so the poor devil gets two months' salary in advance and his *congé.* Good-bye to the directorship for ever.

How hard it is to go home with a heavy heart and break the sad news to dear little Lalage. God only knows. God only *knows.* Smith *feels.* Smith feels, but he has been denied expression, and I, well I only describe these things as I have really seen them, *perhaps too often*, here in free Australia.

Times are bad (they always are under these circumstances), and it is long before he can get another billet. Anyone is good enough for a clerk and the labor market is generally glutted with this article

Well, he does get an appointment eventually, but you see the household expenditure has gone on in the interval and it takes a long time and a lot of pinching and scraping to pay off the debts which have accumulated, and then poor Lalage, whom hard work and the cares of maternity have prematurely aged, does not get such good health as formerly.

Let us hasten on to—*Quartus*, and last

Now I am not going to ring the curtain down on my *very* little hero in a tragic manner, neither am I going to make him heir to a rich old uncle who dies and makes everybody happy in the act. I have merely been giving my readers the result of a few personal observations and experiences here-

tofore, and I shall close in the same manner.

Smith is now 32, with a family of five children, a wife, and three pounds a week, which he holds at the will of any petty tyrant who may be his "boss."

Not having any particular education or ability he is likely to remain in his present position to the end of the chapter.

There are no such things as clerks' labor unions, so he is completely at the mercy of the capitalist, and it has yet to be placed on record that a true capitalist ever did anything to better the condition of his *employees* out of pure philanthropy.

The life of the individual Smith is the life of a certain class in this country whose lot is not one to be envied by the man who earns his living by manual labor.

An ordinary clerk in a respectable office must dress better than a workman, must live in better lodgings, and support the *dignity* of his position on wages that a workman would scarcely be induced to accept. But the clerk who belongs to no union must take what he can get without appeal.

It is a general practice in large business establishments to employ a number of boys at ten and fifteen shillings a week to take the places of men with families, who live—the best way they can.

Now, every man who earns his bread with his pen must feel the injustice of these things, and yet he generally meets any suggestion of co-operation or union with apathy or distrust. This is partly owing to the fact that he looks forward to becoming some day an employer himself: he succeeds in doing this in about one case out of a thousand, and the chances of success are becoming every year less and less in these colonies, where the monopolist is daily growing more powerful and more arbitrary.

Another obstacle lies in the nature of the evil itself Among the various trades every facility is offered for the formation of unions, each individual performing as he does a similar kind of work the rate of remuneration for which is easily established. Owing to the varied nature of the clerk's work it is almost impossible to determine a fixed standard of recompense, but that something should be done to abolish the present system and initiate one more in accordance with the socialistic spirit of the age, every underpaid, hopeless, struggling Smith who reads this article will honestly admit—in private, or at least not within hearing of his "boss."

"AN AFTERNOON ON THE VAUCLEUSE ROAD."—ALBERT J. HANSON.

ART IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY JAMES GREEN.

"Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together."—RUSKIN'S "Two Paths."

"Details perfect in unity, and contributing to a final purpose, are the sign of the production of a consummate master."—Preface to the Second Edition of "Modern Painters."

DURING the greater part of the past month the Art Society of New South Wales has held its Eleventh Annual Exhibition at its gallery in No. 70 Pitt Street, Sydney, and the duty of reviewing the Society's operations for the last twelvemonth, as displayed in this Art Show, has again been entrusted to my hands. Readers of THE CENTENNIAL MAGAZINE will remember that in a similar article, which appeared in the issue of November, I made some observations upon what appeared to me the average tendency of Australian painting, the difficulties it had to face, the dangers it should endeavor to avoid, and the particular directions in which it was so far proving most successful. It is needless, therefore, to return to already trodden ground, but there are two points that at once suggest themselves to me for general comment in connection with what was then put forward, before I proceed to speak in detail of any of the exhibited pictures. During the first weeks of the Society's recent exhibition another picture exhibition was being held in Sydney, that of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, consisting of a more than fair average collection of British oil and water-color paintings. It is not the object of this article to institute a categorical comparison between the two exhibitions, but it can scarcely have failed to strike the most casual of observers who visited them both, what much greater scope is afforded to European as compared with Australian artists in the more diverse phases of the social life they see around them, in the softer atmospheric effects pertaining in broad daylight to a moister and less sun-baked climate, in the ever-varying tints and contours of the deciduous foliage as contrasted with those of the everlasting gum-tree, in the greater abundance of lake and river scenery, and in the less horizontal tendencies of the hill and mountain forms. Bearing in mind the disadvantages, even of this class only, under which Australian artists labor, well might the President of the Art Society observe, at the annual banquet given to inaugurate the exhibition: "When I look upon the work produced at home, the product of some hundreds of years artistic training, and then look at the work I see here, which is of only ten or twelve years' growth, it seems to me that the Art Society has within it the germs of a most astonishingly rapid progress." With this remark of Mr. Julian Ashton's I think most candid persons will agree, and in doing so they pay at least a negative compliment to the exhibition which is the subject of these pages. So much for the first point, but there is a second. Those who may have visited these two exhibitions on the same, or almost the same day, may have noted a greater originality of treatment, a wider tendency to study

"LOOKING FOR CATTLE."—P. F. S. SPENCE.

conscientiously and direct from nature (no matter to what result such studies might lead up), a less synthetic and more analytic mode of work in the Australian than in the British show. In the old world the generally received principles of painting, and the course of study leading to their acceptance are more widely recognised and practised, though they are also more conventional, than among us here; hence, while the walls in York Street

may have contained a larger number and variety of acceptable and taking pictures, yet, given an area of a certain number of superficial feet of wall space these, and in the Pitt Street exhibition, the latter would, I feel assured, have displayed the more earnest and courageous striving after solid truth, even if the technical execution were sometimes less skilled and less experienced.

From the foregoing observations the reader who may not have enjoyed the privilege of visiting the Art Society's exhibition, will have perhaps already formed in his own mind some general idea of its more salient characteristics. The exhibits number* in all two hundred and thirty-one, of which one hundred and twenty are painted in oil and one hundred and eleven in water-colors. Compared with the works exhibited last year there are fewer large, striking, and ambitious pictures to be seen in the current exposition, but there seems to be more genuine and *bona fide* studious work upon small canvasses, and more especially upon the sketching block. This is particularly the case with the description of natural scenery; and it might almost seem as if some gentle hints of mine last year, as to our Australian artists occasionally manifesting "too little study of nature in the details of their works," had not entirely fallen on stony ground, but had been laid to heart and acted on in the right quarters.

"THE MULGRAVE ROAD, CAIRNS, QUEENSLAND."—LEILA MACILWAINE.

In noticing the more characteristic and important of the exhibits—for a criticism of anything like eleven score separate pictures would be impossible, even if it were called for, in a magazine article—I shall first speak of the land and seascapes, not because this branch of painting is of itself the highest or the most noteworthy, but partly because it is usually the most widely represented in an Australian picture exhibition (and is especially so in this instance), and also for the reason that it raises more distinctly than any other a question which it is exceedingly important, as it seems to me, should receive a more definite and logical consideration, in the best interests of Art, than it appears to have enjoyed, at any rate in these colonies. I allude to a novel practice—it may be a novel *fashion*—which I believe is called the "impressionist" style of painting, with reference to public picture exhibitions. In entering upon such a topic I am fully aware that I may lay myself open to the scalping-knife of certain of the Art Society's leading lights, not only for the expression of opinions which many gifted artists at the present moment regard as highly heterodox, but for expressing any opinions at all upon the subject. I decline, however, to bow to the contention, so often raised by professional artists, that the functions of the critic are solely those of the drawing-master, the music-master, or the teacher of perspective; and that the moment he has expressed his opinion as to the correctness or otherwise of the painting of that which the painter set himself to paint (whether it be worthy or unworthy of the artist's brush), or of the manner in which the notes of a piece of music—possibly "Buffalo Gals" or "Yankee Doodle"—have been sung or played, he has exhausted and fulfilled his critical duties. On the contrary, the very *raison d'être* of the critic, as I hold, is that he may step into the Art arena with larger views and wider range of sympathy than the mere tutor's in the interests of the public taste and culture, just when the technicalities of the teacher (of little use or interest to the masses of the public) cease; interpreting to the less cultivated that which is noble but may be occult in an artist's work, and so stimulating the admiration and appreciation of the layman; forestalling the only true verdict upon any work of Art—the verdict of the general public, extending over a considerable length of time,

*For the sake of literary convenience the present tense is employed throughout the remainder of this notice, although the exhibition was to close on the 27th of last month.

differentiating that which is truly progressive from what may be merely a passing whim and fashion of the day, and assisting to establish and maintain a lofty standard in every branch of Art, through encouragement and sympathy with the artist when he triumphs, and through friendly censure when he loiters on the onward march, or falls out from the vanguard, and takes to evil habits by the roadside.

For some years past there has been a growing tendency among a certain school of artists to avoid completely finishing supposedly finished pictures, such as those intended for sale or public exhibition ought certainly, I think, to be. Thus, distant hills find their description in solid streaks of purple paint; trees and whole forests are mopped in apparently with a sponge; rocks are plastered on the canvas with a palette-knife in slabs, and foregrounds are conspicuous by their absence. In the present exhibition we find this tendency extended by several artists with an avowed and aggressive practice, against which I desire to record my earnest and emphatic protest, little as such protest may be worth. It is, of course, entirely beyond the scope and limits of this article to enter upon any examination of the arguments on which this novel and eccentric practice appears to have been based, though I may perhaps essay to do so at some future time in a comparison of the pre-Raphaelites and Impressionists, their truths and fallacies. But Messrs. H. S. Hopwood and Arthur Streeton are artists of such unquestioned powers, so masterful is their insight into the working of nature and their grasp of her effects, that I have no hesitation of speaking of their work in terms it would be cruel to apply to men of small artistic mould. To criticise poor struggling Smith as one might "slate" mad Whistler would be simply cowardly. While, then, there is much of what both Mr. Streeton and Mr. Hopwood send that cannot but command the warmest admiration, is there not much else that only may be regarded in the light of studies, sketches, records of effects, or memoranda such as war artists send home of military engagements, with the most striking episodes hurriedly dashed in, and instructions for the rest conveyed to the draftsman in, say "cavalry advancing in cloud of dust," "wooded hills for background," and so forth? Are Mr. Hopwood's "Cottage Home in Old North Wales" and "Sunny Afternoon, Mossman's Bay," aught but scene-painting in miniature, however fine in "quality" and tone? Are the splotches of beet-color that have run all down the paper into great big blots in the "Fisherman's Camp, Balmoral Beach," as intelligible as even hieroglyphics?" Can Mr. Streeton's "Study for Color" be characterised as other than a kaleidoscopic nightmare? What of the splotchiness of "Sunlight Sweet, Coogee," the smudginess of "From McMahon's

"A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER."—H. S. HOPWOOD.

Point," or that dab of paint in the left-hand corner of the "Sunny South" (where, probably, a tree would grow), like nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth? It is impossible to pursue the subject further; but while I fully recognise the value, *as studies*, of such exhibits as I have mentioned, I contend that treatment of this kind has no rightful place in an exhibition of finished works of art. As well give "Hamlet" to a great tragedian to play and all the other characters to supers! as well break up a poem with the boldest of prose memoranda, or take away the final bars of a great symphony and finish on the German concertina! as well make chairs with three carved legs and fix up half a yard of broomstick for the fourth!

Leaving the "impressionist" question and speaking of the more important landscapes and sea pieces, the Vice-President's two flood scenes (the former of which has gained the prize of twenty guineas offered by Mr. Wynne for the best landscape of New South Wales scenery, painted in oils by an artist resident in the colony, the award to be made by the

"A RAINY DAY, DARLING HARBOR."—W. LISTER LISTER.

Trustees of the National Art Gallery), "Out West, During the Flood of 1890—the Gunda Booka Range," and "Ditto, ditto, Mount Oxley," demand first notice. In the Gunda Booka picture, the country is flooded in a manner that recalls somewhat the inundation of the Nile, the mangroves and the higher scrub cropping up above the surface of the water, while the exquisitely soft saffron light of evening permeates the whole. The work is broader and more dashing than Mr. Piguenit usually gives us, but it is distinguished, all the same, by the careful study and fine drawing for which the skilled and conscientious erst-Tasmanian artist has for years been noted. In "Mount Oxley" the flood is more extensive, and a greyer tone of sky and water gives a greater sense of desolation and distress. Though less attractive simply as a picture than "The Gunda Booka Range," "Mount Oxley" is fraught with a higher poetic purpose and profounder meaning. No less fine, in its way, is Mr. W. Lister Lister's "After the Shower, on the Lane Cove River," which has been purchased by the Trustees of the National Art Gallery. Mr. Lister possesses a keen and sympathetic eye for the sweet pearly greys and other tender tints that are to be found by those who seek them, even beneath the scorching glare of the Australian sun, and amidst the never-changing sombre gloom of the Australian gum tree; and nothing can be more charmingly artistic than the silvern shimmer he has thrown over the Lane Cove foliage, the reposeful river, and the luxuriantly flowering grasses on the bank, all finely painted, except a scarcely finished corner of the right hand foreground. Quite the most effective seascape in the gallery, too, is the same artist's bold and powerful "Southerly Weather,"

> The breakers on the shore
> Sloped into louder surf—

as admirable for the abundant light and shade as for the drawing of the rocks, the "quality" of the water, and the "dirtiness" of the whole scene. Another daring work of Mr. Lister's is "The Vernon at Sunset," in which the old black hull is thrown into mixed contrast with the golden gloaming and the silvern sea, while "A Stretch of Sand, Clifton, N.S.W." is as broad in work as anything in the collection. The other water-color contributions by this artist also possess great merit.

The President sends no sea or landscape

"THE STATION KITCHEN."—A. HENRY FULLWOOD.

work in oil this year, but his half-dozen water color paintings are extremely good. The most ambitious of them is "A Gleam of the Setting Sun," a beautiful river scene, with exquisite effects of light and finely studied color values, and equal to anything that I can remember in the past from Mr. Ashton's practised brush in respect of drawing and composition. Even more artistic, however, is perhaps the simpler "Bar, Bittongo Beach;" so entirely admirable is the breadth imparted to the delicately treated sky, the placid sheet of water, and the sand. "Our Camp, Easter," may be specially noted for the masterly perspective produced by the composition and the atmospheric treatment; while an effective contrast is obtained between the lurid lowering of "A Storm Threatening" and the healthy freshness of "The Wharf, Gosford," with its limpid water and green grass. Mr. Mather, too, is represented only in the water-color section. His painting, purchased for the National Art Gallery, of "Mossman's Bay," is, I think, unequal. This favorite and *pretty spot is* well described, and nothing could be better than the handling of the foreground and the boat; but the water is a little labored, and the tree work somewhat woolly. Entirely admirable is the talented Victorian artist's "Rising Mists," in which the silver vapors steal, ghost-like, around the indigo of the lone hills, producing an impression of unutterable solitude.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds

is a work of the same character as Mr. Lister's "Vernon." In it the "solemn stillness" is vividly described through the medium of foliage that is well-nigh black, as it appears against the saffron of the setting sunlight, which is feebly streaming through it. In a very different key is "Summer," with its soft, broad handling of the pleasant meadow and pale purple distance, and the tender-tinted sky, while "On the Cliffs, Coogee," and "A Breezy Day" are perfect little gems.

Mr. A. H. Fullwood sends several good subjects, though nothing equal to his best work of last year. "The River Darling,

"A FUNNY STORY."—A. J. DAPLYN.

1890" is another flood scene, clever and artistic in the grey effect of early morning mist, though curiously reminiscent of the somewhat mannered treatment Mr. Agarnt Ingram so delights in. "Maitland and the Upper Hunter Valley" is a luxuriant and characteristically Australian landscape, well handled as regards the sky and hills and middle distance, though sketchy and unfinished in the foreground; but Mr. Fullwood's more poetic aspect is best revealed in the touch of pathos he has given to the twilight that gathers around "The Old Home," and in the clever night scene of "The Bridge." The sunlight in his water-color of "Gosford Road," and the rain in "A Wet Day, Newport," are also to be commended. A striking contrast with this artist's broad but somewhat sketchy work is afforded by Mr. E. C. Combes's "Suffolk Marsh, Evening," and Mr. E. B. Bolton's "Gibraltar, from the Spanish side." The surroundings of the giant rock may be somewhat "got up" for effect, and not severely true to fact, but the picture is a very beautiful one; while in the "Suffolk Marsh," the glory of the gloaming crowns with a dying splendor, the windmill and the water, the copse of stone pines in the middle distance, and the hedge and wild flowers in the foreground. Both are fine specimens of the accepted school of English water-color painting, and worthily mark the finished picture as compared with the mere sketch or study. Mr. Daplyn is particularly successful in his sea pieces this year. The "Entrance to Middle Harbor" has almost the character of a Henry Moore; "The Morning after the Storm" contains some of the finest quiet wove drawing in the exhibition; and "A Summer Storm" and other of this conscientious artist's works are thoroughly fresh and breezy. At the same time, if Mr. Daplyn could only get the sunlight into his pictures to the same extent as Mr. Pinero was once said to have "got the smell of the hay across the footlights"—one of the highest and yet most delicate compliments ever paid to a dramatic aûthor—they would be more acceptable even than they are. "A Home on the Hawkesbury," by Mr. C. H. Hunt, is a well-painted and thoroughly Australian scene, a little marred, perhaps, by too much subject and a tendency to chalkiness; but in "Mossman's Bay" we have an exquisite effect of evening light about the hills, and "A Misty Morning, Sydney Harbor," is particularly artistic. A variety of water-color drawings by Mr. *George Collingridge are full of* the care and accuracy he habitually displays in everything he sets his hand to, and Mádame Roth has several picturesque and powerful little subjects. Mr. G. A. Thomas is pre-Raphaelitely minute and somewhat sunless in "The Slope of the Gully," and Mr. Arthur Collingridge bold and artistic in his "Storm Brewing, Villa Maria Creek." Mr. Minchen, Mr. Minns and Signor Steffani also contribute excellent artistic work, and Mrs. McIlwaine some half dozen slightly conventional, but pretty and well-painted landscape views.

Passing to the figure subjects and the portraits, the present exhibition is scarcely as strong in these departments as was that of last year; still there is fine work in both branches of human figure painting. In the place of honor, at the end of the gallery, hangs Mr. Percy F. S. Spence's large oil painting of "The Comrade's Grave," a thoroughly Australian subject, such as must appeal to a very large class of our population. In a little stretch of meadow cleared from the surrounding bush a stalwart stockman stands,

"FAR AWAY."—AMANDUS J. FISCHER.

leaning against the horse from which he has dismounted, to look at the rough stone that marks the final earthly resting-place of one who has shared with him the toils and hardships of the bush, and has fallen in the good fight The work possesses the fine figure drawing, and all the other technical excellence (and a good deal of the character and treatment) that characterised the picture

Mr. Spence contributed last year; but with this is joined a simple, manly pathos that gives to it a higher stamp. The same artist's "The Three Fishers" shows us the trio of figures standing out effectively, somewhat in the modern French manner, against a greyish background of sea and sky. Mr. R. Godfrey Rivers is very Australian in his subjects, but very hard in his treatment of them. Both "A Woolshed" and "Waiting for the North Shore Ferry" lack "quality," and are somewhat faulty in the figure-drawing; but in "Bushed" (a red frocked child who has lost her way amid the scrub), the artist seems to have adopted the pre-Raphaelite principles—possibly by way of protest against "impressionism"—so over-minute and accurate is every detail of the painting. Mr. Arthur Collingridge is best represented by "A Token of Friendship" and "Man 'O War Ships, Sydney Harbor." The former, which has been acquired for the Art Gallery, shows a pretty and well-painted young lassie timidly feeding an equally timid calf amidst the long, ripe meadow-grass, rich in color as a cornfield. The treatment of the sky is not quite happy, but all else is entirely admirable. The latter work, though less original, is equally successful in its way; and Mr. Collingridge has seldom displayed better composition, easier figure-drawing, or more artistic ærial perspective.

Mr. J. A. Bennett's picture of "Girlhood," if a few inches were taken off the bottom of it, and the frame re-mitred, would be a singularly charming picture of a young and thoroughly Australian maiden, costumed in azure and French grey, and shading her eyes with her hand; but Mr. Hunt is scarcely to be congratulated upon the success of his illustration of the Shakespearian lines:—

> He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
> While I shall have my life.

Those noble words of a dishonored, but still proud and loving queen, spoken to the powerful cardinal, do not appropriately lend themselves to the pourtrayal of a lack-adaisical young lady in a stony gown, with her head placed stagily upon a seat. The foreground of the work is weak and flimsy; and although there are some admirable management of light and other good points about the painting, one cannot but feel how magnificent an opportunity for a great picture the artist threw away when he discarded Shakespeare for sentimentality, and the injured Katharine for this love-sick damsel in a smalt-colored skirt. More spirited and generally acceptable is Mr. A. J. Fischer's well-painted "Revenge—An Australian Episode," though what may be the story of the particular episode the picture scarcely tells. Mr. Cowen is becoming an enigma. Why he should take a portion of old Sydney, and people it with groups of persons in the costumes of Cordova or Seville to talk "Scandal," passes my comprehension, and defies all ordinary criticism. But this much I may say, that though the foremost girls, in their effective dress, are very witching, the light values given

"He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life."
CHARLES H. HUNT.

to these figures can scarcely be correct and true, considering the position in which the artist has placed them in the street. In "The Chief's Daughter" Mr. R. Atkinson exhibits such a wealth of power, such a command of his resources, that I should gladly have seen his talents devoted to something more attractive than a Maori baby in a pink frock, sprawling in a native hut. Desperately uninteresting, however, as the subject, the handling of it is superb. Mr. Daplyn has several conscientiously painted bush scenes, the best of which are "A Quiet Read" and "A Funny Story"—only, why have intro-

"ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE."—B. E. MINNS.

duced the same white-bearded model into both subjects?—and Mr. Hopwood, in "A Country Subscriber," shows once more with what masterful touch and knowledge he *can* paint when he chooses, and as he has chosen in this little drawing, in all but an unintelligible something on the right-hand side. Capital work, too, there is in Mr. B. E. Minns's "Robbery with Violence," in which a brace of bushrangers, often "sticking-up" the mail and binding the unhappy mailman to a tree, are overhauling the mail bag in the bush, and burning most of its contents. The subject would have borne painting on a larger and more powerful scale, but it still possesses many points of interest and excellence.

Mrs. Stoddard is to be congratulated on having resumed for exhibition a branch of art that she is so eminently fitted to adorn, namely, portraiture. Since the noteworthy "Portrait of a Lady," treated in the difficult tones ranging between *écru* and *café au lait*, in the exhibition of 1886, this artist has exhibited nothing to compare with her present portrait of Mr. M. E. A'Becket, which personally I regard as the finest in the gallery. The portraiture itself is excellent, and there is a self-restraining, quiet power about the simple breath of treatment that gives a *cachet* to the work. The President, though he sends four portraits, is less successful than usual with his canvasses. The happiest is that of Mr. E. L. Montefiore, but in all of them there is a certain fussiness about the treatment of the flesh, while the details of the dress in Mrs. Threlfall's portrait makes one long a little for good old Vandyck days, when artists did not scorn to paint point lace. The portrait of Lord Carrington is admirable as a likeness, but as a work of art is not to be compared with Mr. Ashton's grand presentment of Sir Henry Parkes, and the last portion of the work, perhaps, is the painting the Freemasons' regalia. Mr. Cowen's portrait of Mr. Dion Boucicault (no longer "junr.") is accurate, though hard and unexpressive: far finer are "Henry Solomon's, Esq.," and the well-wrought "Cup of Tea" (a portrait of a lady, a little heavy in the color scheme), but there is nothing of this artist's to compare with the portraits of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hoffnung, which he exhibited last year. Perhaps the

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. LORD CARRINGTON, P.C., G.C.M.G., GRAND PAST MASTER, ORDER OF FREEMASONS."—JULIAN R. ASHTON.

most forcible piece of portraiture in the gallery is the head of the late Mr. Habbe, painted by himself; but Mr. J. L. Lyon's portrait of Mr. Pearson Lyon is an excellent canvas, easy and life-like in the pose, and broad in the *technique*—rapidly executed, perhaps, but in no way "scamped" on that account. Mr. Nicholas Shiels (whose figure work is hard and uninteresting) sends a very finished portrait head of Miss Ida Macmaster, in postels; while Miss Lindall's "Portrait of Miss Rina Church," in reddish russet robes, and Miss Ethel Stephen's "Portrait of a Lady" possess considerable power, though both are unfortunate in the shadows of the flesh.

Architectural painting, I must record with sorrow, is represented (apart from the backgrounds of Mr. Cowen's "Scandal," and Signor Nerli's clever "Winter in Sydney," and also from mere cottages) by scarcely half-a-dozen small water-color drawings, and these chiefly of streets, rather than buildings of any especial merit or attractions. Considering that architecture is the oldest, the noblest, and the parent art; considering that from its laws are derived (with necessary modifications) the laws of painting and sculpture, and even (to some extent) of music; and that to the neglect of the study of those laws is due so much that is false and meretricious, not only in architecture itself, but in other forms of Art; considering that by no other means are the characteristics, if not the history, of a people or a place so truthfully and permanently recorded as through architecture. It seems to me a matter of regret that so worthy and attractive a branch of painting as the architectural is not more cultivated by Australian artists. Of course, it may be said, with truth, that we are destitute, beneath the southern sun, of those noble architectural monuments that are the crowning glory of the Old World cities, and that bring us into touch, as we gaze upon them, with men and women who have been dust for ages. True, we possess no temples of the Pharaohs, no Parthenon o

Athens, no Roman Erecthereum or Colisseum, no Temple of Juno and Lucino at Girgenti (once so despoiled by Verres, that indefatigable "conveyer" of works of art), no fanes of Chartres, Westminster or Burgos, no Ducal Palace in that Venice which Titian, Tintoretto and Giorgione sanctified with the glory of grand color, nor no Vincenzian Greek threatre, nor palatial Paris Tuilleries. Still, there are already many buildings in these colonies that are fully worthy of the painter's brush, and Mr. C. E Hern has shown his erst-compatriots how even the most prosaic edifices may be "turned to gold" by the enchantment of the palette, which Australian artists visit, from time to time, some parts of Europe, Asia or North Africa, and new-comers arrive among us every now and then, who must certainly be familiar with some, at least, of the great exemplars of mural art. Yet, only one thorough architectural painter, so far as I know, exists among us here, and he has ceased to exhibit with the Art Society for several years.

The following, however, are the few architectural drawings that have been contributed to this year's exhibition: Mr. W. B. Spong's "Hobart, Tasmania," describes the leading blocks of buildings in that pleasant city truthfully; and their warm stone hue, together with the color of the wooden huts, contrasts effectively with the purple masses of the hills and the russet greyish clouds. More entirely architectural is the same artist's "Traversa da Palma, Lisbon"—extremely picturesque, delicately limned and valuable for the lesson given on the effectiveness of green paint in exterior house decoration. Artistic, too, is Mr. Arthur Collingridge's "Street in Milan, France," while in the "Old Fort, Brindisi," Mr. Bolton makes the massive stretch of masonry, particularly well composed in its relation to the sky-line, stand out with a mysterious vagueness in the perfect atmosphere of the warm evening twilight. Mr. Hunt, in his "Merchant of Venice," contributes a good study of one of the Venetian side canal streets, though he has scarcely caught the true Venetian warmth of atmosphere. The painting of the *Sydney Morning Herald* office, in Signor Nerli's "Winter in Sydney," is as solid and sterling as the edifice itself, and the houses in Mr. Cowen's "Scandal" are chalkier and flimsier than they need have been.

But if architecture has been neglected still more so has decorative painting. Of this latter the exhibition can boast none at all, excepting in the shape of a few fruit and flower

"THE 'OLD HOUSE' GARDEN, SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK."—A. H. COMBES.

panels; and so nearly do these approach in treatment the naturalistic that the decorative and ordinary type of flower subjects may be considered in one group. Foremost in this branch of painting stands Madame Roth, who sends three panels—"Apples," which has been purchased for the Art Gallery, painted upon a well-toned gold ground, and "Poppies" and "Tiger Lilies," upon oiled cedar. The finer work is, perhaps, in "Apples," but I prefer the flower subjects on account of their greater wealth of color. Neither, however, are quite conventional enough in treatment—a drawback I have observed before in this accomplished lady's work—for actual decorative employment, though full of force and character, and true enough in vegetable life and growth to be acceptable offerings to Flora and Pomona. Another excellent panel (though with the same defect) is Mr. Streeton's "Bananas," executed upon bird's-eye maple or some similar wood, and framed in black and gold. Still more naturalistic, though excellently painted, is Miss (?) Edith Truss's "Jonquils" on ebonised wood, while several jars decorated by Miss (?) Ethel A. Stephens deserve notice among others of this lady's works. Mrs. Halligan's "Roses" and "Chrysanthemums" are both exquisite specimens of flower paintings; and Miss Helen Willis's "Nasturtiums" and "Purple Clematis" are as noticeable for the purity and beauty of

the color as for the careful study of the growth. Mr. Minchen contributes several loving little bits, especially one of "Passion Fruit"; Miss (?) Flora Ross four beautifully-painted subjects, principally chrysanthemums; and Miss A. H. Combes a view of "The 'Old House' Garden, Sherringham, Norfolk," with hollyhocks whose velvety softness and crimson glory deserve high praise.

Considering that the last-named class of works, with others of the same kind, are painted, with scarcely an exception, by ladies —viewing the artistic skill and taste displayed, and the demand that exists among us for employment suitable to educated and delicately nurtured women, coupled with the extent to which female art labor has for years past been made use of in the old country; and, further, bearing in mind the desire that is now beginning to spring up throughout these colonies for artistic home decoration — it is a matter of surprise to me that ladies do not devote themselves more often than they do in New South Wales to the practice of decorative painting. There should be a fine opening for this class of enterprise before many years have passed away. As this, however, is a matter I may have occasion to dwell on in some detail shortly, in a series of articles on "The Principles and Practice of Interior Decoration," announced to appear in a professional (architectural) journal, I need hardly burden with further observations on the subject a review of an Art Exhibition, with which they could have only an indirect connection.

The animal paintings may be dismissed in a few words. They are almost as conspicuous by their absence as are the attempts to devote the higher class of figure painting to the service of poetry, history, fiction, or religion, as the description of nature in her grander aspects, such as New Zealand is so prolific in, or as humorous subjects. The only really important animal piece is Mr. Mahony's "Bush Rangers," a spirited presentment of horses straying in the forest, but rather vague and smudgy in the background. Mr. W. F. Seymour has a characteristic and well-painted "Study of a Dog"; and Mr. Neville Cayley's ornithological flirtation of a pair of kookoburras seated on a branch, entitled "Jack's Courtship," is a worthy piece of plumage painting, with a spice of humor in it. Mr. Spence's little drawing of "Looking for Cattle," though true and careful, is scarcely worthy, in its hardness, of the artist. As a whole, the exhibition is undoubtedly a creditable one, though rather it may be, in its aims and strivings after truth than in its positive accomplishment.

"DESERTED MILL, NEAR HOBART."—MADAME ROTH.

A NOTE ON MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

SPEAKING elsewhere of culture I said: * "Ours is the first age which has been able to attain to anything like a really comprehensive culture—a veritable 'knowledge of the best that has been thought or known in the world.'" I meant that our age is pre-eminent above all those that have preceded it by this, the extent of its knowledge and the justness of its judgment. The two things, indeed, in the end finally imply each other. To know much is the surest preventive of being a partisan. But no amount of knowledge, no amount of justness of judgment that are possible to a man, have as yet succeeded in making him infallible, or are ever likely to succeed.

The attitude, then, which is taken up by so many of our critics—and I use the word criticism just as I use the word culture in its widest sense: I use it to include literary with scientific culture, and the one no less than the other—the attitude which so many of our critics take up—that, namely, of the possession of a purpose and system which shall be infallible, is to be protested against. While admitting that the purpose or system of our culture lead to a justness of judgment which is unrivalled, it is quite another thing to declare that the results of their application can end in only one thing—objectivity, reality, truth!

In the first place there is the limit of the scope of knowledge possible to any one man, and then comes the inevitable personality of the man himself.

There is no one in modern times who is to be compared with Goethe for scope of knowledge. As a poet he has no equal among the modern men; as a literary critic he has not; as a scientific critic he is, if not in the first rank, still worthy of our respect and attention; and yet in all three branches of his work he made mistakes, and often grievous mistakes. It was inevitable.

Sometimes he passed out of his true province; sometimes he let his personality influence him too much; sometimes he fell a victim to ignorance. Herr Haeckel reproaches him with his rejection of the "mathematical method" and his consequent great "injustice towards the most eminent physicists," which implies all the three cases, and the literary and social critics have also their tale against him. But what of that? The wonder is, not that he made mistakes, but that he made so few.

If, however, this great, this wonderful Goethe, thanks to that ever-developing entity which he has called for us the Time-spirit, stands convicted here of slight and there of positively grave error, what is to be expected of other men who attempt to cover an even larger ground than he did? And, above all, attempt to cover it with that sovereign ease which only comes of a flawless perception of its objectivity, reality, truth?

I do not propose here to try to examine Mr. Herbert Spencer's work in its totality, still less to bring forward a judgment on its final worth. That must be for others more specially fitted for such an undertaking than I.

I do not even propose to expatiate on what seems to me to be its worth, final or otherwise.

I merely wish to say a few things about an aspect of his work, which at the present moment seems to me to be too much overlooked. I have no higher part to play in the drama than to call from the crowd as Cæsar passes to the Capitol, "Beware the ides of March!"

Mr. Herbert Spencer, as we all know, is one of those happy people who are blessed with a system.

Now, a system is nothing but a patent process for the attainment of the truth of the things systematised; and as Mr. Spencer systematises everything it is clear that his "synthetic system of philosophy" is nothing but a patent process for the attainment of the truth of everything. Other poor people have finally to be content with their own personal view of this or that, supported, perhaps, by what they may take to be something like proof of it. With Mr. Spencer it is different. He speaks, not as Mr. Spencer, but as Mr. Spencer's system, that is to say, as truth.

When, therefore, Mr. Spencer disagrees with this person or that he does not as other poor

* *Australian Essays: Culture.*

people do, simply set about trying his best to disprove what seems to him disprovable. What Mr. Spencer does is to point out first how unkind Nature has been to this person, with whom he disagrees, in making it impossible for this person to attain to truth.

Matthew Arnold, for instance, takes such or such a view which is contrary to that held by Mr. Spencer, that is to say, Mr. Spencer's system, that is to say, truth.

This is very sad, my friends, but what else can you expect?

Is not Matthew Arnold a concrete example of the "anti-patriotism bias," and does not the "anti-patriotism bias" render such or such a view in a man necessarily contrary to that held by Mr. Spencer, that is to say, *et cetera, et cetera*?

Or, again. Carlyle calls political economy "the dismal science," and why?

The answer is obvious, in a general way, as above, and it is equally obvious in a particular way.

"If a man swears at some inanimate thing which he cannot adjust as he wishes, or if, in wintry weather, slipping down and hurting himself, he vents his anger by damning gravitation, his folly is manifest enough to spectators, and to himself also when his irritation dies away." In precisely the same manner: "knowing that his plans for social reformation are discountenanced by it, Mr. Carlyle manifests his annoyance by calling political economy 'the dismal science.'"

To a poor person without a synthetic system of philosophy this explanation of Carlyle's attitude here would not be altogether (what shall I say?) axiomatic. He would be apt to think that it read very like a personal view—and a personal view with a bias, with a synthetic bias in fact; or should we say with a bias very much like that of a man who has the worst bias of all, that of thinking he has none? But, of course, such a person would be wrong.

In the same way, again, if such a person were reading the account, by a correspondent of the *Times*, of the examination papers set to Hindu youths at the Calcutta University, and remarked the mistakes they made in their knowledge of more or less technical terms set from a given subject, as, for instance, *Ivanhoe*; such a person might be struck with the inadvisability of spending so much time and trouble on more or less technical terms, but he would perceive that the real object of the examination lay, not so much in acquiring a knowledge of these particular terms as in the power itself of acquiring such a knowledge. In other words, he would perceive that the object of the examination was to find out the capacities of the examined for accurate learning

Not so, of course, a man with a system which is a patent process for the attainment of truth; not so, of course, a man without a bias who was writing a "study of sociology" to point out the dangers of superficial thought.

The correspondent of the *Times*, the sad fellow, remarks on the inefficacy of an educational system to instil accurate learning into the Hindu youth. ("*In*stil *in*to" is, as Mr. Spencer knows, a redundant expression, worthy only of such loose writers as Addison and Matthew Arnold. It should be "stil into," and would indeed read much better in that way.

"If now," says Mr. Spencer, "instead of looking at that to which our attention is drawn we look a little below it, we may be struck by the amazing folly of an examiner who proposes to test the fitness of youths for commencing their higher education, by seeing how much they know of the technical terms, cant-phrases, slang, and even extinct slang, talked by the people of another nation."

It is true that Mr. Spencer is of opinion—I am sure I beg his pardon, that Mr. Spencer *says*—that "the fact pointed out as significant" by the *Times* correspondent is the "ignorance" of these Hindu youths.

The *Times* correspondent, the sad fellow, says different: says that what struck him was not the fact of this ignorance as ignorance, but the "curious material for reflection" which it afforded "on the value of an educational system."

In what a wretched condition the man's powers of sociology must be! He is suffering from a horrible attack of "subjective difficulties." "Let us not speak of him," as Dante says, "but look and pass!"

One more example of the value of a patent process for eliminating the personal and attaining to the absolute view of things. Examples abound, but this typical one will suffice.

We have seen how this key-system unlocks the gate of truth in literary and sociologic judgments; let us now see how it does so in historical.

A poor person without this system may have considered that Napoleon's prodigious success was due to some other causes than the fact of Napoleon's personal desires. He may have thought that Napoleon owed something of it to the central idea of the Revolution, "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*," (Fling wide the doors for wits!) as the sad fellow put it himself, that he owed something of it

to the sudden upheaval of a great nationality, madly desirous of destroying what had held it down, and so on. The poor person is, of course, once more wrong.

Well now, at the lowest computation all this resulted in a loss of over two million lives.

"And all this slaughter," says Mr Spencer, "all this suffering, all this devastation, was gone through because one man had a restless desire to be despot over all men." For it is an assured fact, as every sociologic philosopher knows, that if to-morrow any man had a restless desire to be despot over all men, the nation to which he belonged would follow him to the death in the pursuit of this despotism!

A poor person without this infallible system of ours might consider such an account to be that of a man with a bias towards (what shall I say?) syntheticism, towards a belief in those beliefs for which such a man as Mr. Spencer is so well known. Such a person would, of course, yet again be wrong.

I am sure that I hope no one will think that I wish to treat "our great philosopher," as Darwin calls him, with disrespect, least of all our great philosopher himself.

It is only that I cannot bring myself to look upon his work with that reverence, and I may almost say adoration, with which all my friends, the scientific young ladies and gentlemen, do.

It seems to me not to be in any sense great work. It is very ingenious work and very elaborate work. It has considerable pretensions. It calls itself scientific in the sense of absolutely final, and it seems to me that it is not. It believes that it has eliminated from itself all personal views, and it seems to me that it has not.

It shows everywhere signs of a personality which is often idiosyncratic and even eccentric. Soaring above some fallacies, it is swarming with others, just as an eagle is which takes its vermin up to the peaks, for all that the vermin of other creatures is left far below.

This work, I say, seems to me to be in no sense great work.

It is perpetual and diffuse accumulation.

I confess that, at any rate to me, the statue of the Apollo Belvidere is a more wonderful production than a cairn bigger than Arthur's Seat. There is not one really suggestive sentence from the first word to the last of a book like this very "Study of Sociology," a sentence, I mean which broadens, *deepens, and illuminates* in the sense that so many (say) of Goethe's do.* The only thing of value in the whole book is what it has to say about the attributes of women, past, present, and to be.

It is easy enough to answer that certain ideas, and certain very important ideas, run through all this and similar books, and that it is necessary to express them in this extended and concrete form to make them acceptable and accepted.

The answer is that, whether this be true or not, it has nothing to do with the vice of prolixity which we find here.

There are important ideas in the *Nichomachean Ethics*, or the *Principia*, in the *Agamemnon* or the *King Lear*, but that would be no excuse for making these works prolix.

I say boldly that men like Mr. Spencer and Darwin do not know how either to think or to express their thoughts.

Their ideas are like streams lost in the sand.

These men express in five hundred pages what really great writers express in five. They are the slaves of their materials. They do not know what to take and what to reject. It is anguish to them to leave their winter clothes behind them when they are setting out on a summer trip. They, therefore, take their whole wardrobe with them, and always and everywhere!

Nor (if Mr. Spencer will permit me for a moment to be with him as scientifically final as he is with other people) is the reason of all this hard to discover.

What is called the classical education has had, and still has, the most serious faults.

It has been, and still is, in the hands of those pedants who aroused the wrath no less of the scholar Milton than of the student Carlyle.

At the same time that did not prevent Milton from assimilating thoroughly, and Carlyle, to at least a certain degree, that sense of harmonious form which is after all the great technical lesson which the classical education has to teach us.

With Darwin and Mr. Spencer the case was different.

Mr. Spencer congratulates himself on having "effectually resisted classical culture," or rather the pedantry which he takes for it, and so finds himself composing a system with a quite inadequate sense of that harmonious form, without which such a system is apt to become little short of a solemn piece of clever absurdity.

* In chapter II we find: "Before the great man can re-make his society his society must make him." It may be considered that this is a really suggestive sentence, but it is at best only a clever half-truth as are so many of Mr. Spencer's best remarks.

He has, moreover, other innate faults, as it seems to me, of which I will speak presently.

With Darwin something very similar occurred, although in his case its evil effects were lessened by the want of the philo-systematic impulse, by a broader and deeper lambency of vision, which is his greatest charm.

He was educated at Shrewsbury, one of the most, if not the most, classical of our public schools, and there he imbibed his contempt for the classical education.

Having, many years later, myself undergone this education there, when, it is to be presumed, its rigidity was somewhat slackened by some attempts at the introduction of some of the modern ideas, I can testify to the fact that it was a school of the very highest order of excellence for the production of word-mongers and pedants. (If this is tautological Mr. Spencer will perhaps excuse it.) The atmosphere there reeked with the *jargon* of the grammarians and the pseudo-classicalists.

I believe I am correct in saying that no other school has had three senior classics running, or anything like as many Porson prizemen. It needs no further criticism, I think.

Darwin, then, can be forgiven for expressing his regret for the years he wasted there, and I for agreeing with him.

His rejection of the classical education received, naturally enough, no modification at Cambridge; for what was Cambridge except an enlarged and more profoundly stultified edition of the public schools which catered for it?

And thus this man, one of our greatest, was sent out to his work without the sole gift that was necessary to make it perfect.

What he has achieved is wonderful, and in its particular aspects, beyond all praise of mine, but it is not perfect; it will not last as the *Novum Organon* will last, or the *Principia*, as the *Agamemnon* will last, or *King Lear*.

It seems to me that Darwin's work will scarcely even survive as a certain part of Bacon's work has, does, and will; which we read not so much for what it has to teach us of what the man thought, but of how he thought it.

Darwin will remain, as it seems to me, a great name round which will cling the perfume of a personality unequalled in our time for a kindliness as simple as it was sweet—a great name which casts a clear and equable, but by no means strong or illuminative, light before humanity in the course of its progress onward and upward.

I return to Mr. Spencer.

I have spoken of innate faults in him.

One, and the gravest of them, is that philo-systematic impulse whose absence was so great an advantage to Darwin.

"When a man talks of system," says Byron, "his case is hopeless."

This is a little excessive perhaps, but it is an example of that intuition into the actuality of things which Byron, with all his crying faults of superficiality and artificiality, possessed in common with his great political cousin, Napoleon.

Systems, they both saw, have their uses, but the moment a man thinks he has attained to one which shall produce truth as spontaneously as an apple tree produces apples, or a vine grapes, his case is hopeless, at any rate so far as his conscious application of his system goes.

Of this in Mr. Spencer's case enough is at hand just at present.

Let us turn to another of his faults, and a grave one.

Mr. Spencer is wanting in what I may perhaps be allowed to call concrete imagination.

Imagination is a quality which, it is gratifying to observe, even the philosophers and scientists are beginning to become actively aware of.

Thus it is quite pleasant to find Herr Haeckel approvingly quoting Johannes Müller to the effect that *even* in science "imagination is an indispensable faculty, for it is that which, by forming new combinations, occasions important discoveries."

This is what I would call abstract imagination, and what I would call concrete imagination is the complete realisation of what we are writing.*

In the domain of art it is sometimes called art-power, and wherever we find that it has not been fully used, we find failure to achieve good work.

This concrete imagination, then, is something more than the so choosing and arranging words (as Mr. Spencer says) "as to convey ideas with the greatest ease, precision, and vividness." It is something more than this, just as life is something more than "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations" Indeed these are rather some of the conditions of life than all the conditions of life, or life itself, and so it is

* It is one of M. Taine's brilliant sayings that Shakspere "had a complete imagination; his whole genius lies in that complete imagination."

with Mr. Spencer's definition of art-power, or, as he would call it, style.

Herr Haeckel says nothing of this aspect of imagination, although he possesses it in such an eminent degree—in a degree never equalled by Darwin and scarcely ever by Mr. Spencer.

And the want of it is, I say, a grave fault, making good work as impossible in science as in art.

It follows that when Mr. Spencer comes to criticise things outside the sphere of style, as he conceives style, he shows us that his analysis is futile, because his original conception is inadequate.

Speaking of a thing which is unthinkable, he says, with one of his clever, gymnastic and specious half truths, that we form of it "not a conception properly so-called, but only a symbolic conception."

But we must never forget that, even with things unthinkable and which we can only *render* by symbols at the best inadequate, we can not unfrequently be brought into contact with their entity by the medium of feeling, and realise that entity, and think, and act, and speak in that realisation, no symbolism whatever being in requisition.

Mr. Spencer tells us that poetry is "a form of speech which results when the emphasis is regularly recurrent: that is when the muscular effort of pronunciation has definite periods of greater or less intensity—periods that are complicated with others of like nature answering to the successive verses."

To which answer has again to be made that this is *not* poetry, because this is not a perfect expression, or anything like a perfect expression, of all the conditions of poetry.

Criticism like this is too cut and dried. It gets rid of the subtlety and mystery of things by asserting there is none. It is mere verbal legerdemain and *tour de force*; or, to change the metaphor, it is the apotheosis of the scalpel.

Now, the scalpel is a very fine instrument, and its use might be recommended with advantage to many of our good poets, orthodox and otherwise, whose speculation and analysis is for the most part an impossible compromise between what may be called the truth of poetry and the truth of prose—the spirit and the letter of things. The scalpel is a fine instrument, but it is not everything.

Mr. Spencer disclaims any other guide to style than "analysis of thought"—psychology and logic, as he paraphrases it—just as he claims "absolutely no knowledge of the masterpieces of ancient literature in the original, and very little in translations."

Perhaps, if this were not so, if he had not so successfully resisted, together with the pedantry of the pseudo-classicalists, the influence on him of that sense of harmonious form, whose most perfect expression is to be found in the Art of Greece, he would have saved himself from the tiresomeness of a style which is as inappropriately abstract when it treats of concrete as it is appropriately abstract when it treats of abstract things.

Furthermore, when he set about constructing a philosophic shape divine — a synthetic system, in fact—he would have probably saved himself from any belief in the superlative beauty and harmony of form of the whale or the hippopotamus.

Furthermore, even if the whale or the hippopotamus possessed an attraction for him which was irresistible, he would have saved himself from distorting such harmony of form as they undoubtedly possess to the extent that is apparent in the philosophic shape divine—the synthetic system, in fact.

Let me not, however, seem to undervalue, not to say to simply misunderstand, the manner of persuasion and proof which has been handled at times so skilfully by both Darwin and Mr. Spencer—this diffuse accumulation of examples whose results steadily lead us on to the conclusion which at every step becomes more and more inevitable.

It is a manner which, at its best, is singularly efficient, and what at times, perhaps, merits the simple name which Mr Spencer would fain have us assign to it as the well of the "inductive method" pure and undefiled. But, in Mr. Spencer's case, it too often borders, and borders dangerously, on the prolix or, as he himself prefers to call it, the "too elaborate."

There is yet another fault to bring against him, and this shall be the last

Mr. Spencer reproaches the Greek philosophy with becoming "little else than the doctrine of right living."

It is just the contrary reproach which must be brought against his own philosophy.

"Knowledge," he says, "of the lowest kind is *ununified* knowledge; science is *partially unified* knowledge; philosophy is *completely unified* knowledge." (The italics are his own.)

Ingenious, but, once more, far-fetched.

With him it simply comes to mean that philosophy is system, and, as system is evolution and its application, the system of Mr. Spencer.

This will not stand.

Philosophy, if there is any meaning in the

word itself, is simply the love of wisdom, and any attempt to compress and specialise it can only end in the pedantry of the schools. Philosophy is only a branch of literature, and every effort to dismember literature and specialise its parts as distinct entities is a step backwards.

The great effort of human thought at present is to unify itself, and this unification we call culture, and it transcends every branch that would arrogate to itself an entity which is separate, which is distinct. Art and science are one.

No system that we know of is commensurable with culture, let alone with human thought.

If by philosophy, then, we would mean the science of sciences, that is one thing; but such a science cannot with impunity remain aloof long from the application of itself to life, to the doctrine of right living.

The sole complete unification of knowledge possible is that which recognises the fact of a unity in complexity which is incommensurable. The human mind is not yet evolved which can cover human thought and divide it off into all its true divisions.

Supposing that the law of evolution, as expressed in the different processes which we know, is sufficient to explain everything which comes under our experience, that is to say, our knowledge of everything that comes under our experience,—these things, I mean, which are not unknowable, which are thinkable and feelable—our knowledge of all these things is far too inadequate to allow of our belief in any system being the complete unification of our knowledge.

Human thought is like Samson, and the philosophic Delilahs may bind him with seven green withs that were never dried, and with new ropes, and weave the seven locks of his head with the web, and all in vain. And perhaps someday one of them will discover the real secret of his strength. But one thing is certain.

It will be by culture and not by system that this secret will be discovered. It will be by giving oneself up to things and undergoing their spell, and not by dragging things into a net which bursts before a perceptible fraction of them is caught, and leaves us foolish.

It seems to me, then (to sum up), that what is of most value in Mr. Spencer's work is not his system, on which he so piques himself, but something in him which transcends his system—his real view of things.

His applications of his system are always ingenious, but they are frequently far fetched and often false.

I will go further and say that his estimate of what might be called his ideas is exaggerated.

The primal idea of evolution, of the perpetually recurring, is of course not his. The idea of natural selection by spontaneous variation, which, together with that of sexual selection, goes so far to unlocking the gate of physical nature, is only in part his.

What we really do owe to him is the extension of the principle of evolution in several directions, the enunciation of it in the broadest and fullest sense, and, lastly, the discovery of its actual process; the fact, namely, that "the absolutely homogenous must lose its equilibrium, and the relatively homogenous must lapse into the less homogenous"; or, if we prefer it so, the "*integration of matter and concomitant*," et cetera, et cetera, according to the final formula of our scientific Athanasian Creed.

No one, moreover, has brought out so clearly as he has this actual process of life, its duality, its possession at once of the forces of evolution and dissolution.

Around this idea of his, however, swarm others, all of which he would doubtless say were its inevitable outgrowths, but which, when put to the test of application, appear as only half-truths.

It has indeed been one of his misfortunes, as he would say, to be unacquainted with the best ideas of his time on many of his subjects, with the result that over and over again the complexity of things has escaped him.

Who, for instance, would take Mr. Spencer as a social critic in a serious light?

Confident in the application of his system, he has perpetually analysed flowers without perceiving that they had scent. He has not the faculty for concrete mystery.

The unknowable is to him simply the unthinkable, whereas, at any rate at present, the unknowable is almost as often, we say, the thinkable or rather the feelable.

The human soul turns on Mr. Spencer much as Hamlet turned on the gentle court duo, and says sardonically: "You would play upon me, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass? And there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ: *yet cannot you make it speak!*"

It is not that it is impossible to make it speak; it is not that there are no organs which Mr. Spencer *can* make speak; it is only that this is one which he *can* not at any rate from its lowest note to the top of its compass.

When a man who is content to explain such things as the Aryan instinct which has

seized on the institution of the Jewish Sabbath, as the result merely of the fact that "certain Oriental tribes believed in a God who was tired after six days' work"—when such a man comes before us as a grave expounder of a system of which this is an application (the quotation is again from the "Study of Sociology"), we have no answer ready but a shrug and a smile.

What will you?

Criticism like this is smart and often really clever, but it is not to be taken seriously.

I repeat, then, that what is of most value in Mr. Spencer's work are examples, as it were, of his real view of things.

Few of those who have studied his work will forget the pleasure and satisfaction with which they read for the first time his consideration, for instance, of James Hinton's formula that "organic force is the result of motion in the direction of least resistance," or his explanation of the upheaval of ocean beds, or of the patchiness of the sidereal system, * or of many another explanation or illustration of like force.

Here, indeed, is real suggestiveness—suggestiveness which broadens, deepens and illuminates. Here is the unmistakeable sign of a great worker moving with ease in the sphere of his appointed work.

I find that after all I have not quite held to what I proposed I was to hold to in this short note of mine.

I have not, indeed, tried to examine Mr. Spencer's work in its totality, nor yet to bring forward a judgment on its final worth. The special form of it I have left alone.

But I have not been able to refrain from expatiating upon some of the aspects of its worth

When everyone is praising, and praising so much more emphatically and, doubtless, so much more efficiently than I can, what need is there to lift up my voice at all in the triumphant chorus?

Well, it is done now; and what after all does it matter, particularly if it be true?

When the soothsayer, that spiritual crow drawn by the far-off scent of slaughter, found himself at last within sight of the imperial victim, it seems possible that, dreamer though Cæsar held him, he had dreams of other things than his message.

None the less had he yet again to give voice to his sombre croak:

> The ides of March are come.
> Ay, Cæsar; but not gone:

* The two chapters in the "First Principles," from which these first two instances come—those, namely, in the direction and the rhythm of motion—are admirable throughout. The third instance comes from chapter xix.

A MODERN MIDSHIPMAN.

BY T. W. SHORTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUN ROOM OF H.M.S. "OWL."

ONE Sunday morning in the year 18—, a midshipman named Hargraves joined H M.S. "Owl," lying moored at a buoy in Malta harbor. The commander handed him over to the midshipman of the watch, who showed him the way down to the gun-room. Hargraves had plenty of time to observe what a gun-room was like, for the midshipman of the watch, after vainly endeavoring to rouse several sleeping forms stretched full length on the gun-room cushions addressed him in these words, "I can't make any of these fellows hear, and as it is my watch I have to go on deck, but if you want anything just open that (pointing to a sliding window which separated the gun-room from the steward's pantry) and call out "Chick."

Hargraves, as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the little light which came in through two little scuttles in the ship's side, looked about him, and there appeared to his view a small room, the greater part of which was occupied by a table. Close to the table, and all around, excepting at the after end of the mess, where there was a little standing room, were lockers covered with cushions, and the cushions were covered with midshipmen. Beneath the table on a platform raised a little above the deck were stowed gun-cases, tin cases, hat boxes, sea boots, carpet bags, cricket bats, racket bats, with a variety of other miscellaneous articles, all of which looked as if they had been stowed away in a hurry. A few portmanteaus jammed in on the top made up the complement, the whole

IN THE GUN ROOM

presenting the appearance of a boat load of goods thrown in anyhow. Nailed to the jalousies opposite the scuttles were several long narrow mirrors for reflecting the rays of light, and all the available space on the bulkheads was hung with pictures. Overhead were rows of lockers full of books and nautical instruments, some in and some out of boxes. In the forward part of the mess, beyond the lockers, was a rack running the full breadth of the gun-room, filled with hats and sticks. Directly underneath these—some resting on nails, some bright and some rusty and indented—were to be seen every sort of dirk that could be called a dirk. There was a dirk that had a history of its own which its owner would tell if you gave him the chance. There were dirks that had belonged to midshipmen of the past, who, when they were promoted to wear swords, left their shorter weapons for the benefit of the ship in which they had so long and faithfully served. The only sound which disturbed the stillness of the gun-room was the loud purring of a large yellow and white cat, which was lying with its paws stretched out on the table.

All these things Hargraves might have observed as he looked about him, but even if he had not then he has since had plenty of time to take an inventory.

CHAPTER II.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S SCHOOLROOM.

The following morning fourteen midshipmen were seated round a table in the fore cabin of H.M.S. "Owl," amongst the number being the newly-joined midshipman Hargraves.

It was the last day of the six-monthly examination in the fleet, as laid down by their lordships in the Admiralty instructions. In these examinations each midshipman is expected to obtain not less than a certain number of marks, and if not obtained the Naval Instructor is asked the "reason why." But the Naval Instructor of H.M.S. "Owl" does not like to be asked the "reason why," should any of his midshipmen fail to come up to their lordship's standard of mental acquirement. Their lordships must be satisfied on this point. By what simple process this was effected the reader will presently understand. We draw aside the curtain and invite him to step inside the fore cabin of H.M.S. "Owl."

The Euclid paper is the subject of examination on this Monday morning. The Naval *Instructor is seated in his* usual place at the head of the table. He is occupied in reading the *Army and Navy Gazette*. The fourteen midshipmen seated around the table are hard at work, for their pens are in rapid motion. With very few exceptions the midshipmen are copying from books lying open and conveniently placed before them. The books are Euclid. In fact they are engaged in an operation known to schoolboys as "cribbing."

Meanwhile the Captain of H.M.S. "Owl," Captain Easy, is seated in the after cabin. His door is open, but he is busy writing, and there is no fear of any interruption on his part. When, however at length the Captain arises from his chair and is seen to move towards the fore cabin, the midshipmen close the books and bite the ends of their pens.

Captain Easy is about to say something, and the midshipmen are all attention to hear what Captain Easy may have to say.

"Mr. ———," says Captain Easy, addressing the Naval Instructor, who had risen from his chair when the Captain entered the doorway, "what paper have you this morning?"

"Euclid, sir," replies the Naval Instructor, glancing anxiously towards the midshipmen.

The books from which the midshipmen had been copying are no longer visible.

Captain Easy takes up one of the examination papers from the table, puts on his glasses, regards it scientifically for a moment, and then puts it down again.

"Oh, by the way," says Captain Easy, taking off his glasses, "where's the youngster who joined yesterday?"

Everyone looks in the direction of the youngster who joined yesterday. The youngster rises from his chair.

"How did you manage to get a nomination?" enquires Captain Easy.

'The First Lord of the Admiralty gave me one, sir," replied Hargraves.

"Just so," says Captain Easy, fiercely, "that's the way it's done now-a-days. Instead of the Navy being stocked with the sons of our old captains our nominations are taken away and given to the First Lord of the Admiralty, whoever he may be, and he gives them to his own friends and his party's friends, to noblemen and their friends, to men that have votes and to men that can command votes."

"Young boy" continues the Captain, waving his hand all round the cabin, "we belong to an enlightened age, and this enlightened age honors money, for money means power, and the people who have money are too often not the people who

ought to have money. Money can buy everything: money can buy votes, and votes can buy men; and instead of the nominations being given to us, as they were in former days, they are taken away and given to the man who can bid highest, and sometimes the man who can bid highest is a soap manufacturer."

The Captain breaks off suddenly and asks Hargraves what his father is.

"Nothing, sir," replied Hargraves.

"Well, boy," resumes the Captain, you are young yet, but in a few years you won't be able to tell the difference between the high-born and the low-born, for in the boiling up they will get so mixed it will be hard to say which class predominates."

Great applause of the midshipmen at the conclusion of the Captain's speech.

Then, having desired the youngster to sit down, Captain Easy leaves the cabin amidst the general mirth of the midshipmen. Hargraves wonders what the Captain means, but the elder midshipmen quite understood that it is merely the Captain's way of introducing himself to his newly-joined youngsters. The speech is so familiar to them that they know by heart a great part of it.

The Naval Instructor resumes the *Army and Navy Gazette*. The Euclid books come out of their hiding places and the midshipmen's pens are again hard at work.

Their lordships, sitting in state at Whitehall—if they ever do sit in state—no doubt think what a highly intellectual body of midshipmen this wonderful age is producing. As years roll on the midshipman's intellect must be kept rolling on likewise. There is the ever-sounding cry of "Move on, intellect," and so the midshipman must move his intellect on to keep pace with the progress of the age he lives in. Year by year the march of intellect takes bigger strides, and year by year their lordships' examination papers become harder, and if the midshipman's brain does not move on fast enough the midshipman himself gets moved off.

CHAPTER III.

A LOVE SCENE AT THE OPERA HOUSE, MALTA.

Four years have passed since the scene described in the last chapter took place. Five bells have been struck on the main deck of H.M.S. "Owl." The gun-room is crowded with midshipmen, some sitting on the cushions, some sitting on the table, several standing, and all shouting. What they want is brought to them as *quickly as "Chick,"* the gun-room servant, can bring it, but that is not fast enough for the midshipmen. The gun-room servant runs in, and the gun-room servant runs out with his arms full of glasses and bottles. The shouts of "Inside" (the usual term of summons for the gun-room servant) are heard above the din issuing from the throats of impatient midshipmen, who have not as yet been served with what it has not been possible to serve them as quickly as they demand it.

A gun-room servant's life is by no means a pleasant one. From morning till night he is shouted at, from morning till night he is sworn at. He is continually asking to be allowed to go, and as often as he asks he is refused. He is on the ship's books—how he got there is sometimes not even known to himself, but now he is on the ship's books he wishes himself off again.

Malta harbor is alive with the English fleet. Valetta and its surroundings are filled with naval officers. Pickets parade the streets to keep in order the liberty men. The town swarms with red-jackets and blue-jackets.

The fleet had been lying at Besika Bay for the last three years, guarding the gates of Constantinople; but now the Russo-Turkish war is over, and the storm has swept by for the present; but the clouds in the east are dark and lowering, and have been threatening stormy weather for some time past.

The time is evening. The one solitary crack of a rifle can be heard apart from the volley that tells you it is sunset, and that rifle belongs to the sentry of the "Owl," who fires it fully half a minute late. The last notes of the bugles are dying away as the sun sets.

Hargraves steps from a dysoe, and calls a go-car to drive him to Valetta. Two hours later he wends his way through the crowded porticos of the opera-house. It is a field-day to-night, and a new actress is to appear on the boards—report says, both young and pretty, with a gem of a voice. The people of Malta are getting tired of hearing the same singers, and the seasons latterly have not been so successful as the manager could wish. The manager has no cause to complain to-night, for the stalls and boxes are full. All Malta is at the opera—from admirals and generals down to midshipmen and subalterns. A duke and a duchess sit in the governor's box. The Maltese gentlemen who are seated in the front stalls look snuffed out amongst the brilliant uniforms of soldiers and sailors; but they are louder than ever to-night with their continual cries of "bis," "bis," as if to show the English portion of the audience that it is

to themselves alone the actress looks for success or failure.

As Hargraves sits in his stall waiting for the rise of the curtain, his look in the direction of a box in the lower tier is responded to by a smile from one of the inmates. The orchestra, which had been tuning and sqeaking for the last five minutes, then breaks out with the overture to "Maritana."

The first act is over. The new actress has been three times recalled, and the opera-house has rained flowers. The Maltese gentlemen have "bissed" themselves hoarse, and stalls and boxes have clapped their hands in ecstacy.

The moment the curtain falls Hargraves makes his way to the box in the lower tier. It is Captain Woodcourt's box. Captain Woodcourt is a retired naval officer residing with his family at Malta. His house is open to all the midshipmen of the fleet, and Hargraves is a special favorite with both the Captain and his family. Giddie is the name of one of the girls in Captain Woodcourt's family, and it is to Giddie that Hargraves is speaking, shortly after entering the box.

"How do you like her voice?" asked Hargraves, referring to the new actress, by way of opening the conversation.

"Won't you sit down?" said Giddie, glancing at a vacant chair beside her. "You had better take it, or someone else will."

"Thanks," said Hargraves, dropping into the chair. "I was not quite certain whether you wanted me."

The midshipman was bracing himself up for a crisis. The whole day he had been thinking about this girl, and to-night, if he got a chance, he had made up his mind to ask her if she liked him.

"You can stay here all the evening if you like," whispered Giddie.

"Never was there such a lucky fellow," said Hargraves.

"I wish I could sing. I love music," said Giddie.

"So do I," said Hargraves, wondering what made him feel so awkward with a girl he had known for years.

"You know," continued Giddie, looking thoughtful, "I often wish I had been born a genius."

Here was an opening.

"I think you will do very well indeed, and I like you better as you are," broke in Hargraves.

"Is that meant for a compliment?" asked *Giddie, looking in the mid*shipman's face.

"I could not tell you that you were a pretty girl right to your face, could I?" asked the midshipman.

"Why not?" said Giddie, "if you really thought so."

"Well, then, you are a pretty girl," said Hargraves, "the prettiest girl I ever saw; and look here, Giddie, "taking her hand unseen to the others, "I love you—have loved you for a long time."

The curtain rises for the second act, and while the others in the box are intent on the new actress, Hargraves and Giddie slip out by the door unseen. After the opera, when the Woodcourt girls had been safely placed in their carriage, Captain Woodcourt and Hargraves walked arm-in-arm to the club; and the Captain finds the midshipman a most attentive listener to his oft-repeated tales of many grievances.

"Oh! by-the-by," said the Captain, as they were about to part an hour later, "when does the 'Owl' go into dock?"

"To-morrow, sir," replied Hargraves, "and we shall be hulked on board the 'Midlothian.'"

"Good night, then," said the Captain. "Make my house your home."

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "MIDLOTHIAN."

The "Owl" is twenty years of age, and time has left its marks on her. The "Owl" has gone into dock at Malta, to be overhauled and refitted, to have her bottom scraped and painted, to have her ropes unrove, her sails out, her masts out, and her davits out; to have her boats hauled up and stowed away on shore with other boats, to be scraped and coppered and painted, and done up like the walls of an old house. Her upper deck will be taken out, and replaced with a new one; her exterior will be tapped and chipped and hammered till it looks like a pavement on a rainy day, covered all over with patches of mud. Her fittings will be stowed away in iron lofts, sail lofts, rope lofts, spar lofts. Her engines will be taken to pieces, and tested and oiled, and polished till the various parts won't know each other on account of their unusual brightness. Her tanks will be hoisted up, and hoisted out, and rolled over and over till they come to a place where an army of tanks, both large and small, are drawn up in lines twelve deep; and as they are rolled along their music will resound far and wide, like monster drums in a "Brobdignag" army. Everything will be

hoisted out, or taken out till the "Owl" is left with nothing but three lower masts and bow-sprits—she will look as dismal and dreary as her namesake peering from out its glooming retreat in some old ruin.

Moored in the same creek is H. M. S. "Midlothian," on board of which the officers and men of H.M.S. "Owl" are hulked. The "Midlothian" is a three-decker, and her gun-room is large and airy with ports—two on each side, and two in the stern. It is 10 a.m., and the midshipmen are supposed to be occupied at study, but the midshipmen are in the gun-room, some seated on a long table, some on the lockers opposite. Hargraves, and three other midshipmen named Jolibote. Dutibote, and Alwyn, and a sub-lieutenant, Mr. Jerkins, stand at one end of the gun-room. A midshipman's tooth-mug is placed on the deck on the other end.

"Now, Alwyn, it's your turn."

The tooth-mug jingles as a shilling strikes the metal, and drops alongside of it.

Jerkins steps up to the marked line. The tooth-mug again jingles as the shilling hits it for the second time, and rolls some distance off. Hargraves' shilling flies wide, and goes beyond. It is Jolibote's turn. A shout from the lookers-on is followed by a jeer of derision as the shilling, balancing on the edge of the tooth-mug, turns the scale on the wrong side.

Dutibote is the last player; he eyes the mark critically, takes a steady aim, and throws his shilling.

"Good shot," echoes through the room.

Dutibote's shilling has found a resting place inside the tooth-mug. Dutibote rushes for the mug, and picks up the shillings lying about it.

"If you midshipmen make such an infernal noise the Captain will be sending down," said a sub-lieutenant, as he stepped in through the gun-room door. "I suppose you call this school. You will be plucked to a certainty when you go to college."

The speaker threw his sword on the table, and shouted "Inside."

Rattle goes the pantry window, and in looks the gun-room servant through the opening.

"Brandy and soda, and look sharp about it," called the sub-lieutenant.

This sub-lieutenant's name was Wortle. He was a tall young man dressed in a well-

fitting frock coat, a pair of duck trousers, spotlessly white, a regulation cap covered with a regulation cap-cover, spotlessly white-item, a pair of white kid gloves stuck in his belt, and a brightly polished pair of patent leather shoes.

"Inside!" again shouts Mr. Wortle, looking hot and angry.

"I'm coming, sir," answers Chick from inside the pantry.

"Make haste about it, I'm nearly choking with thirst."

"For Heaven's sake come along with that brandy and soda," again shouts Mr. Wortle before ten seconds have elapsed.

"Coming, sir, answers Chick from his pantry.

"You've been an infernal long time getting it," said Mr. Wortle, when Chick handed him the brandy and soda.

Mr. Wortle had been away on duty, and was in rather an irritable mood.

"I got it as quick as I could, sir," said Chick.

"Then you'll have to get it quicker," returned Wortle.

Chick seemed bewildered, as he retired inside his pantry; there in the midst of his bottles and glasses, he might well doubt if there was any harder lot in this world than that of a gun-room servant.

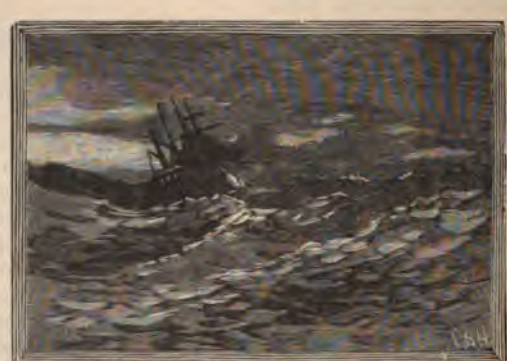
Chick is very clean, very useful, and very handy. His would be a great loss to the mess if he left the ship. The mess won't hear of his leaving them to the mercies of some other Chick; and Chick, though he has repeatedly asked permission to be removed to some other duty, has always asked in vain. Chick looks worn and delicate at the best of times; but he looks very much worn at the conclusion of a hard day's work. Chick has no parents, or if he has they are unknown. He was sent to the "Owl" from a training ship; being delicate he was given the post of lamp-trimmer; from lamp-trimmer he became the property of the gun-room mess; and inside the little pantry with the little sliding window, on a mattrass, in a dark corner, sleeps Chick when his day's work is done.

The tooth-mug is struck and struck again—the distance is increased—more midshipmen join in—even Mr. Wortle takes a shot, after having slaked his thirst with his brandy and soda. Cheers and counter cheers resound on the lower deck as a shilling pitched with more unerring aim than its predecessors lodges inside the mug; for it requires practice to throw a shilling into a metal pint pot from a distance of thirty feet.

The shillings keep striking the mug and then roll off at various distances, until more than twenty lie on the deck all round. The first who pitches his shilling inside it will take the lot. Then the excitement reaches its highest. As each player misses the mark he is groaned, and when at last a shilling does reach the goal its owner is cheered for his dexterity.

The game goes on until the sound of a boatswain's whistle comes creeping along the decks, down the ladders, and in through the gun-room door. Captain Easy has been whistled aboard by the boatswain's mate on duty. The tin mug is put away; the gun-room is deserted; Captain Easy has come aboard, so the midshipmen go to their schoolroom.

(To be continued.)



BACK BLOCK PICTURES.

BY J. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

II.—A HIGH-CLASS "SHANTY" AND ITS KEEPER.

Take the Bushman's hand, 'tis honest,
But avoid the "Bushman's Arms."

IN a previous paper I dealt almost exclusively with the lower class of bush public-houses, where, as a matter of fact, the accommodation, the liquors, and the attendants are quite in keeping with the characteristics and sufficiently good to meet the requirements and tastes of the ordinary *habitues*. Such vile dens are invariably to be found along the more unfrequented roads, and are a permanent institution in well-nigh every district where shearing operations are carried on and where the pastoral industry is pursued. But there is another class of hostelry several grades in advance of that already pictured, which deserves to be specially referred to, and in this paper I propose to describe, perhaps very imperfectly, the course of procedure adopted by the wily proprietor whenever an opportunity presents itself for pursuing that unhallowed occupation, yclept "lambing down." Most readers have no doubt made a previous acquaintance with the term and are fully aware of its meaning; suffice it to say that a "lambing down" establishment is one of those institutions peculiar to the back country, to which wage-earners periodically resort for the purpose of "knocking-down" their cheques, and where they are plied with liquor by the landlord and his satellites, and by turns forced into and nursed out of the "horrors," until the aforesaid cheques have been liquidated, when the victims leave or are hustled off the premises, and forthwith return to the solitudes of the bush to curse their folly, and to put together sufficient money for a future spree. The average bushman, or shearers' cook, or boundary-rider, or whatever he may be, draws very sparingly upon his pay whilst the busy season is in; he is far removed from the nearest township; his wants, which are few, are met by the station storekeeper, who keeps tally and deducts what he owes for rations, tobacco, &c., from the amount which is to come to him; consequently his wages gradually accumulate, and it is only when the craving for a change of scene, and what is termed a "big burst" in back-blocks' phraseology, seizes him, that the desire to draw upon the cashier is made manifest. Once the ordinary station hand draws his cheque, and shouldering "bluey," sets out to tramp along the Queen's highway, there is little need for speculation as to where he will pull up, for his fate is practically sealed. Nothing is more certain than that he will get into the toils of one of the numerous and wide-awake shanty-keepers, who forever have their eyes open for the unsuspecting wayfarer, intent upon overcoming him by their blandishments and of subjecting him to that particular operation termed "fleecing." Though a great many of the men set out with the best possible intentions, desirous of being provident, sober, and economical, they are weak enough to be unable to withstand the blandiloquence and flattery, and the gentle invitations of Mr. Boniface, or, as *Reynold's Newspaper* always calls him, "Bung," and planking their swags down in the shanty verandah, they pass their cheques over the counter and like the sheep they have been so accustomed to handle, prepare to

Yield them patiently
To the clashing shears

of mine host. They sit down and drink and smoke and make night hideous with their unearthly yells, or walk about aimlessly, muttering in a stupid and unintelligible manner, until the end comes and they are turned out in a positively helpless condition, to wander away bushwards. Falling, perhaps, to rest beneath the shade of some forest tree, they, in too many instances, sleep that sleep from which there is no awakening. There is no "rambling into the rosy regions of romance" about this statement; it is a stern reality, and in not one nor two, but in dozens of cases, the bleached remains found along

unfrequented routes and away in the wilds of the primeval forests have told their own sad tales, and have been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt to be those of the shanty-keeper's victims.

One of the finest hotels in the border town of M———, some few years ago, was kept by a genial old fellow whose name was a household word near and far, and whose figure was familiar—as he regularly paced the verandah of the house he kept—to every bushman and shearer for many miles round. Swagsmen who had piled together their earnings at some point miles distant, regularly turned their steps towards the town in question when they felt inclined for a month or two of voluntary idleness, and the mere fact that they had before put up at H———'s house was quite sufficient to warrant them going there again.

He was a good business man, the proprietor, and whilst he endeavored to make the most of his opportunities he was not by any means unscrupulous or unkind, even in their hours of adversity, to his patrons. The system he adopted for securing the good opinion of the men most likely, when they secured it, to spend their money in his establishment, was a clever one. He continually took exercise in the verandah of the hotel, and no tramp was ever allowed to pass without being greeted with the customary "good-day, mate." Then the usual questions as to what he was, and where he was going, were put to the man, and eventually Boniface gave him an invitation to "come and have a drink" to carry him along the road. "Have you had dinner, old man, if not, go out to the cook and get some, and mind you take enough away to do *you to the next* town. Now then, Johnny (to the cook), give this man what he wants to eat, and a supply for the road." When the weary wayfarer had eaten and drank, and had taken just what he wanted from the kitchen, in addition to a little bottle from the bar (thrown in by the proprietor), he was, of course, lavish in his acknowledgments of the kindness with which he had been treated, and went off, inwardly vowing that he would knock down his next cheque with old H——, even if he had to walk a hundred miles to effect his purpose; and it was a fact that not one but dozens of those who had thus partaken of the cheer of this rather eccentric old fellow were known to travel long distances, and to pass other houses—without even a nod of recognition to the landlord—in order that they might give a turn to one who had been a friend in times of disaster. H——— kept the best of liquors, of course, from the over-proof spirit calculated to kill at sight to the bright sparkling wines

Whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

It is related that on one occasion a semi-inebriated shearer, whilst travelling along a bush track from this house, where he had been drinking for some weeks, came into contact with a sober swagsman, walking in the opposite direction. "What sort of grog do they keep at the pub along the way?" asked he of the man he met. "By —— it's great, ole f'ler; why look at me after two drinks," was the reply, and this evidence as to the strength and inebriating power of the decoctions dispensed at the den in question, was unquestionable.

Well! friend H——— kept the best of everything, and one thing that pleased his

patrons was the fact that he was a regular Cosmopolitan. Like Max O'Rell's cabman with the yellow ribbon, who declared that he "eats wot he likes, and drinks wot he likes, and don't care a ——about nobody," H—— made himself quite as much at home, and just as agreeable with the commonest rouseabout as with the greatest swell who patronised his establishment. He was a non-church goer, but he was in sympathy with every religious movement, and always made it a point to offer the best accommodation to any minister of religion who visited town, and to refuse any remuneration whatever. It happened, one time, that a bush missionary came along, and put up at the hotel for several days, awaiting the arrival of the Sabbath, when he conducted service in the local Courthouse, in default of having a church in which to do so. Service concluded, he wended his way back to the hotel, and met the landlord on the verandah. "I did not see you at church, this morning, how was that?" queried the man of cloth. H—— straightened himself up as he replied, with some warmth, "look, sir, I'm a member of ——— Church, but I wouldn't let my own minister ask me that, much less a ——— brown paper parson like you," with which he turned on his heel and went indoors.

One fine day two pedestrians hove in sight, and a glance at their swags and their general appearance convinced the hotel-keeper that they were birds well worth plucking. They had each put together a substantial cheque, and had determined before leaving the station to go direct to Melbourne and enjoy themselves there whilst their money lasted. In pursuance of this determination they were passing the hotel when Boniface hailed them and offered an invitation to imbibe, at the same time remarking that as the night was coming on the best thing they could do that night was to stay at the house, enjoy a good night's rest, and make an early start on the morrow. To this, after some misgivings, the men agreed, and for safety they handed into the keeping of the landlord their cheques. They drank sparingly, being desirous of getting off without any delay, and early in the night retired to rest, occupying beds in the same room. Morning came at last, and one of the mates jumped out of bed hurriedly, but hopped back again with more than ordinary haste, his features evidencing his surprise at the altered appearance which the apartment presented. Strewn over the floor were a dozen or more empty beer bottles. Glasses—some broken, some whole—were scattered *all over the table*, on which a couple of corkscrews were lying. The whole place looked as though a heavy carouse had been indulged in by a party of hard drinkers during the previous night, and the floor was wet and dirty. The worthy man looked over to the bed which his mate occupied, and called him from his slumber. He got up and sat on the bed-side; and what a picture he presented! His head was bound up with a handkerchief on which blood-stains were plainly visible; here and there, above the left eye and over the right cheek, strips of sticking-plaster had been placed; and taken altogether he was, perhaps, the most woe-begone looking specimen of humanity seen in the township for many a long day. After the first burst of surprise at

On the Wallaby

the strange appearance which he presented had passed, his mate once more looked round upon the wreckage which was strewn about, and catching up a bell from the table, rang it furiously, and continued so to do until the door of the room opened and Boniface himself stood upon the threshhold. He answered the interrogation of the men—an interrogation not expressed in words, but in looks which spoke more eloquently their astonishment than any tongue could give utterance to, by indignantly remarking:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves after last night's work? you scoundrels. A pretty time you gave us, behaving like madmen, breaking everything you laid hands on, and making a regular Bedlam of the place. Only that I knew you were strangers, you'd have been in gaol this morning instead of in my house."

The pair looked at each other, and then at the landlord, and innocently asked what they had done.

"What have you done, you scoundrels—what haven't you done? Why you were both mad last night—calling in every man in the street to drink with you; breaking glasses and bottles; ringing the bell all through the night for dozens of beer, and wanting to fight every customer who came in. The last fellow *you* challenged (turning to the man who sat in the bed with his face patched up) was a trifle too much for you, and he'd have killed you right out only I prevented him and managed to get you off to bed. The doctor had to be called in to attend to your injuries. What do such fellows as you are mean by coming to a respectable house and making a little hell of it all night—it'll take twenty pounds to pay the damages and the drink bill."

During the course of this speech the pair had been vainly endeavoring to remember some of the incidents narrated, but not for the life of them could they do so. They protested, in no uncertain tones, their innocence.

"Don't remember it, eh! Here Bill (to someone outside) come here and tell these blank fools what they were up to last night—they can't remember anything—so they say."

Bill quickly appeared upon the scene, and resolved himself into a lean lanky youth, whose office in the establishment was a rather hazardous one. He was nothing more nor less than what is called the "chucker-out," and was consequently too accustomed to scenes of riot and revelry, and their after consequences, to display even the slightest surprise or amazement at the rather ridiculous aspect of the crest-fallen pair before him. He simply substantiated what his master had said, and gave such a graphic account of the whole affair that the men at length came to believe that all that they heard was true, and that they owed an humble apology to the hotel and its owner, who, by the way, showed a decided inclination to treat them liberally and to overlook their eccentric conduct this time at least. The result of this little performance—so well arranged and so neatly carried out that even the persons most affected by it came to look upon it as a stern reality—was that they never got closer to Melbourne on that occasion than H———'s hotel, where they had a high time for some weeks, leaving at the expiration of that period full of praise of the proprietor and his liquors, and pledging themselves to come again when the funds would admit of this being done.

A true story this, and one that can be verified by a dozen of colonists whose veracity is above reproach. H——— was a good, honest man in his way; he looked upon the calling he followed with a certain amount of disgust, but he consoled himself by the reflection that if he did not get the money of the unsophisticated shearer some one else would. The result was that he continued the business, and, whilst increasing his bank balance, he always treated those who favored his house with a deal more consideration than would be meted out to them by the less scrupulous and inhumane shanty-keeper to whom I have previously referred. Happily these latter houses are gradually being weeded out, and in the course of a few years it is to be hoped that even in the sparsely-populated districts of the colony they will be the exception rather than the rule. For the credit and the sake of our much-vaunted nineteenth century civilisation it will be well if such a beneficial change be brought about.

NEVERMORE.*

BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

CHAPTER XX.

THOSE adventurous way-farers only who have traced the sources of the Snowy River, which in its southward course pierces the fertile district of Gippsland, are familiar with the strange wild region which lies between it and the northern watershed, where the Ovens, the Mitta Mitta, and the King rivers swell with their hurrying waters the Mississippi of Australia. The scenery is of a weird and wondrous majesty. Far as eye can reach a verdurous plain extends—a mountain park in truth it may be called, differing from almost any other such formation in Australia. Three thousand feet above the sea, a sheet of snow in the mid-winter, it is a prairie waving with giant grasses when remorseless suns are scorching the heart of the continent into barrenness. Standing on the northern edge of the Dargo plateau what a landscape bursts upon the view! Mount Feathertop, divided by a ravine two thousand feet in depth from Mount Bogong, with Kosciusko, King of Austral Alps, like twin Titans, rise snow crowned in awful majesty, amid the mist and cloud wrack of the illimitable mountain world. Storm swept and desolate is this region in winter. The strayed traveller wanders beneath an endless succession of wooded peaks, descends abysmal glens, and seems doomed to traverse eternally the unbroken solitude of the primæval forest.

Here first arose the hamlet, later on the mining township of Omeo, taking its name from the lonely lake so named by the wild tribes who had hunted on its borders and fished in its depths for immemorial ages. Who shall count the years from the launching of the first frail bark canoe on its lonely waters? Situated in closest proximity to the region of snows, which, if not eternal, commence to crown the mountain summits in the early autumn, it is separated from the more civilised portions of New South Wales and Victoria by roads which border precipices, by mountain tracks, known only to the cattle drover and the horse stealer, which, overhanging rivers, thickly strewn with granite crags, offer suicide on easy terms to the careless or the despondent.

Rivers, full-fed from a thousand springs which have their sources in these mountains, rush from unexplored heights in the spring time, or murmur musically the long green summer through, when the great levels of Australian deserts are sun-baked as the plains of Hindostan.

Here dwell in scattered families or sparsely settled hamlets the various classes of Australian highlanders. Hardy, active, fearless, are they as their Scottish prototypes. Originally recruited from the wandering stock-rider, or in later years the lonely gold-seeker prospecting the basaltic dykes and quartz filled fissures of the foot-hills of the Australian Alps. Herds of half tamed or wholly wild cattle and horses roam the profuse pastures, richly verdant during the short summer, though snow-covered and death-like during the winter months. Here, late lingering and entrapped they often perish, a company of skeletons within a circle formed by unavailing trampling of the surrounding snow, only remaining in the spring to show the operation of nature's stern irrevocable laws.

Lonely and chiefly silent this mountain land—dividing the watersheds of three colonies—pierced by precipitous defiles—barred of access by rugged ranges, the only means of crossing the savage region being by dangerous tracks skirting terrific precipices, sometimes, as is the well-known King River pass, narrow, elevated, almost in mid air, with abysmal deeps on either side.

The first dwellers in these dread solitudes were men inured to every peril of the Australian bush, to whom the faint trail of the wilderness was familiar as the field-path to the village rustic. Strayed cattle and ownerless horses accumulated in the virgin mountain pastures. These were at first driven to the nearest market by tracks only known to the outlaws of the waste, or their confederates the stock-riders in charge of rarely visited cattle stations. Suddenly the

* Begun in *August number, 1889.*

trade developed, owing to the higher prices ruling since the gold eruption. An organised system of horse and cattle stealing arose. Outlying lots of fat cattle were "cut out" or separated from the border herds of Monaro or Gippsland, and crossed into opposite colonies. Detection in such cases was well nigh impossible. Much of the illegal work was done at night. If pursued the tracks were purposely blinded by station cattle driven across the trail, while, from the rugged character of the country, strangers were at a special disadvantage. Horses averaging from fifty to a hundred pounds each, if capable of drawing a washdirt cart or transporting a digger's moveable from one mining district to another, were profitable plunder.

Chief among these *caterans* of the southern Highlands, raiders, however, of a lower grade than their Scottish prototypes, was the well known and deeply distrusted Caleb Coke—an ex-convict who had "served his time,"—that is, completed the term of penal servitude to which he had been originally sentenced. He had graduated in a school of lawless license tacitly permitted by the customs of the country. Commencing as a stock-rider on Monaro Plains, then a wild unsettled region, he and his convict companions reigned unchecked amid the aboriginal tribes. Reports of capricious cruelty or savage vengeance against the blacks were more than whispered. Wild tales were told of lawless deeds—of inoffensive natives wantonly shot down in satisfaction for stock killed or missing—of reckless indulgence in all the baser passions by these modern buccaneers. The lack of police supervision enabled them to revel in every species of lawlessness unchecked and unchallenged, and as surely as any deed involving exceptional craft or cruelty came to light the name of Caleb Coke was rarely absent from the recital.

Rudely reared and wholly uneducated, this man represented the type of Englishman that in earlier days helped to found the reputation of British sailors and soldiers. Smugglers, mutineers or buccaneers they might become, but whatever their faults they possessed the cardinal quality of courage in a degree unequalled by any other nation.

Scarcely above the middle height, and possessing no remarkable muscular development, Coke had proved himself the possessor of a measure of endurance and sinewy strength, which rendered him totally indifferent to the hardships of a life in the wilderness. Heat or cold, night or day, on foot or on horseback, all seemed alike to Caleb Coke. Like many of the early stock-riders, though born in English hamlets and grown to manhood before expatriation the erstwhile poachers, smugglers or deerstealers, took kindly to the wild life of the interior of Australia. Long used to watch the habits and follow the haunts of fur and feather, the tracking of the half-tamed herds of cattle and horses came natural to the quick eyes from childhood studious of the waste. Those among these exiled shepherds and stock-riders, whom favorable conditions of life tended to soften saved their money, acquired property and founded families, not undistinguished in the future. On the other hand all whom misfortune had soured or crime indurated, found in their newly acquired quasi-freedom the means of safely engaging in practices more secret but not less nefarious than of old, or criminal operations on a scale hitherto unprecedented.

With the formation of a rich goldfield at Omeo, the centre of a proverbially lawless region and a roving population, the results may be imagined. Cash became plentiful and was habitually carried in large sums on the persons of gold-buyers and other speculators. Crime for a while seemed about to overshadow the land. Fierce of aspect, ruthless in beak and talon, "the eagles were gathered together." Had there been an Asmodeus of the mountain, how plainly would he have descried, almost without the aid of *le diable boiteux* —the Alsatia from which, as surely as the levin bolt from the thunder-cloud, wrong and rapine were destined to result.

With his habitual want of caution, Lance Trevanion made the acquaintance of Caleb Coke soon after he reached Omeo. That worthy, wily and unscrupulous, found means to ingratiate himself with the stranger, apparently flush of money, and no novice in mining. He made a point of providing horses when there was a newly-discovered "rush" to inspect. In certain ventures, as so often happens, when the broad road is to be traversed, all his "tips" proved correct. His advice, *quoad hoc*, seemed uniformly trustworthy. Coke, however, had an advantage on his side of which Trevanion little dreamed. Before long he was fully posted in Lance's history; whereas, of Mr. Coke's eventful career, beyond the careless chatter of goldfields, Lance knew nothing. Still less did he suspect aught of the sinister influence behind Coke. Not many days had elapse after Lance had resolved to take up his abode

at Omeo before he received a letter from Tessie Lawford, to whom he had sent a few lines by his returning guide. It was addressed to Mr. Harry Johnson, miner, to the care of the chief storekeeper, a man of multifarious trusts and responsibilities, keeping the post-office among other duties, and being entrusted with all deposits, from a parcel of gold to a quartz-crushing machine—from a "last will and testament" to a baby, "to be left till called for."

Tessie Lawford's missive—the outflow from a heart as true and faithful as ever beat in woman's bosom—ran as follows:—

"Melbourne Hospital.

"When you receive this you will be safe—safe from persecutors, and once more—oh! that I should have to write such words—a free man again. What misery and degradation you have suffered! my poor dear unjustly punished ——————. I dare not even write your name for fear of—of consequences. But I shall be proud and happy all my life through that I was able to contrive to set you free—free! I have seen Mr. Wheeler since, and I could not help laughing, anxious and miserable as I have been, and am, at the way in which the affair was managed.

"You will see by the heading of my letter where I live. I am not a patient, but I was so restless and anxious until I heard of your safety that I took a situation as nurse in the Melbourne Hospital. There has been a good deal of sickness—fever, rheumatism, and so on—since the gold, and we are all kept hard at work night and day. I was always fond of helping sick people, and the work suits me exactly. So now you know where to find me. Address—'Nurse Hester Lawford, Fever Ward.'

"I know, of course, that though Omeo is an out-of-the-way place, you stand a chance of being arrested at any time. So, for *my* sake, if you value my feelings, be as careful as you can. Don't make friends unless you are certain about them. You have *paid dearly for that*, haven't you? My cousin Kate married Trevenna soon after the trial. They are somewhere about Monaro, and not likely to come across you, thank goodness. He doesn't treat her well, they say, so I can fancy what their life is. *It serves her right!* You mustn't think me cruel, but I never shall forgive her as long as I live. I heard that Ned had got out of gaol, but am not sure whether it is true. Poor Ned! he was not all bad. I hope he may clear out to another colony, and keep straight for the future.

"I have been *rambling on*, but must now say good-bye. Good-bye! too, in earnest. I shall not write again unless I hear anything, and want to send you warning. You know my heart—I need not say that if you only tell me to "come" I will follow you to the end of the world. I do not advise you to do it—the other way indeed, but Lance Trevanion must judge for himself; though he might easily win a grander wife, but he will never, never find a more loving and devoted mate than poor

"TESSIE."

"A truer woman never breathed!" Lance ejaculated, as he read this letter in the lonely hut. "But for her I should still be in those beastly hulks—perhaps chucked overboard some morning, with a round shot for a steadier! What in the world shall I do? What can I write to her? If she comes up here it will be sure to make people talk. They always try to find out more about a digger that's married than single, and if they find out too much that infernal Dayrell or some other ambitious trooper will have the office given him, and *both* of us made miserable for life. No! she's the dearest little girl in the world, and I may as well make up my mind to tour California or South Sea Islands with her for a wife, as she says. England must be for me a foreign land henceforth, and Estelle—poor Estelle—a beautiful dream! England's no country for a man with a stain on his honor."

"My native land, good-bye!" as Byron says. *He* never saw it again, for that matter. Heigho! I wonder if I shall? Something tells me his fate will be mine. An early death, though there is no Greece to fight for—no such luck in store for Lance Trevanion as a patriot's grave, a hero's tomb. I used to think of such things once, strange to say. How queer it seems that a soldier's death in the open, and so many, many other things are henceforth for me *impossible*.

I see nothing for it but to hang on here, putting the crowd off the scent by working, talking, dressing like any other digger, till I get my share of No. Six by degrees from Charlie Stirling—trump that he is—then clear for Callao or 'Frisco without beat of drum, taking Tessie Lawford with me.

* * * *

Both before and since the conviction of Ned Lawford, who was one of the originators of the Omeo cattle-stealing gang, Lawrence Trevenna had been a partner in crime, a sharer in ill-gotten profits. He it was at Eumeralla whom the miners, the police, and indeed Tessie Lawford herself had seen from

time to time, and had mistaken for Lance Trevanion. They might well be excused. With some allowance for discrepancies in speech and manner, only observable when the two men stood side by side, few people could have told the difference.

His nature inheriting the strongest proclivities to lawlessness of every shade and scope, needed but the occurrence of suitable conditions to develop into the commission of the darkest deeds. The comparatively easy profession of stock-lifting had, after his first chance wayfaring to the Monaro district within a few months after he quitted the ship, commended itself to him as an exciting and lucrative line of life. Athletic, bold, and attractive after a fashion, he had singled out Kate Lawford as the object of his admiration before the migration of the family to Ballarat. Becoming aware of the reckless girl's flirtation with his rival and antagonist of the voyage, he had sworn to take a deadly revenge. With the aid of the sergeant, and acting upon the girl's jealous mood, he had been enabled to gratify his hatred to the full; and now he heard through Caleb Coke, whose information from various sources was rarely inaccurate, that his enemy had escaped from prison and was actually living in Omeo.

Trevenna's practice in connection with the "duffing racket," as Coke would have expressed it, was to travel through from Monaro with drafts of stolen animals and to await the arrival of others of the gang at Dargo, a place about fifty miles from Omeo. The men who met him were not suspected in their own neighborhood, and as the stock were unknown locally, were enabled to drive them down the Snowy River into Gippsland or into Melbourne market by devious ways, known but to themselves, without arousing suspicion. Thus the mining and general population of Omeo had rarely seen and never noticed Trevenna. His beat lay on and around the Monaro district. Occasionally, when conference with Coke was necessary, he met him at the hut at Mount Gibbo, a lonely and rarely-visited spot. As far as the Omeo people were concerned Trevenna was, to all intents and purposes, an unknown man. It was, in a sense, against his interest to meet with Lance Trevanion at present. He, therefore, took general precautions against such an event, keeping himself, however, well posted up through Coke as to his rival's movements.

The destined meeting took place, however, *after a fashion wholly* unexpected by either, Fate proving, as of old, too strong for the machinations of mortals.

Trevanion had appointed a day to go with Coke to one of the newly-opened reefs which bade fair to make Omeo the premier goldfield of Australia. It was at no great distance from the old man's hut. Lance had borrowed a horse and ridden to the point indicated by Coke, and after an hour's ride found the reef which they had come to inspect. It was in truth wonderfully rich, the stones "strung together with gold," as the prospectors expressed it. Lance secured a share, which could hardly fall short of an astounding profit as the claim developed; and when Coke suggested riding to his hut for a meal he readily assented.

The day was fine, the mountain air clear and bracing. The view, as they gradually ascended one of the foot-hills of the main Alpine range, was far-stretching and majestic. At the distance of a few miles, but apparently almost overhanging the lonely hut—a substantial building, very solidly constructed—arose the sullen shape of Mount Gibbo, snow-capped and ever bearing on its granite ribs the marks of the Alpine winter.

A couple of savage-looking kangaroo dogs and a collie of suspicious aspect walked forward from the massive hut door, which Lance noticed was carefully secured by a padlock. A narrow bridge of logs led across a sedgy runlet, which, like many mountain streams, was unfordable except in occasional spots. From the hut could be seen any man or beast approaching at a considerable distance. The idea crossed Lance's mind that in the middle ages it would have been a most suitable site for the castle of a robber baron. He smiled as he thought that, perhaps, his friend, Mr. Coke, was only a later survival of those picturesque tax-gatherers.

Dismounting at the door, Coke hung his bridle rein over a wooden peg driven into a stump close by, and motioning to his companion to do likewise, unlocked the door.

"Hold on!" he said, as he pushed back the heavy door cautiously, and, leaning forward, pulled out by the collar a brindled bulldog of such ferocious aspect that Lance drew back involuntarily.

"You seem to believe in dogs, Coke," said he, as he noted the savage brute's red eye and grim jaw, half approvingly. "He would be rather a surprise to anyone that called upon you when you were not at home."

"He's not easy stopped when he goes for the throat," said the old man, dragging the brute along by the collar and fastening him

to a chain stapled into a section of a hollow log, which served as a kennel. "He's a queer customer, is Lang. He dashed near settled a cove as got into the hut once by the winder, when I was away. I was just back in time not to have to bury him, but it was a near thing."

"One would think you had something valuable in your hut that you have to guard it so well," said Lance, looking at the dog, now lying down licking his paws and showing his formidable teeth from time to time."

"Maybe I have, maybe I haven't" said the old man, sourly. "Anyhow, I don't like people coming about my place when I'm away. I've always kept a dorg or two as wasn't safe at close quarters. They know it now, black fellows and white both, and lets us alone, eh, Lang! old man?"

The dog gave a low growl as he spoke, while at the same moment the collie and the kangaroo hounds raised their heads, and turning towards the road, which wound along a rocky incline from the eastward, gave a joint whimper, and seemed on the point of breaking out into a chorus of barking. Lance, looking instinctively in the same direction, saw a horseman emerging from a patch of timber, nearly a mile distant, and apparently riding at speed towards the hut. The dogs, however, appeared to have come to a conclusion in their own minds favorable to the approaching stranger, inasmuch as they lay down and awaited events.

"D——n him," growled the old man, as, shading his eyes mechanically with his hands, he gazed searchingly at the horseman. "What the devil brings him here, now?"

"You know him then?" queried Lance.

"Know him? Well, yes!" answered Coke, with the tone of a man disgusted with things in general. "Maybe you do too, and if you'll take a fool's advice, you'll neither make nor meddle with him. He's pretty hot property, is Larry Trevenna."

"My God!" groaned out Lance, as his face flushed high, and then grew pale to the lips. "This is more than I could have hoped for. Now look here, Coke," and he turned upon the old man with a subdued wrath in every look and tone that, fearless as he was, awed the ruffianly elder. "This Trevenna did me the worst wrong that one man can do another. Through his villiany I have been chained, starved, gaoled, treated like a dog. Falsely accused, too, if ever man was. If I shoot the infernal hound as he pulls up his horse, I should be doing a good deed. *If I don't, it is only* that he may feel that, man to man, I am his master, and the punishment I intend to give him will not be so soon over. But if you interfere, by word or deed, by God! I'll shoot the pair of you like dogs."

He touched his pistol as the last words came from his lips in low concentrated tones. His chest heaved, his hands were clenched until the muscles in his bare arms stood out like cordage, and the lurid fire in his deep set eyes glowed as though ready to leap forth with volcanic flame. The resistless force of long repressed passion asserted itself at this supreme moment.

The crafty veteran recognised the necessity of neutrality, and assumed his position with promptitude. "Larry must take his chance. It's dashed little I care which way it goes. I'll see fair play, anyhow."

There was little time to say more. The horseman had crossed the creek and, riding at a hand gallop, pulled up at the door, throwing his bridle-reins, stock-rider fashion, on the ground, and leaving the hard-ridden hackney, a grand three-parts bred animal, to recover his wind and graze on the green tussack grass till he should need him.

Without apparently taking notice of the stranger who, in ordinary miner's garb, stood by the old man—most probably taking him for a wandering prospector or hard-up "hatter"—he called out, advancing the while—

"I say, old King of the Duffers, do you know there's half-a-dozen chaps from Monaro waiting for you at Dobbs' Hole. They've a stunning lot of nags with them, so you'd better scratch all you know and get there before dark. Who's this cove? Perhaps he'll give us a hand? I must have a pot of tea first, though."

He moved towards the hut door, near which Lance and the old man were standing. Lance stepped forward.

"So we meet again, Lawrence Trevenna."

Trevenna was no coward. Still the sudden apparition of a deadly enemy—as if he had arisen from the earth—would disturb the equilibrium of most men. He started back. But a life filled with risk and imminent peril had schooled his nerves. He smiled, as if in apparent goodfellowship.

"By Jove! So it's *you*, Trevanion? Who'd have thought of seeing you here? Well, you've slipped the clinks, it seems. I was always dashed sorry you got into that scrape so deep. You'd better go shares with Coke and the rest of us in this lay. There's money in it—pots and pots of it."

"D——n you and your money too, you scoundrel!" shouted Lance, advancing upon

him with hate burning in his eyes and vengeance written on every line of his countenance. "You!—You propose to me to share in your villianies? Have not you and your accomplices worked me ruin enough already? Put up your hands!"

Trevenna smiled and took his ground. Among the younger members of the lawless gang with which he had allied himself he had seen many a similar encounter half or wholly in earnest. And in the pugilistic practice so popular among Australian youths of all classes, Larry Trevenna, to which cognomen he had been, for greater convenience, reduced, was held to be, if not the very cleverest of that wild band, so near the top of the class that there were few—very few—that cared to arouse his anger.

He had, as he supposed, advanced considerably in the science of the prize ring, and fondly trusted that the fast and vigil inseparable from a bushman's life would render him more than a match for any infernal swell (as he would have phrased it), especially one who had so lately "done time," and been therefore precluded from the enjoyment of fresh air and exercise.

Old Caleb Coke's rugged features writhed themselves into a saturnine grin as he watched the savage onset with an inherited instinctive interest.

"Dashed if I ever seen a better matched pair," he growled out, half unconsciously. "I'd a walked twenty mile when I was a youngster to see a battle like it. It's even betting—Larry's a quick hitter and pretty fit, but I doubt he's met his match. Well, it's d——d little to me who wins. First blood to Larry, by ——!"

By this time the two men were hard at it. The heavy blows on face and body, which in such a contest fall fast and furious, sounded strangely clear in the rarified mountain atmosphere, the old stock-rider and the dogs the sole spectators. These last—comrades of mankind under such ever-changing conditions—looked on with manifest interest. The bull dog, indeed, until warned by a kick from his master, being minded to smash his chain and make a third in the encounter. The blow from Trevenna to which Coke had alluded had split the flesh above the cheek, showing the white bone underneath, as if gashed by a knife. Its effect was due less to want of skill on Lance's part than to his desperate determination to get to close quarters with his foe. And, indeed, all unheeding of the punishment, which would *have staggered another man* less iron-sinewed *and agile, he forced his* opponent before him with a succession of blows, delivered with such terrific power and rapidity that Trevenna's guard was completely broken in, eventually sending him to the earth half stunned and motionless.

Lawrence Trevenna had underrated his foe in more than one respect. During the few weeks which he had spent in Omeo Lance Trevanion had worked harder than he had ever done in his life before. Partly to dull the memories of the past, as well as to quiet the haunting fear of apprehension he had toiled incessantly. The keen air, the healthy appetite, the free intercourse with his fellowmen, had restored him to fullest strength and activity. Never in his life, as he stepped forward to meet his foe, had he felt more fully conscious of muscular strength and deer-like elasticity—those glorious physical gifts with which only early manhood is endowed.

As they fronted each other for the second time, face to face and eye to eye, as is the wont of men of British race in such a contest, Lance could not fail to be impressed with their extraordinary likeness to each other and the similarity of their general cast of feature. The color of the hair was identical, and but for a slight deviation in the direction of coarseness on the one hand, and that indescribable something which belongs to the man of birth on the other, they could hardly have been distinguished from each other by a casual spectator. In their eyes, so remarkable in both, burned in that hour the deadliest fire of hate, the difference alone being that while it glowed furnace-bright in the orbs of Lance Trevanion, Trevenna's glare, in demoniacal malice, resembled the rage of a wild beast.

"By ——," said the old man, as once more he marked the blood-stained faces of the desperate combatants, who again went at each other with silent fury, "I could fancy as they was brothers. They ought to shake hands and travel the country. What a circus they'd be able to run. Ha! Larry's down agen. The Ballarat cove's too good for him."

It was even so. For a short time only it appeared as if the issue was doubtful. There was but little thought of evasion or parrying of blows on either side. The terrific rally with which the second round ended would have brought to a close more than one world-famous fight. But Lance Trevanion fought as though each arm—like the Familiar of the enchanter—wielded an iron flail. And when Lawrence Trevenna went down, beaten dead and senseless from the last tremendous

"'Stop!' he said. 'I want a word with Trevanion before he goes. You've had the best of it now. I didn't think you were so good, blast you! But I'll see you at my feet yet.'"

"upper cut," it was evident that he would not come to time.

"That last left-hander knocked him out," said the old man, with a grin of qualified approval, while a strange expression lurked in his evil eyes. "It ain't no use follerin' it up, as I see. Dip that pannikin in the bucket while I sluish his neck a bit. You ain't settled him this time, Harry, but it's a d——d close shave."

"He deserves death at my hands a dozen times over," said Lance, gazing down upon the fallen man, as Coke raised his bleeding face, and, after an interval, succeeded in restoring animation, while the dogs stood around licking their lips as if the savor of blood had aroused their ferocious instincts. But I have done with him for the present. Let him cross my path again at his peril."

Thus speaking he turned to where his horse had been secured and made preparations for departure, waiting, however, in order to satisfy himself as to the condition of his late antagonist. That personage, after a few minutes, was sufficiently recovered to raise himself *to a sitting posture*, and eventually to his feet, when he supported himself by leaning against a tree.

But though temporarily worsted in the conflict, Trevenna had no whit abated of the ferocity with which he had commenced the encounter.

Declining with a wave of the hand the proffer of bush hospitality by the old man, Lance Trevanion made as though to mount his horse, when Trevenna shook his hand, and with a voice hoarse and almost inarticulate, arrested his departure.

"Stop!" he said. "I want a word with Trevanion before he goes. You've had the best of it now. I didn't think you were so good, blast you! But I'll see you at my feet yet. I've got the girl you were so sweet on, and you may thank her for being what you are—a runaway convict; d'ye hear that, Lance Trevanion? Kate 'Lawford's' my wife now, and d——d well broke to come to heel when I crack the whip, you take your oath. I've got square with you so far, and by ——!" and here the ruffian swore a blasphemous oath, "I'll be more than even with you yet."

He paused, apparently more from exhaustion than from other reasons, for his disfigured face, all blood-stained though it was, grew ghastly pale as he swayed forward as though he would have fallen.

Lance rode towards him, and for an instant

raised his hand; then gazing at him with deepest contempt, made answer:

"No doubt you have treated your unfortunate wife as only brutes like yourself are given to do. You are repaid in some slight degree for any cruelty to her, little as she deserves it at my hands. As for you—you scoundrel, I will shoot you like a dog if you come across me again. So I give you fair warning."

Then Lance Trevanion mounted his horse, unheeding of food or shelter. For, as if the elemental powers had awaited the issue of the conflict, the sky was suddenly overcast, the wind arose and wailed stormily. The ranges were blotted out by driving mists, and without warning one of the sudden storms of a mountain region broke wrathfully over the plain. Another man might have sought protection. At any other time such a thought might have crossed his mind. But the fierce spirit of Lance Trevanion in that hour of overwrought feeling joyed in the elemental turmoil. Facing the tempest he sent the spurs into his horse and drove recklessly into the very teeth of the storm; the drenching rain, the blinding lightning, the thunder rolling above him and echoing along the mountain crags, only serving as distractions to the yet fiercer tumult raging within. Two hours' desperate riding over flooded creeks, through forest and flat, rocky ridge, and sedgy morass, brought him to Omeo. The storm-swept streets were deserted, the stores and hotels filled. Pulling up at the door of his hut he unsaddled his horse, whose heaving flanks sufficiently attested the pace at which he had covered the distance, and turned him loose, with all reasonable expectation that he would discover his owner's abode after the manner of "mountain" horses, accustomed from colt-hood to find their way to particular localities, wholly irrespective of times and seasons.

This duty performed, he unlocked the door, carrying the saddle and bridle inside with him. His steed trotted off briskly after a preliminary shake, and apparently made a straight course for his home. Nor was the act of turning him loose on that wild winter evening amid the still driving rain and bitter wind in any sense cruel and unfeeling. The stock-rider to whom he belonged would remark in such a case that the rain would wash his coat clean from mud or sweat stain. He had never been shod in his life—never known a rug or a stable, and was as impervious to disease of the throat or lungs as his ancient comrades, the wild cattle of the snow-fields.

(To be continued.)

"A SUFFOLK MARSH, EVENING."—EDWARD COMBES, C.M.G.

EMILY AUSTRALIE HERON.*

BY WILLIAM LESLIE CURNOW, B.A.

IN August last Australia lost a loved and gifted child in the lady whose name stands at the head of this page. By the death of Mrs. Heron a wide gap has been created in the ranks of Australian literature. The death of such a woman is a loss to a very large circle of friends, while many who were not privileged to know her personally will also feel that they have suffered by her departure.

Some women study literature without practising it, others indulge in a sort of practice of literature without having profoundly studied it. Mrs. Heron devoted her life both to its study and its practice. While others give themselves to literary work as an occasional occupation, or as a favorite pastime, she resorted to it from a natural necessity. She was a literary woman from the force of inclination no less than from that of circumstances. Her writing was marked by feminine grace as well as by masculine force. She paid very little attention to what is called style, but she possessed a natural gift of expression—the faculty of saying what she had to say clearly and strongly.

From her early years to the period of her death she was contributing something to the literature of her time. She wrote for magazines and newspapers, and her constancy was not more remarkable than her versatility. No subject came amiss to her. There was hardly a topic discussed in the daily press in which she was not interested and to which in the course of her life she did not contribute something. In such varied subjects as sanitation, funeral reform, industrial enterprise and the latest scientific discoveries, she took a keen interest, and wrote about them not only fluently but ably. Further, when she took up a question she went to the bottom of it, studied the latest authorities, and used the utmost pains to get at the truth. The result was that her contributions were welcome to editors and publishers. Speaking of her wide information reminds me of a discussion that arose one evening when sitting at tea with her. It was on the use of sugar as an article of diet—she, by-the-bye, did not take sugar—and she passed from this to the question of sweets generally and their use and abuse. This led to remarks as to the bearing on intemperance of the consumption of sweet things in food and drink. My hostess was at home in the subject, and I was given a *resumé* of a Blue Book on the question, and even a Blue Book was made interesting in her hands. An unpublished article of hers, written for a Sydney journal a few weeks

* Died August 25, 1890.

before her death on "Divers Opinions Concerning Tobacco," gives another illustration of her wide grasp of subjects and the restless activity of her mind. She had a piercing vision and an intensity of purpose, together with a rare mixture of reason and imagination.

It was interesting to hear from her how, during her voyage to England, she received a systematic training in logic from a Roman Catholic priest. The reverend father appears to have been struck with her mental vigor, and offered, as the best service he could render, to strengthen her mind by a course in logic. The offer was accepted, and a certain portion of each day was spent in the study, the pupil ever after remembering with gratitude the services of her instructor.

Mrs. Heron, who was the daughter of Sir William Manning, was educated in Sydney, and afterwards took the trip to England that did so much to fix and strengthen her literary tastes. There she met Tennyson, Browning, Huxley, George Eliot, and others, and the effect of the contact with these minds was always felt by her. Any sketch of her would be incomplete without a reference to her love for young people, and her desire to assist in every way aspirants to literary fame. For many years past she had been conducting classes for the study of literature, and those who came under her direction know well her sympathetic devotion to this cause.

Mrs. Heron had a strong individuality. With many literary men and women this personal element counts for little; their presence goes far to destroy the impressions made by their writings. With her it was otherwise; she carried an influence that made itself felt. Mrs. Heron, as has been said, was a literary woman in the highest sense. But she was also a womanly woman. How nobly she devoted herself to the interests of her family, and how unmistakeable are the marks of her fidelity, those who knew her best need not be told. She had the old ideas touching what is due from a wife and a mother. A few weeks ago there was a warm discussion in this city as to the course which, under given circumstances, a woman should take in regard to her family. It is well-known that among women, as well as among men, there are, to say the least, some rather liberal sentiments on this subject. Mrs. Heron took the old-world view of the matter. She did not at all approve of Nora's action in "A Doll's House," where the difficult knot is cut by her going forth into the world to work out her own salvation. A wife's duty, she held, was to stick to her husband and her children at all hazards and to the end, many great-souled wives thus, in the most chaotic home, kindling the light of holy peace, and creating fresh bonds of love.

The journalistic veil of anonymity has concealed so much of her press work that to a large circle Mrs. Heron is known chiefly, if not exclusively, as the author of the little volume entitled "The Balance of Pain and other Poems," by "Australie," published in London, in 1877. Though Mrs. Heron did not pretend to be a poet of a high order, and though the selection of the poems in this volume was made and the book published unknown to her and without her approval, by over zealous friends, yet there is much in the book of which she had no need to be ashamed, and which will do no injury to her fame. Her favorites were "The Two Selves: or the Angel and the Demon of the Soul," "Quiet Dust," and "The Army of Unknown Martyrs." A few stanzas of the last may here be quoted:—

From the day that Stephen perished
Striving nobly for the truth,
Ranges the great martyr-army—
Aged saint and tender youth;
Men whose names on history's tablets
In emblazoned colors glow.
Women, too, whose faith ecstatic
Conquered pain and vanquish'd woe.

Won they well their meed of glory,
Rightly earn'd the martyr's dower.
Shine they forth as high ensamples
Of the Faith's o'erconquering power.
And whene'er we read of sufferings
Which the frailest thus could dare,
Own we then their fame the greatest
That earth's chequered annals bear.

But another band has gather'd
Through the ages' vista long;
Nameless, silent, unremember'd,
Stands another suffering throng.
Countless are their hidden numbers,
Dating from Time's earliest days;
Fight they still in God's great battle,
And their unseen battle raise.

This the host of UNKNOWN MARTYRS,
Who have wrought and fought alone,
Doing deeds of love and patience
Which no history's page shall own.
Living for God's cause right bravely,
Dying if the need should call,
Working quietly their mission
Wheresoe'er their lot shall fall.

March they, not in earth's great high-roads,
But in lowly hidden ways,
Bearing much, but saying little,
Seeking neither fame nor praise.
Knowing not that they are martyrs,
Dreaming not of crown or grace,
Simply treading where God leadeth,
Passing on with noiseless pace.

It is commonly objected to literary women that their devotion to their books and their studies unfits them for the everyday duties of the family and the social circle. The model student, it is said, will not be the model wife or mother. On this ground large numbers of even educated men deprecate the sending of women to universities, and even to high-class schools. Into the pros and cons of this question we do not here enter. Objections of the kind, however, were not strengthened by the life of Mrs. Heron. She was a student, but she was also a practical as well as a gifted woman.

Her life was sadness-tinged. Writing as far back as 1872 she said:

> For I never wished for long years—
> Only shrank from Life's chill breath;
> But as friend releasing, tender,
> From a child I dreamed of death.

We may apply to herself the touching words she penned in memory of Commodore Good-enough, and say (altering the pronoun):

> Not long she dwelt among us; but noble natures spread
> Their influence quickly, and on all their hallowing radiance shed.

Her favorite studies she pursued to the end. During the last months of her life she was more systematically engaged in journalism than ever before. Hard and trying as journalistic work is, she loved it and hoped to spend years in it. She may truly be said to have died in harness, and her death means a loss not only to those associated with her in her labors, but to the colony generally. Australia has many women who write, not a few who have given us books and pamphlets, but the number of trained women writers and authors is not large, and among the foremost of these stood Mrs. Heron. Our scanty literature was made richer by her labors, and will be poorer for her death.

"BUSH RANGERS."—FRANK P. MAHONY.

AFTER THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY MRS. ALFRED BROAD.

AFTER the rain, the soft, warm summer rain, that is when you should look for the water fowl of Australia. Colonisation has driven some of the rarest and most beautiful from accessible haunts into far remote places in the interior; and indeed the occurrence of these birds after a plentiful rain, in lakes and lagoons near villages and country places, has given rise to the belief that there are fine oases in the heart of the continent not yet discovered, where many of them migrate in comparatively dry seasons, as they are not seen for four or five years at a time, but a really humid season will always bring them. In parts of New South Wales one can be sure of finding a good mustering of the best colonial specimens in the rivers and lagoons after a succession of summer showers, where wavering reflections of their varied forms and colors tint the clear water, and the background of rich foliage and creepers enhances the beauty of every graceful line and curve.

It is no easy matter for the artist and lover of nature in an age so destructive to the feathered race as this, to study them in all the freedom of nature. The gun is ever pointed at them, the sportsman's for the excitement of the chase and a meal; the collectors, for museums and scientific purposes; and others, to supply the enormous demand for birds to adorn the fair.

There is a terrible lack of sympathy somewhere. Poets write of "dear gazelles" and mysterious ravens, "the wings of a dove," "the lark at Heaven's gate," and people get quite touched over it, yet at the first chance take a shot at them! Must all our beautiful birds follow the blackfellow and the moa to total extinction? Must the artist, "still so gently o'er them stealing," find his innocent sketching stick mistaken for an instrument of dire destruction, nor ever have the ghost of a chance to shew them kindness and sympathy as sharing earth's riches with us, and created by the same Divine power? "We are as much strangers in nature as we are aliens from God," says Emerson: "we do not understand the notes of birds; the fox and the deer run away from us." Yet there are a few—so few *that, compared* with the great mass of gold-grinding clay of which humanity is composed, they appear as the salt of the earth—who love and sympathise with those living creatures that, beyond and above the mysteries of wool and feathers, of skin and scales, are stamped with the seal of God.

Will Jules Vernes or any other daring spirit ever give us an ærial carriage, either cigar or baloon-shaped, to approach the superb flight of the frigate bird, or the grandeur of its equipoise sleeping on the wings of the storm? Or any Indian monarch shew us in tomb or porch more beautiful architecture than the gemmed tracery of a spider's web—insignificant creatures to the common mind, and trodden upon or shot respectively without a moment's thought? There are those who can cite instances of the birds and animals which were to be subject to us, according to the Divine plan, shewing willingness to return, in a measure, to the confiding spirit of long ago. "I have approached a squirrel running wild in the woods," says Gibson, the American writer: "have seen him pause to wait for me, when he permitted himself to be taken in my arms and caressed. I captured one thus in the piny woods of North Conway. . . . I have often felt the contact of the plumy halo of the humming-bird above the flowers—yes, and known what it was to have him nestle contentedly within my palm as I drew my fingers about him in his hovering poise. I have taken the winged jewel to my room, and covenanted with him as he perched voluntarily upon my finger, and pressed his ruby breast and tiny wing." And Ruskin wrote in that wonderful chapter on Design:* "Don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures; you cannot sympathise rightly with the higher unless you do with those." Let us then, for one day, give the guns a rest and hold out the invisible sceptre of love to the inhabitants of this lovely place on the banks of the Dartbrook.†

The exquisite freshness of early morning is on all things, and every leaf and flower lightly spangled with dew, as with diamond dust. The exhilarating clearness of the air fills our views with delicious thrills. Surely

* "The Two Paths."
† A tributary of the Upper Hunter.

this—the pure oxygen, laden with the healthful odors of eucalyptus and musk—is the true elixir of life, filling our lungs with joyous activity, bidding "dull care begone," and because of its environments of richest nature helping us on in every way to better things, to greater spiritual heights. Miles away from civilisation we exchange stone pavements for rich mossy paths, and interminable perspectives of shops and warehouses for dim blue ranges and vistas of noble trees coated as with pearl and velvet. And everywhere across our way the spider weaves his pretty traps—"castles in the air," robes for Titania; and lo! here is one ærial architect on my arm, a gray enamelled body marked with reddish brown; and that infinitely small thread of silver on my dark sleeve, "a rope of six strands is it, or three?" For ever in my rambles when a spider crosses me, I think of that rare breed so joyfully discovered and so carefully reared in the Melbourne Observatory, to mark by a single strand of its three-fold rope the transit of Venus to the fraction of a second, as well as other delicate investigations of science. This fact alone might silence those individuals who "want to know the use of spiders in creation," that no thread manufactured by human skill can approach the fine strand spun by spiders which is required for some of our astronomical experiments to-day. The lizards are glancing up and down the trees: here the jew lizard, with his sharp spines; there the dull iguana, with his vacant stare; finches gleaming among the foliage like jewels, parrots chattering—such a world of activity we can see and hear, and beyond us that deeper life, the meaning in their songs, the method in their ways, the communion one with the other.

At last we stand among the reeds at the river-side and take a peep at the scene, our heads enveloped in silver wattle disguise. A family of downy chicks scuttle away from almost under our feet under the protection of the outraged mother, a fine blue-breasted porphyris. Feathered mites are chirping and swimming about in all directions, and the busy parents finding delicious morsels for them—a general breakfast time in fact. Over some irregular mossy stones a miniature waterfall plashes musically a few yards down, though under our eyes the water is deep, and so clear that we can see down to the bottom and presently discern shoals of silvery fish, newts, water-lizards; and here comes a fine old water-rat swimming across, his beady eyes, the tip of his nose and his tail principally visible. The tea-tree is in full flower, and the long snowy wreaths sweep the water with gentle caressing touch, stirring the fine lily leaves which lie on the surface, their tender green serried discs turned up at the edges as if to shew the paler green tint underneath. Everything is beautiful with the beauty and symmetry of Nature unconfined: outline and color, light and shade, relief and contrast observed by her to one perfect end. And there, against a dark green background of rushes and tall lily leaves, as a subject for a picture never rivalled on academy walls, two snow-white birds. These are not common visitors to our swamps and rivers; the Royal Spoonbill holds court beyond the reach of human eye, and only after a wet season condescends to lend his magnificent presence to common waters. He is pure white, with a long slaty-black bill, broad at the base, resembling an old-fashioned bone mustard spoon; his black face is enlivened by fine ruby eyes, and he has black legs. There is no gradation of tint about him; he is a peculiar study in black and white; but on hot days his cold tints are quite refreshing against the deep greens of his favorite haunts, and he is always picturesque. The other Australian variety has a pale yellow bill and legs and white face curiously outlined with black. Many of the large birds have characteristic attitudes. The spoonbill is fond of majestic poses, such as Turveydrop, senr., and occasionally after a successful raid on the molluscs and aquatic worms, there is a touch of Sir Charles Coldstream about him: "he has gone through life and found nothing in it." But when the nuptial crest is on his head and all his plumage takes on a fulness of beauty to charm his ladye-love, then behold him, a monarch of the stream, drawn up to his full height of two feet and more, his chest well puffed out, his bill resting on it, the keen bright eyes now penetrating the foliage and underwood, now bent lovingly on his miranda. He needs all the charm of eye and presence for his wooing too, as he has not the vestige of a note or sound, and couldn't tell his feelings if he would. In the bayons of South America a beautiful rose-colored spoonbill is known, and one writer speaks with enthusiasm of the effect of these birds flying after the manner of ducks in a long line one clear summer evening over his head, the roseate bodies and carmine wing-coverts melting into the vivid flush of the sky. It makes a singular figure building its nest on the bare branches of the highest trees, and it is noticed building too a reed nest among the reeds of swamps and rivers, but never choosing an intermediate position.

Wherever spoonbills are found another bird will be—equally indicative of a wet season—the banded redknee, a pretty active bird with long delicate legs, the upper part pale rose-color, the lower bluish-gray, with a dark wide band on its chest Its stooping carriage and quick bobbing motion of head and tail look quaint in the vicinity of the Royal one, reminding us of "Dignity and Impudence," as it cuts independently about; but it is a rare variety, distributed very sparsely over the north-east only.

There is a flash of blue silver in the air, and a little kingfisher perches on a slender branch and surveys the field. How indescribably saucy all the kingfishers and halcyons are from our old friend the "laughing jackass" to the snow-white fairy, about three inches long, found at Port Essington. There is much, no doubt, in the queer squat head, extraordinarily thick neck, and aggressive cut of the strong bill, and when in the case of our mocking friend, these peculiarities are supplemented by that loud, insolent, discordant laugh, always out of season, and his odd pursuit of killing snakes by biting the heads off, "as if," says Froude, "he knew something of our first mother's misfortune," it is no wonder he has succeeded, like all other noisy impudent individuals, in attracting a good deal of attention. But though we do not consider him an unmixed blessing, yet we feel sorry for "auld acquaintance sake," that he is dying off, and that a century hence his place will know him no more.

SPOONBILLS.

The morning is splendid. One of those cloudless, brilliant blue skies, and an atmosphere so clear that you can almost see the sunbeams streaming from the blazing sphere in the heavens. What a glorifier is this—our common sunshine; here flecking the surface of the water through leafy boughs, there a patch of irridescent light, and ever the wonderful artist of the world, coloring with loveliest green the tender fern-fronds, with tempting ruby the wild raspberries, with coral the curved petals of the waratah; the father of the painters of all time, the power worshipped by the ancients as a God! Helios and Astarte, the two-fold buckle, as it were, of all those quaint rich fancies which *have come down to us under* the guise of heathen mythology. There is food for thought in looking back on those inquiring minds of early sages, studying the wonders of nature with simple natural vision, and deifying the sources of light and warmth and food, and following the gradual increase of knowledge to our own day, when every child in our schools learns how small a figure one sun makes in the immense planetary systems of the heavens.

The star we name Alcyone, centre of all star systems. is a mass as of a hundred million suns,

writes Tupper, while the studious tell us of worlds inhabited and being prepared for habitation, and that one day we shall dis-

cover how to communicate with these beings of other spheres as easily as we can speak to our friends in New York to-day—*cum grano salis*. "Meanwhile, we warm ourselves," says Corelle, "in the light of an empty world on fire," as one day in the far future, maybe, other spheres will have warmth from our earth when "its elements shall melt with fervent heat," to be, in an infinity of time, as the chill moon, a dead world, a mass of icy lakes and frozen lava, its strife and turbulence, ambition and glory, reduced to the mere mechanical course of a humble satellite on a new world. To-day our sun is a benign spirit, cheering and invigorating us in our ramble, and lending radiance to the loveliness of the forest. But there are times and places in our island home when he is a spirit of death and misery, when the grass on the plains is powdered to glittering dust by the scorching winds, when his beams bring arid desolation with them, and all man's efforts for cattle and homestead are vain; when comes a despairing cry, born of utter doubt and distress, ascending to the brazen heavens, "there is no God." This is the bitter side of life, and many are the brave hearts that have toiled and suffered in early days of Australia, knowing little else, and to-day, as then, it is away in the melancholy grandeur of our forests and plains in the interior that the individual character of Australia is to be found; its piercing cold and tropical heat, its extremity of desolation and teeming luxuriance of beauty and growth, with the alternations of the seasons.

In lands where bright blossoms are scentless
And songless bright birds;
Where with fire and fierce drought on her tresses
Insatiable summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
And faint flocks and herds.

In the gathering of night-gloom o'erhead, in
The still silent change,
All fire-flushed when forest trees redden
On slopes of the range.
When the gnarled, knotted trunks eucalyptian
Seem carved, like weird columns Egyptian,
With curious device—quaint inscription,
And hieroglyph strange.*

The river winds on, and we leisurely wind with it, ducks and moorhens, crakes and water-rails, stirring the surface with countless ripples and splashes. There is a rajah shieldrake, with his snow-white head and rich chestnut body. He always reminds us of Indian or Japanese birds, the coloring is so quaint and strange, and head so full and large. And here are a couple of musk ducks, with sober dress and wattled throat. This curious protuberance under the throat of the male has given rise to much conjecture, but so far its use has not been ascertained. Its note is another singularity, resembling the sound made by a large drop of water falling into a deep well. During the months of September and October it emits a strong musky odor, recognisable long before the bird can be seen; and we are told that this scent is retained for years afterwards in the skins of specimens killed at that particular season. As a rule, ducks are but slightly different in size, but the better half in this case is only *half* the size of her lord and master, and has often been mistaken for a son or daughter, instead of a mate, when swimming with him on the water. In close proximity, we see the rather rare white-eyed duck, with very sober plumage, and bill oddly decorated by a wide blue band at the tip; and there, quite a flock of brown whistling ducks. They are always found in companies, large or small, being apparently of a sociable temperament, and have a habit, unknown to other ducks, of separating themselves from other species when startled, and flying in a different direction, whistling only when on the way. Ducks have very few peculiarities, sleeping and eating in a common-place way principally making up their existence, though the musk duck is said to be occasionally seized with a fit of the "blues," and to recognise practically that "solitude hath charms," taking up his residence in a secluded pool, and remaining there his lifetime alone.

On through lovely tangled undergrowth and beds of moss, under canopies of wild vine and clematis, here startling a flock of shell parrots, and again a splendid couple of rose-colored cockatoos, till at a sudden bend in the river we see three graceful birds flying over-head, their slender necks well held back, their long legs and feet streaming in the wind. The artistic bird of Japanese fans and screens, the bird so esteemed in early English times by lovers of falconry—the heron. This is the great gray heron, and very similar to the English and European variety but without the long plumes from the head. As they settle, we see what fine graceful creatures they are, whether standing in that watchful attitude for which they are noted or taking those slow dainty steps necessary in the search for food. What has the heron been in another life—to touch on the question of transmigration o soul—that he should be consumed by insatiable hunger in the present? "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full," says

*Gordon's "Dedication."

Solomon, and always is the heron feeding yet never is he satisfied. The too rapid digestion of food keeps him thin and hungry to voraciousness. An English orthinologist has pointed out that "all other species that feed at the same table, from the little flitting ceryle to the towering flamingo, become excessively fat at times, and are, as a rule, so healthy and vigorous that compared with them the heron is but the ghost of a bird." Poor bird, we feel even a conscience-stricken qualm when we look at him, and think that dimly he represents the spirit of the nineteenth century

GREAT GRAY HERON.

in its insatiable desire for wealth, and remember that as the long silence of the night and the flush of the dawn find him standing motionless, watchful, with never a thought but for food; so his human prototype fills the waking hours of day and the restless dreams of night with the feverish worship of mammon, bearing down his higher self with a grosser element that brings him to the level of our insatiable bird. Some may seem to have descended from apes, but more—were it possible—from herons. There is a smaller heron, better known to us than the great heron, the white-fronted, of a beautiful gray color all over. One lived next to us for some years, and spent all its time at a pond in the grounds or watching at the kitchen door for food. If anyone came out of that door without food it would erect all its feathers and give signs of great anger; but even after a good meal of raw meat would never permit the least familiarity or caress. The Pacific heron has a large white head and conspicuous fall of wiry white plumes from the chest; and the great-billed heron something similar, but having much duller plumage and a heavier bill, and is perhaps the least attractive of the herons. There is a rare bird called the mycteria, a cross between a heron and a stork, which stands four feet high, and has rich dark plumage glinted like the plumage of humming birds with greenish-blue gloss. Very little is known of it more than its existence, but it is generally anticipated that the further development of the interior will enrich us with specimens and further knowledge of this fine variety so closely allied to the great heron. All travellers tell of the keen instincts of caution possessed by herons, and the advantage they take of their slim straight figures and the color of their plumage, both resembling the withering yellowish and spotted reeds always found among the green ones; and one writer tells of an accomplished strategist who held his head and neck straight up, his body erect, with the tail touching the reed grasped by his feet, and finding that the enemy was hunting all round for him, managed to shift round the reed so that he *always turned his pale yellow front to the observer's eye*, which was a stroke of ingenuity that well supports Butler and Kingsley's belief of considerable brain power in birds.

And now, from blue heavens and sunlit boughs, we enter a shady natural avenue, cool mossy groves and nooks surround us,

> Wide clouds of blue-bells stretch away
> And purple constellations rise——

Here the quaint orchids rear their heads on slender stems, the well-known "spider" with his long arms and tall dark-green leaves, and there a clump of myrtles are lightly starred with early blossom; while the fragrance of all rich forest growths fills the air with soft delicious odors, and the twittering of little birds a joyous song.

Nature at its best and loveliest is ours today, not tortured into geometrical parterres and staring "ribbon borders," with trees planted at given angles: but Nature at once growing and dying and giving forth life, gaining half her charm like a beautiful face half-veiled in wind-tossed hair—from the "flotsam and jetsam" of the forest, from

dropped dead leaves and fallen twigs; here a discarded bird's nest; there an old stump, moss-covered, seen through the wild careless sprays of a raspberry bush; and again a young she-oak "clothed as with a garment" by the graceful tangles of the clematis. Presently we emerge from our leafy avenue and face the sparkling river to find quite a little company of spoonbills and herons, stilts and porphyrios engaged on pleasant and profitable business, and there surely is an ibis among them. O! sacred fowl, once the object of a nation's adoration, to fish with common birds in the unhallowed waters of the earth,

How have the mighty fallen!

If it be according to the wisdom of to-day that inherited memory regulates the lives of birds, what strange visions must float through the chambers of its brain, of Egyptian skies, of holy temples, of centuries of deified existence in the halls of Karnac fed by the dark-eyed priestesses of Isis, of strange dark rites and mysteries sealed to the present world. And of that nation fallen from greatness and power, and of themselves wandering unworshipped—nay, even unrecognised, on the banks of the Nile, called by an alien name—the name "Abou-Hannes." Whether in the case of the Ibis the reasons for veneration were really well-founded it is impossible to ascertain at this date. Egypt is wrapped in mystery. It was said that its appearance announced the overflow of the Nile, and that it cleared the country of serpents; also that there was a resemblance between it and one of the phases of the moon, worshipped by them as Isis. But apart from these reasons the bird has no beauty to speak of, and that bald black head and neck make him look like a white bird half plucked, then blackened by a tropical sun. Now only a few stragglers live in the old land, not farther south than Khartoum, where once they were so numerous that mummies and sculpture of their sacred forms were familiar to travellers and explorers of all time, yet not apparently natives of Egypt, but imported, doubtless from Africa. To-day Spain is the great breeding place of the ibides and herons. Not only is the sacred ibis in our group to-day conspicuous by his black neck and legs, and white body, but that singular variety purely Australian, known as the straw-necked ibis, which has stiff straw-like spines depending from its chest, and the rest of the coloring dark and glossy like the common ibis of Europe. The beautiful scarlet ibis is a native of South America, and is really the only one of the family that has any pretensions to beauty. It is amusing to see the young fry trying to forage for themselves and scuffling with each other over a tempting worm or a nice young tadpole. The young herons are of a most bilious shade of green, and some of the young birds are quaint and pretty, among them one or two of that extraordinary variety known as the gallinaceous parra, with gigantic feet, looking like a group of long supple branches. But, talking of young birds, we read an account the other day of the cannibalistic propensities of a colony in Spain. It was in "Bulgaria before the war" that Barkley wrote the following:—"There on the pressed-down boughs of the willows, only a few feet above the water (the Danube), were hundreds of great flat nests of the various kinds of spoonbills, egrets, bitterns, &c., all huddled together in one confused mass. It was rather late for eggs, as most of them were hatched off, but it was just the time to observe the doings of the children of these sedate, peaceful-looking birds, and I must say that I never yet beheld such a collection of little fiends, nor a more hideous set. Their bodies were of the smallest proportions, while every other part of them (their wings, legs, necks, and beaks) were of the longest; most of them had no feathers, and all seemed possessed with one idea, and that was either to limb a small brother or swallow him whole, and all kept up either a shriek of fear or pain or a yell of rage. The place reeked with an abominable smell, and the water was covered with the bodies of dead and dying birds. . . . . So intent were they on their fiendish pastime that they took little notice of us, and dragged and clawed themselves about after the weaker brethren at our very feet, while the old parent birds sat looking on from the topmost twigs as if fratricide were the proper moral pastime of the young." Alas for that pretty fiction of early years

Birds in their little nests agree.

We must unlearn that, with other charming thoughts, as time rolls on

The sun is now high in the heavens, and soon our feathered friends will betake themselves to shade and repose, meanwhile there are other fields of interest for us in the magnificent eucalypts stretching grand crowns of foliage one hundred feet into the sky; and here the maiden's blush with its pendulous clusters of pretty leaves; and there the fluffy balls of the golden wattle, and all around and below touches of rich chestnut and ephemeral green, and russet, and pearl, and

cool greys and warm purples, and above the sapphire arch of the heavens, and away in the distance that soft yet intense blue of a perfect atmosphere. Is that a fallen giant of the forest across our path cut down half a century ago by wild winds, dead itself, yet a centre of life to thousands of minute lives? White starry flowers cluster on it, and the little lavender daisies that brighten many humbler spots with fairy creepers of lichen of variable shades. One end is immersed in the river, and on the higher part a beautiful bird is perched, and of all our fine water-fowl this is the favorite with us—the plumed egret. Her exquisite white purity, that thick down that looks as if you could plunge your hand ever so deep in it; those marvellous fine wire plumes that lace and interlace as they *spread fan-like over her back* and chest; that slim graceful neck and head fill us with admiration; and as her dower of beauty glorifies her world of shimmering water and leafy shade we are off on the wings of fancy. Surely this is fairy-land and our egret a princess in disguise, and those graceful curved fern-fronds slowly unclosing to the light the homes of elves? What charming fancies might not Hans Anderson have woven out of such a scene as this with that vivid imagination which has transformed the world to his young readers? Some sweet romance to stand side by side with the little mermaid or the snow queen in that realm of fancy and conjecture, that invisible intangible land called Fairy-lore. People condemn fairy tales and would keep them from the rising generation, yet it is so plain that with all the good writers there is wholesome truth and frequently much contemporary information underlying the blossoms and leaves of imagery and marvel. The metaphysical research of to-day is but a deeper plunge into that wonderful land into which our old romancers took but a few halting steps. Mrs. Shelley's

IBIDES, CLEMATIS, THE PLUMED EGRET.

"Frankenstein" is but an awful "fairy tale" for adults; and Besant's "Inner House" another curious example; and I think it is Walter Scott who said of himself, "Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement," telling his hearer of the vivid fancies and day-dreams of his youth. And surely it is a rest for brain and mind to soar lightly in the domain of fancy and leave care and labor for a space, to relax the tension of concentrated thought and return freer and brighter for it. Meanwhile as to material existence—our white bird has gone to sleep, her pretty head buried in her own soft down. On the water the pied egret is busy fishing, his bright yellow bill, tinted with scarlet, has a very brilliant effect, and he has, apparently, a black skull-cap on, like the night-heron. The sombre egret is dark indigo color, and generally very slim. Egrets, though distantly allied to herons, are not so voracious, and make flesh to a moderate extent, the pied egret especially being often found quite plump. They are shy and distrustful in their nature, and exhibit no ingenious method of escape when pursued, like the herons.

Here are some black swans walking about on the sloping bank; how awkward they look on land in comparison to their stately gracefulness on the water, or their striking appearance when they take flight. This variety has not yet been found out of Australasia, and is generally distributed over New South Wales, Tasmania, and the islands in Bass' Straits, wherever there are large pieces of water; and sometimes they are seen in large flocks of many hundreds, especially on those inlets of the sea which, passing the beach line, expand into great sheets of shallow water, where the birds may be secure either from natives or wild winds. It is to be regretted that the black swan is being persecuted with such energy—it can only end in the extirpation of the species. There are large numbers destroyed annually by one practice alone, that of chasing the mature birds in a boat at the time when they shed their primary quill feathers. Being unable to fly they are soon rowed down and captured for the sake of the soft down on the breast, and we heard of the boats of a whaler entering an estuary and returning all filled with black swans destroyed in this manner. It may readily be understood with what wonder and admiration our swans were first regarded by other countries—about 1620 England had the first report—and how from comparing fair women to the snowy swans only known before it became a very equivocal compliment to call a lady "Edith of the Swan-neck," after that royal beauty of olden time. Swans have been immortalised in china paintings and in pictures, as well as by poets and romancers; and, indeed, one of the loveliest vases we have ever seen (in the Art Museum of Melbourne) has for decoration a flight of white swans against a sunset sky. Our swans look brilliant in flight, the outer edge of their dark wings being pinky-white are in strong contrast to the black plumage and vivid red bills. Whether they have anything distinctive in the way of a note we cannot ascertain, but European varieties would appear to have a voice, else why that old, old saying, "The swan sings most sweetly when dying"? Unless, indeed, it is one of those pretty pathetic traditions born where and how we know not, but lending after all something to the prosaic realities of life akin to the kindly mists which enfold the hills at dawn and twilight.

"DOMESTIC ECONOMY."—J. A. BENNETT.

NUGGETTY BEND.

BY WILLIAM SYLVESTER WALKER.

TIM was always a little queer-like, and so was his 'missus!' For the matter of that, said Jem Burdock, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "the old woman was the queerest of the two."

"It was in the year of the 'big find' (you remember about the 'Scott' nugget, I dare-say, mates) when those two played it down so queer on our camp? I'd been mining myself, off and on, all over the country. I'd had a try I think at almost every new 'rush' that broke out—done well in some places, and didn't make my 'tucker' in others—but I happened to be in the Nuggetty district before the 'Scott' came above ground; and from what we heard from Tim himself one night down at the pub, when the old fellow was a bit 'breezy,' me and my mate Murphy lost no time in 'pegging-out' on the 'Bend,' putting up a good log shanty, and sinking for the 'bed-rock.'

"'Nuggetty Bend' couldn't get no call to be mapped out as a township in those early days. No sir! there was only one store stuck right up on the ridge, where Benson, the fellow who kept it, gave us 'tucker' and grog on the sly, in return for one pound notes, or the 'color;' and though you mightn't think it, he was doing a big trade, though there wasn't many men on the field.

"We were all working like steam-engines, all on payable gold, and all waiting for the big 'rush' which was sure to come sooner or later. When the 'Scott' turned its yellow side up clear of the 'mullock' there was a proper change, I tell you.

"The diggers came hustling in like flies to a funeral, and didn't they alter the place with their new rules, fixings, and houses. Why, there was even a theayter! It was a caution! I remember that six months after the 'Scott' came up, the Waratah Saloon, which was kept by Benson, was built on the very spot where there was an old lightning-blasted red gum, hard by where Tim used to live. I've stood on that spot many a time in the old days, yarning with the old man about the bush birds, for he was rare and entertaining on that subject, and knew *enough to write a book.* You'd have *wondered where he picked it all up.*

"The old diggings was about the wildest and prettiest place you ever see. When you left the little coaching 'pub' on the main up-country road, where the river went winding in and out amongst the golden wattles and she-oaks, you took the bush-track, and seemed to shoot out of the open on to the rising ridges, with forest gum and stringy-bark all over the place.

"As you mounted the first ridge the magpies and cockatoos would keep you alive (colonies of 'em used to live in them trees), and you'd maybe catch a glimpse of a big red old-man kangaroo, bounding off for higher ground. And the wild flowers! they *were* a sight—yellows, reds, whites, pinks and purples—all sorts; and of a moonlight night when the bandicoots would be scurrying off with that queer frightened 'be-quick-about-it' squeak of theirs, maybe you'd be going along that trail to your shanty with a light heart and a nip or two in you, and you'd catch the scent of them flowers mixed up with the smoke of the burning grass tree, and when you got to the turn on the hillside you'd see the old camp below you with its lights and fires a-glimmering like will-o-the-wisps, but—well—them were bully days, boys!

"Nuggetty Bend (that's Wilberforce now), was situated right at the junction of the two heads of the Nuggetty, and there's gold in both them heads far and near.

"The river used to come down quick and lively after the rains, and the big water-fall at the northern source was kept going in the driest weather, so that if there was any cradling or sluicing to be done there was always plenty of means for doing it.

"Well, old Tim and his wife were the very first prospectors on the Bend, and the old woman could wash her dish of stuff as well as a born digger—in fact she had a more delicate touch—and would shew up more fine grains to the dish than e'er a one of us.

"Nobody knew exactly what the old couple had been. They had camped on the spot in an old humpy Tim put up, where he had a twenty acre section of ground long before the news got about that there was gold in the district.

"The old man found it first. He used to do a bit of bird hawking, and would go miles

into the bush to catch the young parrots and cockatoos, and then he would take them to Melbourne for sale in the rummiest old covered cart with an outrigger on it for another horse beside the shafter. All the ships' stewards in the bay knew Tim and the old woman, and what with the stewards and the market people they made a tidy living.

"On the Bend we always used to call them two 'Daddy' and 'Mammy.' Some of us fellows would drop in at their shanty on Sundays, and the old woman always set out a home-made cake and a cup of tea for us. If a chap fell sick she would sit up and nurse him, and give him 'simples.' She was as good as any doctor, and was kind to every one alike.

The proper names of the old folks were Timothy and Elizabeth Donovan, and I think the old woman had a dash of gipsy blood in her. Once they got a letter which one of the boys (a gipsy himself) brought, and there must have been some bad news in it, for the old woman had a sort of fit after reading it. It was written in a woman's hand, too.

"Of course, for some time before the 'Scott' came up, fellows on the wallaby would make our camp, and most of 'em remained. We managed to stop their blabbing a good bit, before the rush came. Me and my mate did well. We had three hundred pounds worth of loose, shotty gold and nuggets between us, when one evening two men came along, and for the life of me I couldn't make them out.

"They said they were runaway sailors, but

I didn't believe *that*. There's a bluff, honest ring about a true sailor, and he can turn his hand to anything; and somehow, they didn't look like sailors.

"Well, they didn't seem to know much about gold-digging, anyway, and I bethought me that they were two swells out of luck, who'd been carrying on high jinks in one of the big cities until they were jolly well cleaned out. But sailors! No, not much!

"Well, I didn't care about those men. We gave them a feed, of course, but we didn't let on about our luck.

"It's a different thing altogether when a digger comes and shepherds you. Bluff's no

good with them fellers, for they know as much as you do.

"So of course you have to tell them just to keep them quiet, and prevent a rush right away.

"After a good meal, those chaps told us, quite natural like, that they would be glad of a day's work; and not caring to have them with us, I told them I would show them the way to Benson's, meaning to see whether he would give them a job at any price; but he wasn't on, as you may suppose, and I couldn't help asking them to stop the

"The next day those chaps took themselves off, and I felt relieved, I hardly know why.

"Towards dusk I went up to Benson's store for a new bucket, and, heavy rain coming on, I had to stay there for the night.

"By-and-bye, a knock come at the door, and there were them two fellers, pretty well drenched. 'They'd lost their way,' they said, 'and saw the light.'

"Well, Benson couldn't do anything less than bring them in, and doss them down on the floor, after giving them a stiff nobbler apiece

"Don't move or sing out, or you'll die this moment."

night. They'd got swags and a small valise, which I didn't see 'em undo, but one of them used it for a pillow.

"You never saw anything like the way Murphy went on. He whistled low to himself, and didn't speak much. One of the fellers seemed to attract him uncommon, and I could have sworn that I saw a sign pass between 'em, as if they were acquainted. I thought it strange. I had known Murphy a long time. He'd done some queer things, but I'd have trusted him with my life, so I *asked no questions.*

and letting them dry their clothes by the fire.

"One of them was a dark, handsome man, and reminded me of someone, but I couldn't call to mind exactly who it was; and the other was a quick, supple, restless chap, with a face like stone, until he laughed, and then—why the devil seemed to break out all over him, cruel-like.

"I got quite nervous the first time I saw him laugh. It was soon over, but I felt as if I had been looking Satan himself in the face for a few seconds.

"We sat up yarning until about three o'clock, and Benson, being sociable, was liberal with the grog. At last we dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long it was, but it didn't seem many minutes before I was woke up, and found a revolver pressed against my temple, while a quick, quiet voice said:

"'Don't move or sing out or you'll die this moment.'

"Well, I soon had a gag in my mouth. Benson was insensible, and I could smell chloroform strong.

"Those two fellers were professionals, and high up at that. The way they went through Benson's safe was a sight to see. They took all his money, a lot of provisions, and a rifle, and cleared before daylight.

"'Good-bye mate,' says the little one, the cruel smile stealing all over his face, and as he shifted his revolver into its belt case I saw a broad burn on his hand plain enough. 'Good-bye,' says he, 'your gold is safe, we never rob a pal. Old Stores here will make up for his loss by-and-bye. You'll have to be left till some kind friend comes along to your rescue.' Off they goes—then a whistle, and horses' hoof-strokes.

"The very first person to come along was 'Mammy,' and she was thunderstruck, as you may suppose.

"She released me, for I was bound as well as gagged, but it took some time before Benson got his wits back.

"Mammy asked us all sorts of questions, and was very keen to know what the men were like.

"When I told her that I had noticed a scar, like an old burn, on the little one's hand, she turned as white as death.

"'It's nothing,' says she, (as I went to help her, for I thought she'd have fallen). 'Only a heart spasm, I'm subject to them.'

"Then she sent me down for the old man to come up, and I went to my own camp, and told Murphy all about it. He just whistled in his queer way, and said:

"'Hold your jaw, Jem! You won't do any good by talking about it. Do you know who them two coves were?'

"'Two darned scoundrels,' says I, to 'play it down that way on to us.'

"'Ah, well!' says Murphy, 'it's better you didn't say that in their hearing. The lissom, quick chap is Fly-by-Night the bush-ranger; the other's Phantom Jack the forger. I thought they had been copped for good, but they have broken out of gaol; and there'll be Old Nick to pay directly.'

"So there was, too.

"Them fellers scared the whole country. They stuck up the mail next time, cut the telegraph wires, and got off to Queensland, raiding every here and there where they weren't expected. In Queensland, they and the gang had a fight with the police, and a constable was killed.

"Then they disappeared altogether.

"Benson took me aside next day after our affair, and, says he, 'I don't mean to let on anything about that little tea-party of ours up at the store, Jem. No more wouldn't I, if I was you.'

"'Mum's the word,' says I.

"Well, you wouldn't believe it hardly, but that there Benson owned the biggest hotel in Wilberforce, after the 'Waratah,' and the goodwill of that turned him in a good thing, and he made a big pile, what with lucky speculations and good customers.

"Old Tim got the thousand pounds from Government for a payable goldfield; and his allotment, which was bought land, brought him in more for a foot, many times over, than he had given for the lot, being made part of the township

"Ah, well! It's years ago since it all happened. Benson's in England, Murphy got killed in a tunnel accident, 'Mammy' and 'Daddy' went to 'Frisco, along with two friends of theirs, and there's only myself out here now who knows the ins and outs of the secret.

"What secret? Why you must have been softies not to have seen it all the time. Phantom Jack was the old people's son. He was a wild one, and had got in tow with Fly-by-Night. 'Mammy' squared Benson right off. It brought him in more money than he knew what to do with, and *he* wasn't particular. When the police were after them fellers all over the country, Benson had two quiet chaps stopping at his place, who used to play cards and billiards a good deal. You wouldn't have thought that their names (the ones they were best known by), were Fly-by-Night and Phantom Jack, now, would you?

"No more didn't Benson. At least, he didn't *say* so before they went to 'Frisco, and I found it better to hold my tongue about it, although it seemed a mighty queer thing to think that I was gagged and Benson robbed by them two fellers."

VITICULTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY JEANNIE LOCKETT.

THAT the climate and soil of a very large part of Australia is eminently suited to the culture of the grape vine and the manufacture of its juice into wine, few people would deny. By the best of all possible tests—experience—the question has been settled beyond doubt, and now we are only waiting to see the industry grow in importance.

In the northern colony of Queensland, in Victoria, South Australia and New South Wales, where the industry had its birth, the grape vine grows luxuriantly, while in the extreme West recent attempts to introduce it have been highly successful. In the tablelands of the continent, which reach an elevation of one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet, we have a climate similar to that of a great part of France and some parts of Germany and Hungary where the vine is found to flourish. In the coastal districts the climate resembles that of the south of France, Italy and some parts of Spain, while in the interior plains, such as the Riverina districts in New South Wales and Victoria, the climate is not unlike such parts of Syria and Persia as formed the original *habitat* of the grape vine. Then the soil—whether it is formed of alluvial deposits, as in many coastal districts; sandy or basaltic, as in the uplands; or loamy, as in the interior plains—has proved beyond all doubt its capabilities for grape-growing and wine-making purposes.

But this is not all. The grapes grown in Australia have been found to retain the best of the characteristics of the plants from which they sprang, no matter from what country they have been brought; in other words the grape vine has become acclimatised in Australia without losing any of the qualities which render it valuable. Possibly, however, in the course of time the influences of climate, soil, mode of culture and other causes which operate in accordance with the laws of assimilation, will yet produce certain modifications in the flavor and other qualities of our wines. But it does not follow that these modifications will be in the direction of deterioration; indeed, with care, attention, improved methods of culture and the application of scientific knowledge to the manufacture of the wine, combined with our magnificent natural resources, there is every reason to believe that whatever changes or modifications do take place will be in the direction of improvement. This has actually been the case to some extent with such varieties as have found in Australia a more suitable climate and soil than that from which they were brought. A notable instance of this is found in the Reisling grape brought here from Germany. Possibly, owing to the fact that its original *habitat* was the warmer and drier climate of Western Asia, the Reisling in the inland districts of Australia produces a wine which partakes more largely of

the natural characteristics of the grape than do the Hocks made from it in Europe.

According to a competent judge of wines, who tested the quality of the produce of Australian vineyards kept in stock by Burgoyne and Company, of Bond Street, London, the Australian hocks "are warm, sunny, and rich, with a fine perfume; the climate or soil seems to have increased the saccharine quality, and brought out, in a remarkable manner, the special peculiarity of the wine." The same authority noticed a richness as of "warm sun-rays" to be a characteristic of the best class of Australian wines.

Here, then, we are provided with indications of what changes the cultivation of the grape vine in Australia may produce, in the course of time, with regard to the characteristics of wines. And, when such modifications have reached their highest order of development, we shall have many districts as famous for their particular vintages as special districts in France and Germany are at the present day. What is needed to produce this result is, first, to discover, beyond a doubt, the kinds of grapes best suited to particular localities; secondly, to grow only those kinds in each; and thirdly, to devote the utmost care and attention to their culture, and the manufacture of their juice into wine.

Alluding to the process of assimilation, which in the course of time must have its effect on Australian wines, a celebrated French vigneron, after a visit to Mr. de Castella's, St Hubert Vineyard, in Victoria, made the following observation:—"It is evident that this vineyard, producing several wines, each of perfectly distinct character, will eventually produce only two types, the red and the white, which will bear uniform products, and will no longer be similar to European wines, but will be Australian St. Hubert wines, yet none the less delicious."

With a pre-eminently suitable climate and good soil it only needs care, attention, and the application of knowledge founded on scientific principles to produce this much desired result. By such means, grapes, which in Germany and parts of Italy and France produce a poor, thin, sour wine, may become, in Australia, capable of producing a wine which will be richer, fuller-bodied, and decidedly better-flavored.

The history of grape culture in Australia for wine-making purposes is that of a struggle with difficulties, many of which, up till within the last ten years, seemed insurmountable, and some of *which still constitute* serious obstacles in the way of progress. It was natural enough that, in introducing an industry of which little was practically known by most of those undertaking it, many mistakes should have been made. Choice of locality and character of soil for particular vines could only be correctly ascertained by experience. Even men, fresh from the cultivation of the vine in France and Germany, found themselves mistaken there. In the early planting of vineyards, particularly in districts remote from the coast, mistakes were made to rectify which the uprooting of the results of years of labor, and the commencement of the industry *de novo*, were found to be absolutely necessary.

In respect, too, to the mode of culture, in cases where the conditions regarding site, climate, and soil were found to be suitable, former experience was often of little use in determining what was best under the new conditions. In fact such experience was often found to work injuriously, as it tended to make the vigneron adhere to methods he had under other circumstances come to look upon as the best. They were the best in the old country, or the part of it from which he hailed, therefore he was unable to understand why they should not be the best in Australia. To note a single example, a vigneron coming from a part of Germany where the vines were trellised would naturally conclude that such was the best mode of culture. Possibly he would not have arrived at this conclusion as the result of any deductive process of reasoning. It had for him, however, all the force of a custom handed down by generations of successful vine growers. And, as a result, nothing short of a good deal of painful experience of the effects of hot winds on the exposed surfaces of bunches of grapes would be sufficient to prove to him that a change of method was necessary, that though in a locality where every inch of soil was valuable and sunbeams were not plentiful trellising was the best method of culture, it was very far from being the best under the altered conditions in which he found himself.

The difficulties surrounding the inception of grape-growing were, however, small compared with those which attended the attempts of novices to manufacture the juice into wine And, unfortunately for the wine-making industry of Australia, most of those who became its pioneers were novices. Wine-making being an art in which not only practical experience, but a certain amount of information based on scientific knowledge, is required, the mistakes that followed could not be so easily rectified as in the case

vine cultivation. For while a certain amount of knowledge resulting from scientific enquiry is useful to the vine-grower, its absence is absolutely fatal to the successful manufacture of the produce into wine. In the first case practical experience may largely supply the place of scientific knowledge, it cannot so readily do so in the latter, where the connection between cause and effect is not easy to discover.

A vigneron may be taught by experience that if he chooses a low-lying situation, with a damp, heavy soil, his vines will not thrive, and will consequently avoid that situation for the future. If he finds that exposure to hot, dry winds shrivels up his grapes he will seek to secure them from such exposure. Yet he might not be able to give a scientific explanation of the effects of hot winds on the one hand, or damp on the other. But in the matter of wine-making effects are by no means so easily traceable to their antecedent causes, and therefore information based on scientific knowledge is necessary. If a vigneron does not know why his wine, during a certain vintage, turned sour, or why, under certain circumstances it was muddy, how is he to prevent such results at other times? how can he be able to count with any degree of certainty on his wines becoming properly matured?

It may, however, be said, and with a certain degree of truth, that many of the most successful of the vignerons of France and Germany, to say nothing of other European countries, do not possess the scientific knowledge which I am trying to show is necessary. But being in a position to act on the accumulated experiences of centuries, by simply doing what his father did before him he is rendered independent of knowledge in its strictly scientific aspect.

Small wonder, then, that, though the Australian vigneron was able, in the course of a few years, to produce grapes of an excellent quality, the wine he manufactured was often unfit for use, and, at the best, of vastly inferior quality to the products of vineyards on the other side of the globe.

This was no mere temporary disadvantage, but by bringing the very name of colonial wine into disrepute it had for many years a disastrous effect on the industry as a whole. The bad name, earned in the early days of difficulty and mistaken methods, remained after the difficulties were largely overcome and the methods had become greatly improved. Not only was enterprise in the direction of *planting new vineyards* checked, and the *progress of the infant industry*, where it had commenced to grow, retarded, but for a time it seemed as though viticulture for wine-making purposes in Australia would prove a total failure, in spite of the many natural resources in its favor. Even when the quality of the wines had greatly improved they could not find purchasers. Locally, no market was forthcoming, and the other side of the globe was a long way off. In the face of the fact that the wines were considered unfit for local consumption, what hope could there be for them in a market where they would have to compete with wines whose fame was worldwide? So Australia went on for many years importing, at double the price, wines which were actually inferior to a good deal of that produced on her own soil. To some extent she is doing so still, albeit the prospects before the vine-grower in Australia have greatly improved, and the industry has entered on the dawn of a new and infinitely more prosperous era.

We may, it is true, hear an occasional sneer at colonial wines. Many people may still prefer to drink a curious compound imported from France, into which not a single drop of the juice of the grape enters, while rejecting a good honest wine because it is the produce of their own country. Yet, for all that, Australian wines are steadily and surely winning their way into public favor on both sides of the globe.

Their introduction to the London market has been attended with marvellous success. According to a competent authority, writing to a London paper a few weeks ago, the imports of Australian wines into England during the last five years have increased at the rate of over four hundred per cent., there being for last year three hundred thousand five hundred gallons imported, as against sixty-five thousand gallons in 1885. Another notable fact, as indicating the popular taste in favor of Australian wines, is that very much more wine is sold under that name, in the English market, than is imported from Australia. So much for the market abroad. That at home can be estimated by the fact that the annual production for Australia has reached the very respectable total of four million gallons.

The vine-growing and wine-making industry may therefore be looked upon as having fairly surmounted the difficulties which beset its initial steps, and now on the way towards a position only second to, if not on a par with, that of wool-growing. Then, too, the progress of the industry in the future should be at a much more rapid rate than it has been in the past.

What is principally needed to open up a wider market on the other side of the globe is to keep up a regular supply of wines of uniform quality, comparing favorably with the better, if not the best, class of wines produced in European vineyards. Let the English buyer feel sure of getting his money's worth each time he spends it in the purchase of Australian wines. Let the name attached to the wine be in every case indicative of its true character. We may not, it is true, be able to supply the English market with wines equal to genuine Burgundy, Moselle, or Chablis. We can, however, send home good, reliable wines, such as Hermitage, Kaluda, Tintara, and Muscat. Let the English wine drinker become reasonably assured that he can get a regular supply of good, reliable, wholesome wines, of agreeable flavor, under these names, and we may be certain that he will buy them in preference to the doubtful compounds, with high-sounding names, that he has been in the habit of buying, at a much higher price. If he finds that he can get a good, drinkable Australian Claret at a reasonable figure, he will not be apt to refuse it in favor of Gladstone Claret at a price which makes it, for the ordinary wine drinker, a forbidden luxury. If he cannot afford genuine Port or Burgundy, and, as a general rule he cannot, he will soon learn to prefer Australian Tintara and Hermitage to less reliable substitutes from Europe. In buying Emu Sauterne he may not get the wonderful bouquet of Sur Saluces, nor in Australian Reisling will he look for the delicacy and flavor of Johanisberg; but he may get wines well worth the money he pays for them. As an authority I have already quoted puts it, he may get for twenty-eight to thirty shillings a dozen wines which are "clean on the palate, perfumed, rich, and full of those warm sun-rays which are the characteristics of the best Australian wines."

Let the supply we send home be regular and constant. Let it keep even pace with the growth of the demand. But above all, let the quality never vary. To maintain a character for wines of an all-round fair degree of excellence would be better than to send one shipment of superior wines, to be followed by others bearing the same names but of greatly inferior character.

To some extent we have begun to do this, and the result is seen in the growing demand in England for the better class of Australian wines. The larger vignerons—such as are to be found in the Valley of the Hunter, and the Albury district in New South Wales, in the Valley of the Upper Yarra in Victoria, and the Adelaide district in South Australia—have done much towards securing this end, the character of their wines for an even degree of excellence being all that could be desired. Many of the smaller wine growers, too, have improved the character of their products during the last few years. But a good deal remains to be done, in this direction, in order to prevent the placing on the market of wines of an inferior character. It is just here that the real difficulty, in the way of all-round improvement, lies.

In many cases improperly made and immature wines are placed on the market, more as the result of unsuitable appliances and inadequate cellarage than owing to a want of scientific knowledge on the part of the vigneron. Without proper appliances it is impossible to manufacture good wine, and with inadequate storage capacities it cannot be properly matured. In this way much wine reaches the market in an undrinkable state, and, as these wines are sold under names similar to those of good quality, the average excellence becomes reduced. As an additional means towards this end many merchants buy up inferior wines, at a low price, to mix with the better class of wines in order to make a higher rate of profit all round on their sales.

The evil then needs to be dealt with at its inception. Granting that the small vigneron is not in a position to increase his storage room, or improve his appliances—and in the majority of cases he is not—there remain two ways by which the needful end may be attained. The first is by co-operation among the vignerons themselves. By a combination of the small wine growers in each district the means for making and maturing their wines could easily be obtained. In this way, too, skilled labor for the proper manipulation of the wines, during the process of maturing, which, individually, is out of their reach, would be rendered possible.

The second way is by a complete separation of the two industries of grape-growing and wine-making. To do this it would be necessary to establish a company in each vine-growing centre, whose business it would be to buy the grapes, the must, or the juice in a crude state, and carry on the work until the wines are fit for use. The company's brand, in each case, would be put on all wines placed on the market, and would, in time, be accepted by buyers as a guarantee of the character of the wines of each district. Similar results would be obtained by the co-operation of the vignerons in each district,

though, in that case, it would be necessary to sell the wines under a single brand, as would be done by a company. But as the character of the wines, in each case, would attain a uniform degree of excellence, individual vignerons, however high the previous character of their wines might have been, would lose nothing by sinking their individuality, whilst all the rest would gain immensely.

The partial failure, through disease, of the wine crop in Europe, and the opening up of the London market to our wines, have supplied Australia with an opportunity. It behoves her to take advantage of it. That the New South Wales Government is alive to the necessity for doing its part towards the development of the industry is shown in the steps now being taken to establish two Viticultural Colleges, with model vineyards attached, in the two principle wine-growing centres of the colony, and in the holding of a yearly conference of wine-growers. The establishment of a Board of Viticulture in Victoria, and the holding of a yearly conference in South Australia, show that the other wine-growing colonies have not been idle. But, in order to reach a higher average, some such step as I have indicated will need to be taken.

HER PICTURE.

A PICTURE, dead, inanimate;—'tis true
And yet 'tis false Altho' mayhap to you
It speaketh not, and sheweth but the fair
And pleasant outline of a girlish face,
To me, 'tis full of eloquence, and breathes
A charm that permeates my very life
And lends a bliss unto my inmost soul.

The room is still, and firelight shadows fall
In mystic figures, strange and quaint. The night
Draws on apace. How still;—I almost hear
The beatings of my heart; with love I gaze
Upon her face, and as I gaze, her voice
Once more I hear, and see her smile, as oft
I did of yore, and old-time melodies
She used to sing, again I hear.
She smiles! Ah no, 'tis but the firelight gleam
That glances on her face and in her hair.

How long it seems since last we bid Adieu;
The light seemed stricken from my life, and tears
Unbidden, unrestrained found vent, and all
The pathos of a life was in that last
Long, lingering look.

Again I press those lips that feel it not,
And thoughts rebellious well and flood my soul,
That she is there, and I am here, alone and sad.
Goodbye, God bless thee, may thy cup of happiness be full,
and may the sweets of life flow on thee evermore.

FORENA.

MARK TWAIN'S "YANKEE."

BY F. S. DYER.

VERY early in the morning of the fifteenth of May, in the year 3,000 A.D., two tourists issued rather hurriedly from their hotel, which was picturesquely situated in one of the many villages skirting the Rhine, with the object of beholding the sun rise over the Alps. As the grey mist of the morning twilight was being rapidly dispelled they quickened their footsteps in order to reach the particular point of vantage at which they desired to witness a scene which in all ages had been famous for its awe inspiring splendor. That point reached, they watched the gradual breaking of the day until the sun rose like a great crown of crimson fire, and bathed the snow-capped mountains with floods of light which flew from peak to peak in ever-changing tints and irridescent beauty. Neither spoke, for the eloquence of Nature enchanted them, and human speech would have broken that enchantment with a rudeness almost sacrilegious. At last the rich tints faded away, the sun mounted higher and higher, and the day assumed the normal grandeur of a sweet, clear morning on the great historic German river in the month of May.

"I think we had better make our way back to the hotel," suddenly exclaimed the younger of the two, "or we shall be late for breakfast."

"Yes," returned his companion, looking at his watch, "I had no idea it was so late."

Both had spoken in German, but it was evident from the general style and deportment of the last speaker that he was an Englishman by birth and education; he was also, at least, twenty years the elder of the two.

As they walked along chatting leisurely on the subjects which generally engage Alpine tourists, reference was made to the solemn majesty with which the Rhine flowed on, unheeding and unresting.

"If that river could speak," said the German gentleman, for such was his nationality, "what a tale of national evolution it could unfold, even if it *confined its* revelation to its own banks, not to mention German development in general."

"Not to mention European development in general, if you please," replied his companion with a good humored laugh. "The ancients never dreamed of a civilisation brought to such minute perfection as ours, and certainly never possessed anything approximate to it."

"Ah, you English are so jealous! Of course, as it has been a mutual development the term ought to be of sufficient breadth to include those wonderful little islands of yours. But you are entirely wrong in your historical assertion; ancient Yankeedom, before it became a tenth-rate monarchy, had a civilisation eclipsing anything ever dreamed of by modern Europe."

At this the Englishman laughed so boisterously that he entered into vigorous competition with the horn of a youth who was engaged in rounding up the goats which belonged to the proprietor of the hotel.

"What are you laughing at? Surely you have read the synopsis of that extraordinary book entitled 'A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur!' I read it in the German translation of the thirteen thousand three hundred and twentieth number of Stead's 'Review of Reviews,' where it appeared as a specimen of ancient literature; and from the criticism it has invoked it evidently created a sensation in England, where, I understand, it was accidentally discovered. Of course the work states but little about the civilisation of ancient Yankeedom, but from the contemptuous manner in which it speaks of English social conditions, and makes them a background upon which to imply that no abuses could possibly exist under the Republican form of Government of which the author boasts so much, left no doubt whatever in my mind that during the decade 1880-1890 there existed in ancient Yankeedom a state of transcendental social perfection, the reproduction of which, like Roman painting, has long been a lost art."

The Englishman's eyes twinkled, but he suppressed the rising laughter and said: "I can understand it is only natural that you should draw the inference you do. I did the same myself until I had made personal

investigation and found the reverse to be the case."

" Why how could you prove the reverse to be the case ?"

" For this reason : that it is only six weeks ago since I returned from a tour of investigation in ancient Yankeedom during the latter portion of the nineteenth century."

The German's face blanched, his hat appeared to yield to the leverage of his hair, he looked at his casual acquaintance and wondered if Alpine scenery had turned his brain, then dropping his stock he fled back to thé hotel and published the intelligence that he had viewed the sunrise in company with a madman, and also expressed his thankfulness to Providence that he had been permitted to return alive.

The Englishman on his arrival was the subject of much sly scrutiny, but as he appeared perfectly calm no opposition was offered to his approaching the room occupied by his late companion, who responded to the request for admittance with much caution and trepidation, and was only reassured in his visitor's sanity when the intimation that breakfast was ready cut short the attempted explanation and induced a hasty acceptance of the offer to recount his experiences after the meal had been partaken of.

The repast ended, the two gentlemen withdrew to the Englishman's rooms, and having lit their cigars and become comfortably seated the promised narration began as follows :—

" My name is Silas Hodgeena. I was born in the year 2950, in the county of Norfolk, England, where, after having received the usual education, I followed the occupation of an agricultural laborer, and as the English consider the agricultural industry the basis of their national prosperity I have long since acquired fame and fortune as a reward for services rendered in that capacity. Some time ago a curious volume was discovered in a vault at Sharrington grave-yard, and was taken to a literary society in that village, of which I was a member and occupied the position of general historian, and as it appeared to be of an historical nature it was referred to me for investigation. Although it was much deteriorated with age, I deciphered the fact that it was a passage of early English history, recounted by an American author named Twain ; evidently one of the comic historians said to have existed in ancient times. From the contemptuous manner in which it spoke of early English institutions and social conditions, of the *stupidity of the people, and* the horror it expressed at the arrogance of kings, nobles, and the Church, I concluded that the country where the author lived must have been a very desirable and superior one indeed, free from all abuse, and exemplifying in every detail that democracy of which Mr. Twain so frequently and so vauntingly spoke. I laid my report before the next meeting, and it was ultimately arranged that I should deliver a lecture on the discovery at Norwich, before a gathering of all the literary societies in the county, which I accordingly did, and much excitement was caused thereby. The entire discourse appeared next day, in the *Reformed Times*, and a profound stir passed through the nation. For many ages it had been believed that no country in the past had ever reached such a pitch of civilisation as England had. Even the once despised agricultural laborer, of whom the classics spoke as a "clodhopper," now receiving university education and living fully abreast of his times. But the inference of this ancient work implied that we were in error, and the general impression was that, after all, we had been born too late.

A few days after, an electric air carriage stopped at my door, and within half-an-hour I was in London, seated in the editorial office of the *Reformed Times*, where I was informed that the management were very anxious to obtain reliable information on Ancient America, its government (which had long been a petty despotism), its people, and their social conditions ; would I conduct the investigation ? And as no documents adequate to supply the requisite information were extant, it would involve my being disembodied. Would I accept the undertaking ? The process of disembodying the mind for a period, and sending it to explore the past, was one of the latest scientific discoveries, but it had been demonstrated beyond dispute. I had, at the time, intended to take my present holiday on the Rhine, also to go up the Alps ; but feeling I had been selected for a national work, I deferred my personal intentions and at once consented. Having returned home (one hundred and fifty miles) to lunch, I informed Mrs. Hodgeena, my esteemed wife, that I had international business to transact which would necessitate my absence for a considerable time, and having obtained the consent of that good lady thereto, I returned to the metropolis, and was conducted to the room which had been specially fitted up for my reception, that is, the reception of and attention to my body after the disconnection of its spirit. The charm of the process was in its simplicity. I

was first immersed in a warm chemical bath, then wrapped in cloth woven from maleable glass, much finer than linen, after which I was laid on a couch, and an electric apparatus placed in connection with the extremities of my body. At this juncture I shook hands with the management, and received my parting instructions. Then the electric current was turned on, and I underwent a suffocating, tingling sensation. I am informed that I exclaimed excitedly "I will never do it again," and also began to sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and then became rigid and motionless. To describe the sensation of being released from external matter is beyond my power, but it was very rapid and sudden; then, to my intense surprise, I found myself on the deck of a steamship, which actually burned coal, and was just entering New York Harbor. As we steamed past Statten Island a small boat came alongside, and several official gentlemen stepped on board. Hitherto I had been unobserved, but as each person was put through a curious ceremony, I was accosted as follows:—

"Have you any articles in your possession which are subject to duty?"

I understood the words, but like the monk in the ancient classics by Longfellow, I failed to understand their meaning, and so I enquired as to who these gentlemen were, and was at once informed that "they were customs officers, and that their business was to protect the tariff." "But," I said "I have not the least intention of molesting or doing the slightest injury to the What's-his-Name!" and after making myself very conspicuous, and enduring a deal of vexation, I found that those ancient Yankees objected to anybody bringing any articles or materials from another part of the world, as they liked to do everything themselves; except, as I afterwards found out, the writing of readable books, which they usually stole. Anything which climate or natural conditions prevented them from producing, before they would admit it into their country they raised the price sometimes double, and appeared to regard this petty larceny upon themselves as an act of special astuteness, and declared that the cause of their national and social greatness was due to the tariff. I at once stated that I had nothing of the kind, being entirely destitute of luggage. "Ah," they said, "another stowaway," and let me go. I noticed, however, that all the other passengers were compelled to swear an oath that they had nothing liable to the tariff, but I found, to my surprise, that the idea of their speaking the truth when they swore was not to be accepted for one moment, as every trunk was carefully searched—excepting those which had a small green sheet of paper on the top—which I supposed was a certificate of exemption given from the last port.

Just then we passed a huge female figure placed on a pedestal in the middle of the harbor, on its head was an enormous crown, and its right hand held aloft a flaming torch. I enquired of a fellow passenger if that was the famed Collossus of Rhodes, I thought he looked at me rather closely, and then said it was the statue of "Liberty enlightening the World;" "indeed, said I, it is very kind of her!" Shortly afterwards, all excitement in anticipation of the ideal world I was just about to explore in company with several others we stepped ashore at Castle Gardens.

The first thing that confronted me was a vast scene of bustle and unrest which, I must confess, impressed me unfavorably, as in England we regarded tranquility and certainty as the only true index of national greatness. The next thing to attract my attention was the great economy displayed in the use of land: the streets were narrow and the lofty buildings seemed to be all on the model of square church steeples in rows; surely this could not happen in a vast continent containing fifteen million five hundred thousand square miles? I must have been landed in Heligoland in mistake! But no, a dirty urchin shouting *New York Herald* dispelled the fearful idea at once. As I looked at the huge piles of buildings, human hives, out of which swarmed streams of humanity, I began to feel a secret desire to leave New York at once lest the Deity, supposing the inhabitants were building babels to obtain by that means a clandestine entrance to heaven, should cause a confusion of tongues, in which case, on returning to the future and the body I had left thirteen hundred years before me, I should be unable to speak my own language. I felt the perspiration stand out in great beads all over my body at the mere thought, and resolved to leave the place as early as possible.

Before leaving the *Reformed Times'* office I was especially enjoined to gather all reliable information as to the purity and utility of the republican political institutions, which were said to embody the principle of "government of the people for the people, and by the people," it was therefore a pleasant discovery to find that I had arrived in the very heat of its highest function, namely, the election of its President. This election took place every four years, and for one year prior to that event the country was in a ferment of

expectation as to which party would place its candidate; and during that time there was a depression throughout the continent, and when after the most fearful orgies the solution was arrived at, it took another twelve months to restore confidence and re-establish on a secure basis commercial enterprise and trade. I soon discovered by the great interest which was taken that both parties were highly organised, and that huge sums of money were being spent on either side. Anxious to discover the reason, I entered into conversation with one of the "bosses" or sub-leaders, and in the course of it I said, by way of query:

"I suppose the main object these men have in contending so vigorously for office for their candidate is because they have your democracy at heart." This question was met with the exclamation of "bosh," a term used to express the idea that a statement is devoid of substance. "What then do I understand to be the object?" I asked.

"Look here stranger," said he, "I can't guess where you were raised, but you are the greenest man I ever met, most darned green, every man in the States knows the main cause is the boodle."

"Are those small dogs so highly prized?" I asked.

"Small dogs!" he echoed.

"Yes," said I, "poodles."

"I said boodle," he replied almost savagely.

"Boodle! what's that," said I.

He just put both hands in his pockets and looked at me most provokingly, and then said: "Now look here stranger, what are you after in this country, anyhow?"

"I replied that I was travelling in search of information."

"I guess you want it pretty badly," was the retort. "Boodle is 'tin,' spoils of office, 'stuff' obtained on the cross by virtue of political influence."

"But," I said, "am I to understand your democratic institutions are capable of allowing corruption and tolerating it; why don't you at once report it to the authorities?"

"Why don't I report it? Look here stranger, I was born away down in Connecticut, and it is dangerous to meddle with me too much," and giving me a look which suggested a barrel of dynamite just about to explode, he almost shrieked, "everybody in the United States knows it, and what's the use of reporting a known fact."

I remarked in a mild tone that I always *thought a republic* was an economical form *of government.*

"Economical!" said he, "well, England has a pretty expensive form of government in keeping up the establishment of old Vic. and Co. Then their war expenditure is enormous while ours is slight, but her government could be conducted and have a surplus to spare on the bare waste and stealage of ours."

Later on I discovered that the idea of the possibility of public morality was with the entire population a forgotten sense, and the most adequate literal expression of their public life would be corruption! corruption!! corruption!!! A writer of the period dealing with their system of political elections says: "The general condition of affairs electorally is such as ought to shame any nation which makes pretentions to ordinary civilisation, to say nothing of a nation which claims to possess the highest civilisation and the most perfect christian morality in the world."

When a candidate appeared to address a political meeting if not a popular man they howled him down, and so little interest was taken in the intellectual aspect of politics that they seldom tolerated a speech of over twenty minutes; they preferred to parade the streets in semi-insane mobs, shouting songs or blowing musical instruments, and at times dressed in absurd costumes, altogether the outward expression of the chief function of what they called "government of the people for the people, and by the people" was a huge quinquennial national pandemonium.

I attended one of the political meetings at New York, and found that the most successful speeches "were sensational, slangy, coarse, and personal;" during its conduct songs were sung, and the President then in office, who happened to be rather corpulent, was alluded to as "three hundred and fifty pounds of fat," and a "chunk of oleo-margarine;" another speaker referred to one of the President's recent political actions as a case of "bowels against brains." The voting was ostensibly by ballot, but in reality it was controlled by bribery and intimidation. A notable instance of the latter was a large iron-master employing twenty thousand workmen, who threatened to close his works, and thereby starve his employees if they refused to vote as directed by a notice, which was pasted up in the factory for the "guidance" of "the people" in voting for "the people." Enormous sums of money were placed at the disposal of committees and used for the systematic and barefaced purchase of votes; in New York city alone I was informed by competent authorities the campaign cost £200,000. They had manhood suffrage, but political power was not obtained by virtue

of personal merit or qualifications; it was bought with hard cash, the reason for such a state of things being, as my friend declared, the "boodle." "The victor takes the spoils" was the political motto, the "spoils" consisted of the various state official positions, the skilled occupants of which were generally removed on a change of government, and the followers of the incoming party installed, regardless of fitness, in their places as a reward for services rendered. Another reason for such huge expenditure was, that they who spent it desired to keep or obtain positions where on the one hand they could dip their fingers into the people's pockets by means of the tarriff which those purblind people guarded as carefully as if it were a baby, and on the other, that they might dip them directly into the public treasury. After the election was over it was explained to me (but it was so complex I failed to thoroughly understand it) that the minority could in some instances upset the wishes of the majority, and the man whom the people elected could be rejected by the people's representatives. It was calculated by competent authorities that the election which I witnessed inflicted a direct pecuniary loss on the business men of the United States to the extent of over $500,000,000, and its immoral influence upon the Americans was enormous. The humorous aspect of it was that they considered themselves a highly constitutional people, absolutely spotless and without political guile; indeed, that belief assumed a form of mania, and enabled me to understand that the writer of the English historical burlesque was hopelessly incapable of realising the deplorable state of things in his own country when he vaunted about the glories of a republic. Prior to this visit I had always possessed a reputation for veracity, for which I felt extremely glad lest when I furnished my disillusion of that superstition I might not have been believed.

I next turned my attention to the social conditions of the people, and found such inequalities and contrasts that had I not actually traced the details myself, and verified every furnished fact by methods unknown to the nineteenth century scholars, I should have been unable to believe it possible. I actually found in the ideal republic of ancient Yankeedom a fraction of the people immensely wealthy, and the great mass steeped in a general poverty which only differed in degree. One citizen owned £50,000,000, another £30,000,000, ten others had an average fortune of £20,000,000 each, twenty-five thousand persons owned half the national wealth, and two hundred and fifty thousand, less than half per cent. of the population, practically owned the lot; and the other ninety-nine and a-half per cent., although they were blissfully ignorant of the fact, were virtually their vassals, serfs and slaves. I remember that Mr. Twain sneered at the mediæval Englishman for bearing the yoke so patiently, but when you contrast their intellectual condition with the well educated and cute nineteenth century Yankee—for patience, we must apply the term infatuated servility.

They boasted that all their citizens were equal in the face of the facts I have stated, and that they had no "darned aristocracy;" the latter boast in my opinion was true, as their aristocracy were very much *undarned*, and it would have taken a great many yarns to darn them. I make a mistake in calling it an aristocracy, it was an electro-plated snobocracy which was almost destitute of the virtues, but possessed to an exaggerated extent nearly all the vices of the genuine article. They had a very fine specimen of the robber philanthropist type, quite equal to any that ancient England ever possessed. Individuals of this type grind the faces of the poor and helpless, reaping the profit until they become rich, when with international ostentation they build a soup house, taste the product in public, declaring it excellent, and wish through the medium of the newspapers they were poor so they could entirely live upon it; or else they build a church for people who have too much temporal worry to attend to spiritual concerns; or a library for those whose heads and hearts ache too much to read. The particular specimen to which I referred was named Andrew Carnegie. By means of the tariff (which the average Yankee swore existed for the sole benefit of labor) and sweating his workmen, he amassed £11,000,000 sterling, and as he failed to persuade himself that Death would take tips and so make him immortal, or that he could take a bank draft to, well ———, he became overwhelmed with the question, "What shall I do with my millions?" and at the very same time America contained just one million tramps who were profoundly overwhelmed with the question, "What shall I do for bread?"

I hitherto omitted to state that the subject of the Electric Phycho Antiquity Transmission and Investigation process was always regarded as a plenepotentiary at the court of the nation to which he went. On my arrival I was received with the usual formality, and naturally wishing to escape

becoming conspicuous I was transferred to an ordinary hotel, and furnished with a letter of unlimited credit and all the requisite credentials for prosecuting the object of my visit. Thus I was able to mix with all classes and observe and study without attracting special attention.

I was deeply impressed with the effeminate luxury and idle wastefulness indulged in by many of the best families. Occasionally one of these people, with the aid of a few secretaries, would write a book in praise of the glory and development of the triumphant democracy. This was a very general upper circle sentiment, but next to making his pile in the republic, the dearest thing to an American was to leave his country and spend it in Paris, which was considered the wealthy American's paradise. The purse-proud Yankee abroad was a spectacle for the gods, his ostentation, brusque rudeness, and general bad behaviour, not to mention a peculiar nasal twang, always proclaimed his nationality. Whilst to witness as I did on several occasions the ludicrous attempt of a *parvenu* to affect the entertainments, manners and customs of polite society, severely taxes one's facial muscular control. The feminine section of society were constantly evolving a new fashionable freak. A passion for elocution and posturing which was gratified either at private theatricals or else on the public stage, in the latter case the glorified mummer was designated a society actress. Then they developed a morbid desire to dissect dead human bodies. Another craze was to appear without escort in almost perilous positions. I even heard of a young American lady who, arrayed in a lownecked dress, had paraded herself in a Mohammedan Mosque, no woman ever having set foot there before. But for a cream laid twenty-two carat absurdity commend me to what was then the latest freak, the dogs tea-party. A society lady, to whose circle I had been introduced, had a very fine poodle dog, and as I was admiring it during an afternoon call I was informed that Floss was in receipt of an invitation to a dog's party, and in response to my astonishment was shown the card of invitation, a very dainty morsel of perfumed stationery, issued from Miss Bess, 156 Maddeson Square, and requesting the presence of Miss Floss to a reception on the evening of the 10th instant, and also stating that several influential dogs were expected to be present. Of course I sought and obtained permission to attend, and on the evening of the 10th, in company with my friend, Mrs. *Colonel Sykes, and Miss* Floss, whose toilet reflected great credit on her attendant, whose sole charge she was, after a rapid drive in the carriage, we arrived at the mansion on Maddeson Square. It was sumptuously appointed and reminded me of the fabled Arabian splendor. A gorgeous flunkey ushered the poodle into a brilliantly lighted and tastefully furnished drawing room, where she was formally introduced to a red-eyed poodle of the same species, and was greeted with a growl, but its attendant at once requested it to "be good there's a darling," and under the moral pressure of such endearment, Miss Bess, the canine hostess, collapsed into an amiable quietude; other guests continued to arrive until the room contained two dozen dogs, representing all the lap-dog varieties. One had a very plebian appearance, being minus his tail, and rejoiced in the cognomen of "Stumpy." This festive swain, on the occasion of his introduction to the "charming hostess," immediately seized that lady by the ear, and but for the timely interposition of his attendant, who languidly said "Ah! Stumpy, dear!" there would have been in that drawing room a scene quite as disorderly as is usually enacted by strange dogs in the gutter. Each dog had a *chaperone*, some were ponderous old hags, and others sentimental bread-and-butter misses, and from their combined gush I questioned if I was not surrounded with lunatics. The introductions over, each guest was seated on a hassock, and after a Japanese napkin had been tucked under its collar was supplied with a course of turkey bones and then ices and coffee. Things were progressing merrily, but the lady who attended Stumpy, Mrs. Colonel Washington, being absorbed in gossip with Mrs. Colonel White (almost every society lady was a Mrs. Colonel), Master Colonel Stumpy availed himself of the opportunity, and slipping off his horsehair pedestal laid a vigorous siege to Miss Bessie's bone, which unbecoming act invoked rough chastisement from his attendant Coloneless, howls from himself, and banishment to the ante-room for the rest of the evening. After these exalted animals had duly supped, rose-colored finger bowls were passed round, and their paws dabbled in the scented water; just then a duet composed of snarls and growls arose in the ante-room; on investigation it appeared that a large tom-cat had been sleeping there, and Master Stumpy having disturbed his serene slumber at once received ample cause to regret him of his rashness. But no sooner had we opened the ante-room door than out rushed the unin-

vited Tom into the drawing room and scattered the guests in all directions. After order was restored and the intruding Thomas expelled each guest took its leave of the hospitable Miss Bess, and was then duly pounced upon by its *chaperone*, placed in one of the carriages which lined the street, and conveyed to its respective home. Of all the social functions I ever witnessed next to an average political banquet it took the palm for absurd stupidity.

The ancient inhabitants of Yankeedom always affected a great disregard for all titular distinctions, but it was only a form of national hypocracy, as the average wealthy American was always athirst for the chance to import blue blood into the family veins; and in dutiful obedience their versatile daughters delighted to display their wit in European courts amongst a dull but amorous aristocracy, and panted to barter their parents' gold for a tarnished coronet—which was usually in pawn, and when redeemed was carefully remodelled and gilt. Notwithstanding their abhorrence and contempt of such trivial things on paper, they used to flock across the Atlantic to sue the English Heralds College for pedigrees, arms, mottoes, and crests. The nineteenth century Yankee was never so jubilant as when he had something prefixed to his name other than the plain "mister" of nominal equality. They had at least one hundred self-assumed orders of chivalry, which had Knights and Squires and Dames, and who kept up a vast etiquette of ceremonial and salutation. One was called the Colonial Dames of America, its avowed object being among other things to conserve aristocracy.

(To be continued.)

WATTLE BLOSSOMS.

BY JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

THEY brought some sprays of wattle blossom into the hospital ward among the baskets of early roses and snowdrops and daphne —tiny sprigs of half-opened buds with the soft green of wattle leaves about them. The children seize the great, lush roses and sweet smelling daphnes and bury their pale little faces in their wealth of petal and leaf; but the wee twigs of green and gold look shabby and poor beside the garden flowers, and they throw them aside. They are city sparrows these children for the most part; an odd one here and there may be found with a country face to whom the wattle blossom will be familiar, but most of them know it not. The "perfume rare" does not reach the slums of the city; these small grimy hands have never nestled in the yellowy blossomy branches that every bush youngster has rifled in the September hours. So I gently gather up the despised buds and put them in water in the prettiest vase, and then tell them all about the vast forest where they grow, and endeavor to instil into their stolid little souls some of the beauty and the poetry that has been awakened in my own at the sight of them.

I tell them how the trees stand waiting through the flowerless winter, with not one golden button among the green branches, and only the red-breasted parrots and robins to give fugitive dashes of color when they stayed for a moment to dress their plumage, or may be, search for food among the boughs. And then how the little, tight buds begin to grow and swell, changing from tiny, golden-brown berries into the soft, full, yellow balls of blossom, tender and golden as the down on a newly-fledged duckling. I try to paint for them the freshness of the spring grass where the yellow snow falls upon the shining spears and drops into the wide open disks of daisy and dandelion. And how, beyond the woodland ways the golden blossoming trees dot the broad morasses, where the ruddy mosses grow upon the water, and the marsh convolvulus wreaths itself about the reeds. I tell them how lovely is the sight of them if a tangle of clematis stars spreads among the branches, as it loves to do in the Gippsland river groves, weaving creeper and bough into a bewilderment of white and gold among which the fairy bell-birds chime unseen.

The children listen with eyes wide open as the wild daisies, while I tell them of the river banks where the trees root themselves amid the ferns and the rushes, their burdened branches leaning far over the water, the tide sweeping away myriads of fallen flowers to the far-off ocean. And what perpetual cycles of beauty go on from day to day among the

trees, from the first irresolute dawn-beam to the last sunset glow, and the latest ray from the silver moon—the same moon they watch at night from the ward windows, the same, yet so different. And as I speak, a great yearning possesses me to carry them all away to that wonderful world of bud and blossom which their crude imaginations can so dimly picture. I cannot bear to think of these native souls expanding without any knowledge of the color and the music of Nature, imprisoned amid the clamor and dirt and disease of an over-crowded city, while all the fair domains of Nature grow beautiful for other eyes. All the teachings of silence and solitude they must miss; they may not sit in the green lap of Mother Earth and hear all she loves to whisper into listening and awakened ears.

I wonder what idea they form in their minds of all I have said to them; the childish eyes have, may be, seen the distant woods upon the hills from the city, or formed some notion of a meadow when their little faces have been pressed against the railings of a bowling green. They know there are things of beauty beyond the narrow sphere of their squalid homes, for they have wonderful picture-books in the hospital, and truly the flowers are sweet that the "pretty lady" has just given them, which they clutch with such eager hands. My eyes grow misty as I recall the rosy, tanned bush bairns I left behind a while ago: the memory of them in their rude health and vigor has made me more tender towards these little ones with their blanched cheeks and wide solemn eyes that look at one with a pathos so infinite, and so unconscious. O, blossom, you have made my heart ache, and filled mine eyes with tears! The roar of the city is about me; my neighbors' countless chimneys look in at the windows, stare in upon the rows of childish faces, and the white beds, disfigured alas! by sprint and cradle, where tender limbs lie bandaged into unnatural but necessary quiet. Your golden buds awake all the passion for freedom that the years spent in the city have only imperfectly quelled. The narrow ward, with its scene of suffering child-life becomes suddenly oppressive An agony of longing seizes me to stand once again in the old fashion, among the flowering wattles, with the incense of sunset bathing us from the censors of the west, flooding grove and river with a brief but ineffable glory. The dazzle and the glow of of it is in my eyes; I can feel the wind, heavy with the strength and sweetness of blossom, blowing into my face. There is the liquid gurgle of the river-tide over the snags, and the thrill of bird voices in the bowers—the pulse of pinions beating upwards in the blue air. I bury my face in my hands, and the vision passes;—the children are begging me to put their roses in water, and choose the prettiest one for myself. They have already forgotten about the blossom and its story. They have not really followed me to where

The wattle-gold trembles 'twixt shadow and shine.

The flowers had a language for me, but they could not understand the interpretation thereof.

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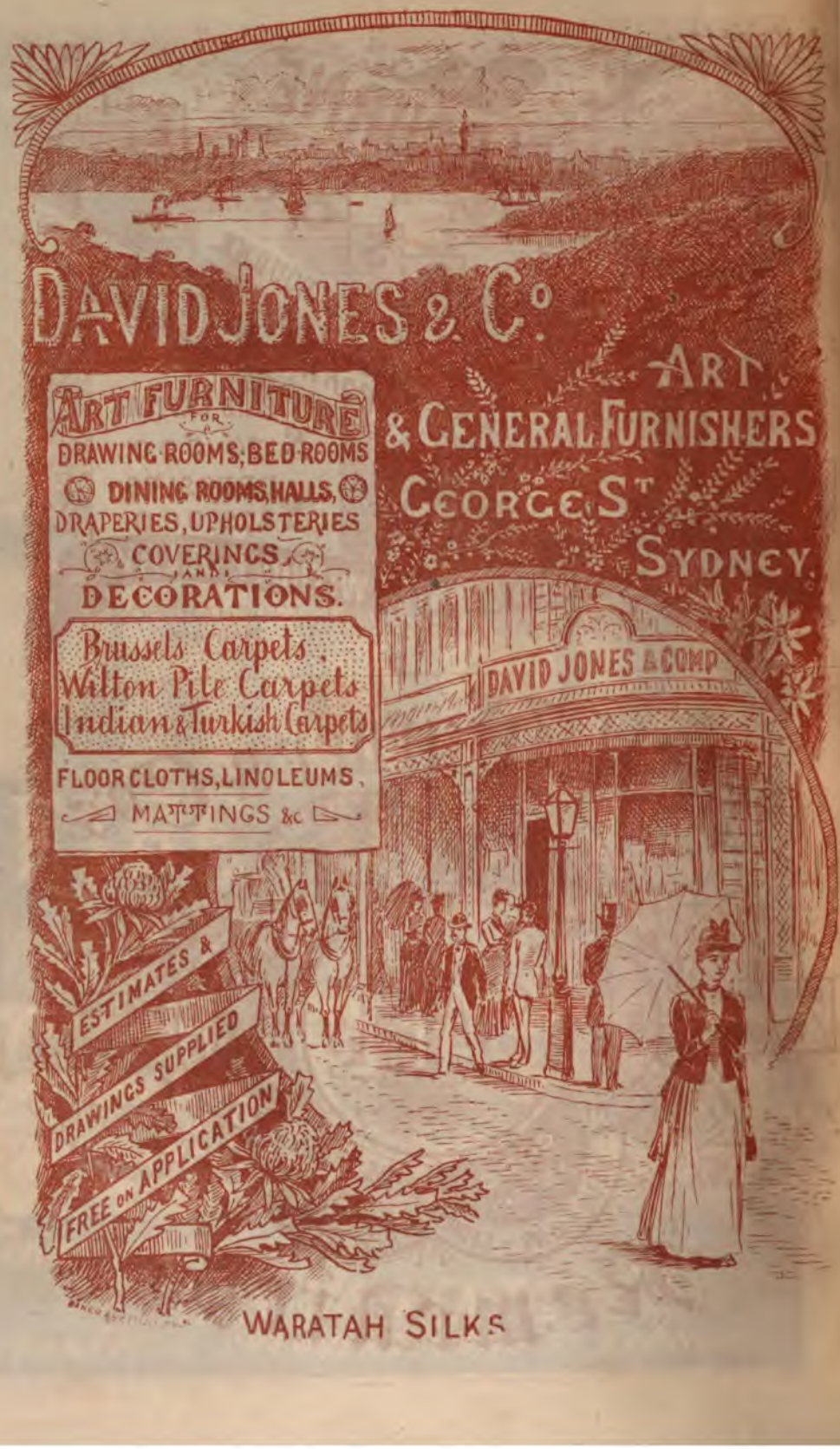
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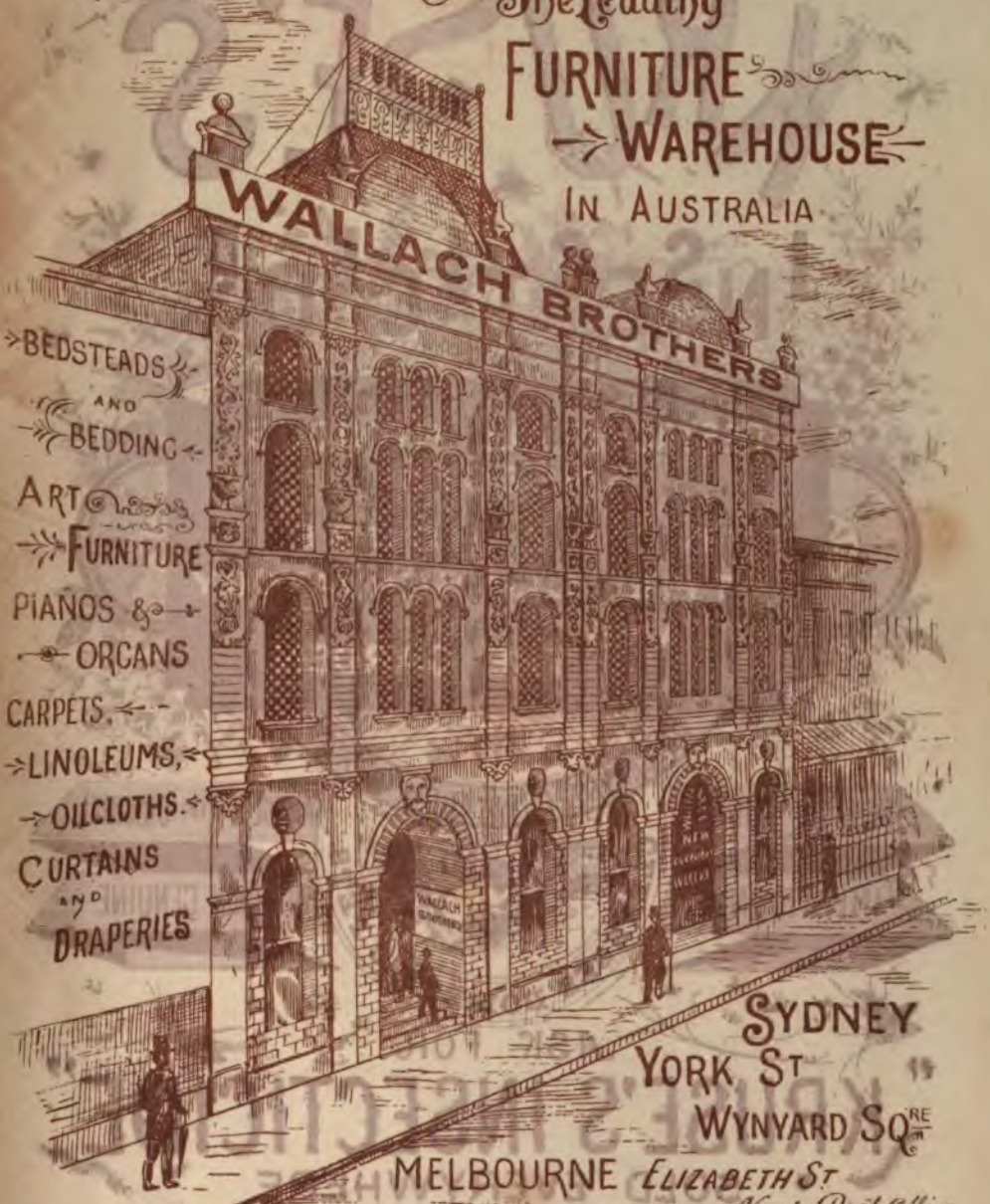

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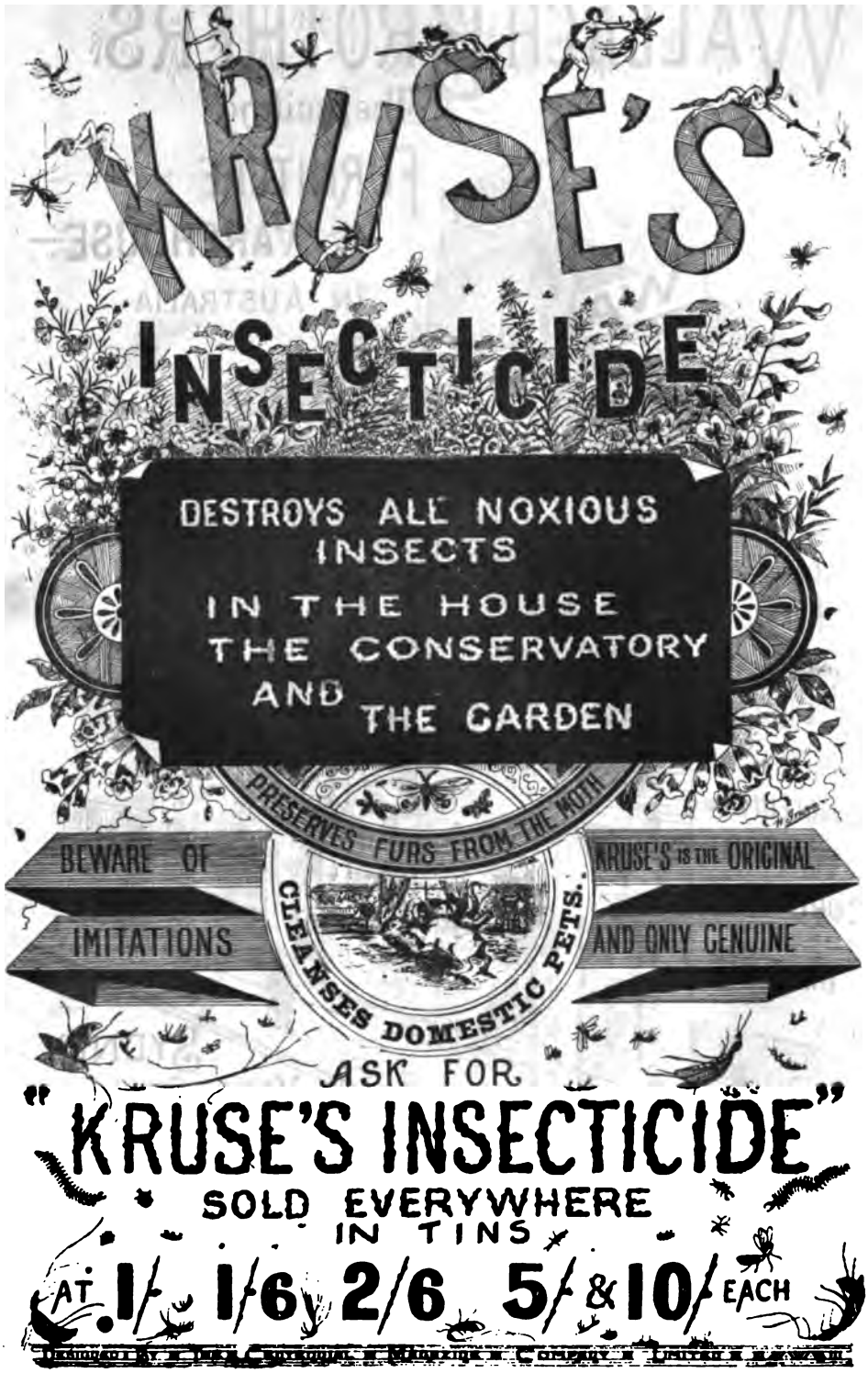
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